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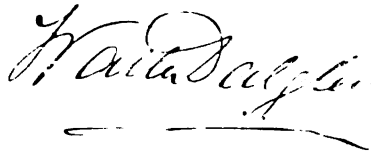

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The English Dramatists

THOMAS MIDDLETON

VOLUME THE SIXTH

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SIXTH

LONDON
JOHN C. NIMMO
14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.
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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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THE CHANGELING.

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The Changeling: As it was Acted (with great Applause) at the Privat house in Drury-Lane, and Salisbury Court.

Written by { *Thomas Midleton, and William Rowley.* } *Gent.*

Never Printed before. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Princes-Arms in St Pauls Church-yard, 1653. 4to. In 1668 the unsold copies were reissued with a new title-page,—*The Changeling: As it was Acted (with great Applause) by the Servants of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn Fields*, &c.

Langbaine remarks that "the foundation of the Play may be found in Reynold[s]'s *God's Revenge against Murther*. See the Story of Alsemero and Beatrice Joanna, Book I. Hist. 4."—*Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 371. Reynolds prefixes to the story the following argument: "Beatrice Joanna, to marry Alsemero, causeth De Flores to murder Alfonso Piracquo, who was a suitor to her. Alsemero marries her, and finding De Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Thomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his Brother's death. Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea. At his Execution he confesseth that his wife and De Flores murdered Alfonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their Ashes thrown into the Air." The dramatists do not follow the prose narrative closely; nor were they indebted to Reynolds for the underplot.

Book I. of *The Triumphs of God's Revenge against . . . Murther* was first published in 1621.

A "Note of such playes as were acted at Court in 1623 and 1624," in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, gives the entry: "Upon the Sonday after, beinge the 4 of January 1623, by the Queen of Bohemias company, *The Changelinge*, the prince only being there. Att Whitehall."—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 227. Concerning later performances of *The Changeling*, see *Introduction*, p. lxix.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VERMANDERO, *governor of the castle of Alicant.*
ALONZO DE PIRACQUO, } *brothers.*
TOMASO DE PIRACQUO, }
ALSEMERO.
JASPERINO, *his friend.*
ALIBIUS, *a doctor, who undertakes the cure of fools and madmen.*
LOLLIO, *his man.*
ANTONIO, *a pretended changeling.*
PEDRO, *his friend.*
FRANCISCUS, *a counterfeit madman.*
DE FLORES, *an attendant on Vermandero.*
Madmen.
Servants.

BEATRICE-JOANNA, *daughter to Vermandero.*
DIAPHANTA, *her waiting-woman.*
ISABELLA, *wife to Alibius.*

SCENE: ALICANT.

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THE CHANGELING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter ALSEMERO.

Als. 'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,
And now again the same: what omen yet
Follows of that? none but imaginary;
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?
The place is holy, so is my intent:
I love her beauties to the holy purpose;
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place blessed,
And is his right home back, if he achieve it.
The church hath first begun our interview,
And that's the place must join us into one;
So there's beginning and perfection too.

Enter JASPERINO.

Jas. O sir, are you here? come, the wind's fair with you;
You're like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

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Als. Sure, you're deceiv'd, friend; it is contrary,
In my best judgment.
Jas. What, for Malta?[1]
If you could buy a gale[2] amongst the witches,
They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth
As comes a' God's name.
Als. Even now I observ'd
The temple's vane to turn full in my face;
I know it is against me.
Jas. Against you?
Then you know not where you are.
Als. Not well, indeed.
Jas. Are you not well, sir?
Als. Yes, Jasperino,

[1] "Yet his [Alsemero's] thoughts ran still on the wars, in which heroic and illustrious profession he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity; and so taking order for his lands and affairs, he resolves to see Malta, that inexpugnable rampier of Mars, the glory of Christendom and the terror of Turkey, to see if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Island or in their Gallies . . . And so building many castles in the air, he comes to Alicant, hoping to find passage there for Naples, and from thence to ship himself upon the Neapolitan Gallies for Malta. . . . Coming one morning to Our Lady's Church at Mass and being on his knees in his devotion, he espies a young gentlewoman likewise on hers next to him, who being young, tender, and fair, he through her thin veil discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet beauty; she espies him feasting on the dainties of her pure and fresh cheeks; and tilting with the invisible lances of his eyes to hers, he is instantly ravished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this angelical countenance, and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of love."—Reynolds' *God's Revenge against Murder*, ed. 1635, pp. 46, 47.

[2] "It has been observed by Steevens in a note on *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 3, that the selling of winds was an usual practice amongst the witches."—Editor of 1816.

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Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not.
Jas. And that
I begin to doubt, sir: I never knew
Your inclination to travel [1] at a pause,
With any cause to hinder it, till now.
Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
And help to trap your horses for the speed;
At sea I've seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
Be in continual prayers for fair winds;
And have you chang'd your orisons?
Als. No, friend;
I keep the same church, same devotion.
Jas. Lover I'm sure you're none; the stoic was
Found in you long ago; your mother nor
Best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay,
And choice ones too, could never trap you that way:
What might be the cause?
Als. Lord, how violent
Thou art! I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.
Jas. Is this
Violence? 'tis but idleness compar'd
With your haste yesterday.
Als. I'm all this while
A-going, man.
Jas. Backwards, I think, sir. Look, your servants.

[1] Old ed. "inclinations to travels."

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Enter Servants.

First Ser. The seamen call; shall we board your trunks?

Als. No, not to-day.

Jas. 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and the sign in Aquarius.

Sec. Ser. We must not to sea to-day; this smoke will bring forth fire.

Als. Keep all on shore; I do not know the end,
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea.

First Ser. Well, your pleasure.

Sec. Ser. Let him e'en take his leisure too; we are safer on land. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, *and* Servants: ALSEMERO *accosts* BEATRICE *and then kissees her.*

Jas. How now? the laws of the Medes are changed sure; salute a woman! he kisses too; wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it perfectly too; in my conscience, he ne'er rehearsed it before. Nay, go on; this will be stranger and better news at Valencia than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk. [*Aside.*

Beat. You are a scholar, sir?

Als. A weak one, lady.

Beat. Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

Als. From your tongue I take it to be music.

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Beat. You're skilful in it, can sing at first sight.
Als. And I have show'd you all my skill at once;
I want more words to express me further,
And must be forc'd to repetition;
I love you dearly.
Beat. Be better advis'd, sir:
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,
And should give certain judgment what they see;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgments find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.
Als. But I am further, lady; yesterday
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
They brought my judgment, where are both agreed:
Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed;
Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand royal, that is your part, lady.
Beat. O,[1] there's one above me, sir.—For five days past
To be recall'd I sure mine eyes were mistaken;
This was the man was meant me; that he should come
So near his time, and miss it! [*Aside.*
Jas. We might have come by the carriers from Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-provision; we are at farthest sure: methinks I should do something too;
I meant to be a venturer in this voyage:

[1] Dyce and the editor of 1816 read—

"There's one above me, sir.—O, five days past."

But the change is not necessary.

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Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her;
If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail.
[*Accosts* DIAPHANTA.

Enter DE FLORES.

De F. Lady, your father——
Beat. Is in health, I hope.
De F. Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady;
He's coming hitherward.
Beat. What needed then
Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected; you must stale[1]
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing;
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.
De F. Will't never mend this scorn,
One side nor other? must I be enjoin'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? well,
Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger: I know she had
Rather see me dead than living; and yet
She knows no cause for't but a peevish will. [*Aside.*
Als. You seem'd displeased, lady, on the sudden.
Beat. Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity;
Nor can I other reason render you,

[1] So the editor of 1816 for the old copy's "stall." "Stale"=make flat, deprive of zest.

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Than his or hers, of[1] some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.
Als. This is a frequent frailty in our nature;
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found
But hath his imperfection: one distastes
The scent of roses, which to infinites
Most pleasing is and odoriferous;
One oil, the enemy of poison;
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart
And lively refresher of the countenance:
Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general;
There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd:
Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.
Beat. And what may be your poison, sir? I'm bold with you.
Als. What[2] might be your desire, perhaps; a cherry.
Beat. I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon gentleman.
Als. He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.
Beat. He cannot be ignorant of that, sir,
I have not spar'd to tell him so; and I want
To help myself, since he's a gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows him.
Als. He's out of his place then now.

[*They talk apart.*

---

[1] Old ed. "or."

[2] Old ed. "And *what*."

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Jas. I am a mad wag, wench.

Dia. So methinks; but for your comfort, I can tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the cure of such.

Jas. Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.

Dia. 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe.

Jas. I could show thee such a thing with an ingredi ence[1] that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.

Dia. A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep.

Jas. Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there: poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo-what-you-call't another: I'll discover no more now; another time I'll show thee all. [*Exit.*

Beat. My father, sir.

Enter VERMANDERO *and* Servants.

Ver. O Joanna, I came to meet thee;
Your devotion's ended?

Beat. For this time, sir.—
I shall change my saint, I fear me; I find
A giddy turning in me. [*Aside.*]—Sir, this while
I am beholding to this gentleman, who
Left his own way to keep me company,

---

[1] Old ed. "ingredian." Cf. *A Chaste Maid*, &c., v. 2, "The worst *ingredience* dissolv'd pearl and amber."

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And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle;[1] he hath deserv'd it, sir,
If ye please to grant it.
Ver. With all my heart, sir:
Yet there's an article between, I must know
Your country; we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers; our citadels
Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On promonts'[2] tops, but within are secrets.
Als. A Valencian, sir.
Ver. A Valencian? 170
That's native, sir: of what name, I beseech you?
Als. Alsemero, sir.
Ver. Alsemero? not the son
Of John de Alsemero?
Als. The same, sir.
Ver. My best love bids you welcome.
Beat. He was wont
To call me so, and then he speaks a most
Unfeignèd truth.
Ver. O sir, I knew your father;
We two were in acquaintance long ago,
Before our chins were worth iulan[3] down,
And so continu'd till the stamp of time
Had coin'd us into silver: well, he's gone; 180
A good soldier went with him.

---

[1] "He [Vermandero] being Captain of the castle of that City [Alicant]."—Reynold's *Triumph of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 47, ed. 1635.

[2] Promontories.

[3] Old ed. "Julan."

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Als. You went together in that, sir.
Ver. No, by Saint Jaques, I came behind him;
Yet I've done somewhat too: an unhappy day
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar,
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders;
Was it not so?
Als. Whose death I had reveng'd,[1]
Or follow'd him in fate, had not the late league
Prevented me.
Ver. Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe.—
O Joanna, I should ha' told thee news;
I saw Piracquo lately.
Beat. That's ill news. [*Aside.*
Ver. He's hot preparing for this day of triumph:
Thou must be a bride within this sevennight.
Als. Ha! [*Aside.*
Beat. Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with speed
I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with,

[1] "Boiling thus in the heat of his youthful blood, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he [Alsemero] resolves to go to Validolyd and to employ some Grando either to the King or the Duke of Lerma his great favourite, to procure him a Captain's place and a Company under the Arch-Duke Albertus, who at that time made bloody Wars against the Netherlands, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he began this suit, a general truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation of England and France) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the Daughter; which was concluded at the Hague by his Excellency of Nassaw and Marquess Spinola, being chief Commissioners of either party."—Reynold's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 46, ed. 1635.

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And part with it so rude and suddenly;
Can such friends divide, never to meet again,
Without a solemn farewell?
Ver. Tush, tush! there's a toy.[1]
Als. I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth. [*Aside.*]—Sir, your pardon;
My affairs call on me.
Ver. How, sir? by no means:
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? you must see my castle,
And her best entertainment, ere we part,
I shall think myself unkindly usèd else.
Come, come, let's on; I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Aligant;[2]
I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding.
Als. He means to feast me, and poisons me beforehand.— [*Aside.*
I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.
Beat. I shall be sorry if you be not there
When it is done, sir; but not so suddenly.
Ver. I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,
A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd
With many fair and noble ornaments;
I would not change him for a son-in-law
For any he in Spain, the proudest he.
And we have great ones, that you know.
Als. He's much
Bound to you, sir.

[1] Trifle.

[2] Alicant.

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Ver. He shall be bound to me
As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want
My will else.
Beat. I shall want mine, if you do it. [*Aside.*
Ver. But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him.
Als. How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
When he discharges murderers[1] at the gate?
But I must on, for back I cannot go. [*Aside.*
Beat. Not this serpent gone yet?
[*Aside. Drops a glove.*
Ver. Look, girl, thy glove's fallen.
Stay, stay; De Flores, help a little.
[*Exeunt* VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO, *and* Servants.
De F. Here, lady. [*Offers her the glove.*
Beat. Mischief on your officious forwardness; 230
Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no more:
There! for the other's sake I part with this;
[*Takes off and throws down the other glove.*
Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with 'em!
[*Exit with* DIAPHANTA *and* Servants.
De F. Here's a favour come with a mischief now! I know
She had rather wear my pelt[2] tann'd in a pair
Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers
Into her sockets here: I know she hates me,
Yet cannot choose but love her: no matter:
If but to vex her, I will haunt her still;
Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will. [*Exit.* 240

[1] Destructive pieces of ordnance; otherwise called *murdering-pieces.*
[2] Skin.

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SCENE II.

A Room in the House of ALIBIUS.

Enter ALIBIUS *and* LOLLIO.

Alib. Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.

Lol. I was ever close to a secret, sir.

Alib. The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and industry already past,
Assures me of thy good continuance.
Lollio, I have a wife.

Lol. Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret; she's known to be married all the town and country over.

Alib. Thou goest too fast, my Lollio; that knowledge
I allow no man can be barrèd it;
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio.

Lol. Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I.

Alib. 'Tis that I go about, man: Lollio,
My wife is young.

Lol. So much the worse to be kept secret, sir.

Alib. Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the point;
I am old, Lollio.

Lol. No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollio.

Alib. Yet why may not these[1] concord and sympathise?

[1] Old ed. "this."

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Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

Lol. Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young plants.

Alib. Shrewd application![1] there's the fear, man;
I would wear my ring on my own finger;
Whilst it is borrow'd, it is none of mine,
But his that useth it.

Lol. You must keep it on still then; if it but lie by, one or other will be thrusting into't.

Alib. Thou conceiv'st me, Lollio; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment; I cannot always be
At home.

Lol. I dare swear you cannot.

Alib. I must look out.

Lol. I know't, you must look out, 'tis every man's case.

Alib. Here, I do say, must thy employment be;
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

Lol. I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jealous of.

Alib. Thy reason for that, Lollio? it is
A comfortable question.

Lol. We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that's fools and madmen; the

[1] "The 'shrewd application' meant is, I conceive, to that perpetual jest of the age, the cuckold's horns; which Lollio supposes might raise Alibius's head above his wife's."—Editor of 1816.

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one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

Alib. Ay, those are all my patients, Lollio;
I do profess the cure of either sort,
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it;
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift;
The daily visitants, that come to see
My brain-sick patients, I would not have
To see my wife: gallants I do observe
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely:
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollio.

Lol. They may be easily answered, sir; if they come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone, she's of neither sort.

Alib. 'Tis a good ward;[1] indeed, come they to see
Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more
Than what they come for; by that consequent
They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool.

Lol. And I'm sure she's no madman.

Alib. Hold that buckler fast; Lollio, my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
What hour is't, Lollio?

Lol. Towards belly-hour, sir.

Alib. Dinner-time? thou mean'st twelve o'clock?

Lol. Yes, sir, for every part has his hour: we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg-

[1] "*i.e.* guard—(in fencing)."—*Dyce.*

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hour; at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose,[1] that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour.

Alib. Profoundly, Lollio! it will be long
Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and
I did look to have a new one enter'd;—stay,
I think my expectation is come home.

Enter PEDRO, *and* ANTONIO *disguised as an idiot.*

Ped. Save you, sir; my business speaks itself,
This sight takes off the labour of my tongue.

Alib. Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you mean
Him for my patient.

Ped. And if your pains prove but commodious, to give but some little strength to the[2] sick and weak part of nature in him, these are [*gives him money*] but patterns to show you of the whole pieces that will follow to you, beside the charge of diet, washing, and other necessaries, fully defrayed.

Alib. Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.

Lol. Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something, the trouble will pass through my hands.

Ped. 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir. [*Gives him money.*

Lol. Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to him: what is his name?

[1] "Pluck a rose" = *alvum exonerare.*
[2] Old ed. "his."

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Ped. His name is Antonio; marry, we use but half to him, only Tony.

Lol. Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool.—What's your name, Tony?

Ant. He, he, he! well, I thank you, cousin; he, he, he!

Lol. Good boy! hold up your head.—He can laugh; I perceive by that he is no beast.

Ped. Well, sir,
If you can raise him but to any height,
Any degree of wit, might he attain,
As I might say, to creep but on all four
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches,
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heir, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own: assure you, sir,
He is a gentleman.

Lol. Nay, there's nobody doubted that; at first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet.

Ped. Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

Lol. As good as my mistress lies in, sir; and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.

Ped. Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.

Lol. He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a magnifico.

Ped. O no, that's not to be expected; far shorter will be enough.

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Lol. I'll warrant you [I'll] make him fit to bear office in five weeks; I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of constable.

Ped. If it be lower than that, it might serve turn.

Lol. No, fie; to level him with a headborough, beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is: constable I'll able[1] him; if he do come to be a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper: or I'll go further with you; say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself.

Ped. Why, there I would have it.

Lol. Well, go to; either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.

Ped. Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.

Lol. Yes, you may; yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too; remember what state[2] you find me in.

Ped. I will, and so leave you: your best cares, I beseech you.

Alib. Take you none with you, leave em' all with us.

[*Exit* PEDRO.

Ant. O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!

Lol. Peace, peace, Tony; you must not cry, child, you must be whipped if you do; your cousin is here still; I am your cousin, Tony.

Ant. He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin; he, he, he!

---

[1] Warrant.

[2] "*i.e.* as a keeper of fools and madmen."—Editor of 1816.

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Lol. I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.

Alib. Ay, do, Lollio, do.

Lol. I must ask him easy questions at first.—Tony, how many true [1] fingers has a tailor on his right hand?

Ant. As many as on his left, cousin.

Lol. Good: and how many on both?

Ant. Two less than a deuce, cousin.

Lol. Very well answered: I come to you again, cousin Tony; how many fools goes to a wise man?

Ant. Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.

Lol. Forty in a day? how prove you that?

Ant. All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends.

Lol. A parlous [2] fool! he must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that.—I come again, Tony; how many knaves make an honest man?

Ant. I know not that, cousin.

Lol. No, the question is too hard for you: I'll tell you, cousin; there's three knaves may make an honest man, a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle; the sergeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin.

---

[1] Honest.—The reputation of tailors for honesty did not stand high. Nares (*s.* TAYLOR) quotes from *Pasquil's Night-Cap*—

"Thieving is now an occupation made,
Though men the name of *taylor* do it give."

[2] *Perilous*,—dangerously shrewd.

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Alib. This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollio.

Lol. Yes, this might have served yourself, though I say't.—Once more and you shall go play, Tony.

Ant. Ay, play at push-pin, cousin; ha, he!

Lol. So thou shalt: say how many fools are here——

Ant. Two, cousin; thou and I.

Lol. Nay, you're too forward there, Tony: mark my question; how many fools and knaves are here; a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave; how many fools, how many knaves?

Ant. I never learnt so far, cousin.

Alib. Thou puttest too hard questions to him, Lollio.

Lol. I'll make him understand it easily.—Cousin, stand there.

Ant. Ay, cousin.

Lol. Master, stand you next the fool.

Alib. Well, Lollio.

Lol. Here's my place: mark now, Tony, there'[s] a fool before a knave.

Ant. That's I, cousin.

Lol. Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I; and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my master; 'tis but we three, that's all.

Ant. We three, we three,[1] cousin.

---

[1] "Antonio probably alludes to the old sign of *two* idiots' heads with an inscription,

We three
Loggerheads be."—Editor of 1816.

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First Mad. [*within.*] Put's head i' th' pillory, the bread's too little.

Sec. Mad. [*within.*] Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow.

Third Mad. [*within.*] Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crag.[1]

Lol. You may hear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam goes.

Alib. Peace, peace, or the wire[2] comes!

Third Mad. [*within.*] Cat whore, cat whore! her parmasant, her parmasant![3]

Alib. Peace, I say!—Their hour's come, they must be fed, Lollio.

Lol. There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman; was undone by a mouse that spoiled him a parmasant; lost his wits for't.

Alib. Go to your charge, Lollio; I'll to mine.

Lol. Go you to your madmen's ward, let me alone with your fools.

Alib. And remember my last charge, Lollio. [*Exit.*

Lol. Of which your patients do you think I am?—Come, Tony, you must amongst your school-fellows now; there's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you; there's some of 'em at *stultus, stulta, stultum.*

Ant. I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me.

Lol. No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

---

[1] Neck. [2] Whip.
[3] Parmesan cheese.

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Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?

Lol. They bite at dinner indeed, Tony. Well, I hope to get credit by thee; I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter BEATRICE *and* JASPERINO *severally.*

Beat. O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you!
Good angels and this conduct be your guide!
[*Giving a paper.*
Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.
Jas. The joy I shall return rewards my service. [*Exit.*
Beat. How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment;
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd
Than making choice of him; for 'tis a principle,
He that can choose
That bosom well who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves most discreet in every choice he makes.
Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment,
And see the way to merit, clearly see it.
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles;
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,

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Which is the greatest darkness falls on love,
Yet is he best discern'd then
With intellectual eyesight. What's Piracquo,
My father spends his breath for? and his blessing
Is only mine as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Transform'd into a curse: some speedy way
Must be remember'd; he's so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts.

Enter DE FLORES.

De F. Yonder's she;
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
I can as well be hanged as refrain seeing her;
Some twenty times a-day, nay, not so little,
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses,
To come into her sight; and I've small reason for't,
And less encouragement, for she baits me still
Every time worse than other; does profess herself
The cruellest enemy to my face in town;
At no hand can abide the sight of me,
As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks.
I must confess my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And not endur'd alone, but doted on;
And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like witches',
Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills

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The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye;
Yet such a one plucks[1] sweets without restraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.
She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
And I'll endure all storms before I part with't. [*Aside.*
Beat. Again?
This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me
Than all my other passions. [*Aside.*
De F. Now 't begins again;
I'll stand this storm of hail, though the stones pelt me.
[*Aside.*
Beat. Thy business? what's thy business?
De F. Soft and fair!
I cannot part so soon now. [*Aside.*
Beat. The villain's fix'd.— [*Aside.*
Thou standing toad-pool——
De F. The shower falls amain now. [*Aside.*
Beat. Who sent thee? what's thy errand? leave my sight!
De F. My lord, your father, charg'd me to deliver
A message to you.
Beat. What, another since?
Do't, and be hang'd then; let me be rid of thee.
De F. True service merits mercy.
Beat. What's thy message?

[1] Old ed. "pluckt."

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De F. Let beauty settle but in patience,
You shall hear all.
Beat. A dallying, trifling torment!
De F. Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo——
Beat. Slave, when wilt make an end?
De F. Too soon I shall.
Beat. What all this while of him?
De F. The said Alonzo,
With the foresaid Tomaso——
Beat. Yet again?
De F. Is new alighted.
Beat. Vengeance strike the news!
Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this
To bring thee to my sight?
De F. My lord, your father,
Charg'd me to seek you out.
Beat. Is there no other
To send his errand by?
De F. It seems 'tis my luck
To be i' th' way still.
Beat. Get thee from me!
De F. So:
Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know't; and, like a common Garden-bull,[1]

[1] Bulls were baited at Paris Garden (on the Bankside).

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I do but take breath to be lugg'd [1] again.
What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less,
Because there's daily precedents of bad faces
Belov'd beyond all reason; these foul chops
May come into favour one day 'mongst their [2] fellows:
Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime;
As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
Women have chid themselves a-bed to men.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Beat. I never see this fellow but I think
Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still;
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after:
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'll get him quite discarded. O, I was
Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
To bear down all my comforts!

Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, *and* TOMASO.

Ver. You're both welcome,
But an especial one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
Th' addition of a son, our son Alonzo.

Alon. The treasury of honour cannot bring forth
A title I should more rejoice in, sir.

[1] Dragged by the ear.—The term "lug" is usually found in connection with bull-baiting or bear-baiting. Falstaff protested that he was "as melancholy as a gib cat or a *lugged* bear."

[2] Old ed. "his."

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Ver. You have improv'd it well.—Daughter, prepare;
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.
Beat. Howe'er I will be sure to keep the night,
If it should come so near me. [*Aside.*
[BEATRICE *and* VERMANDERO *talk apart.*
Tom. Alonzo.
Alon. Brother?
Tom. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.
Alon. Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you:
If lovers should mark everything a fault,
Affection would be like an ill-set book,
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume.
Beat. That's all I do entreat.
Ver. It is but reasonable;
I'll see what my son says to't.—Son Alonzo,
Here is a motion made but to reprieve
A maidenhead three days longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching.
Alon. Though my joys
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before,
I find no gladness wanting.
Ver. May I ever
Meet it in that point still! you're nobly welcome, sirs.
[*Exit with* BEATRICE.
Tom. So; did you mark the dulness of her parting now?

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Alon. What dulness? thou art so exceptious still!
Tom. Why, let it go then; I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.
Alon. Where's the oversight?
Tom. Come, your faith's cozen'd in her, strongly cozen'd:
Unsettle your affection with all speed
Wisdom can bring it to; your peace is ruined else.
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whose heart is leap'd into another's bosom:
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift;
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half-father unto all thy children
In the conception; if he get 'em not,
She helps[1] to get 'em for him; and how dangerous
And shameful her restraint may go[2] in time to,
It is not to be thought on without sufferings.
Alon. You speak as if she lov'd some other, then.
Tom. Do you apprehend so slowly?
Alon. Nay, and that
Be your fear only, I am safe enough:
Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,
For times of more distress; I should depart
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,

---

[1] The old ed. gives—"She helps to get 'em for him, *in his passions*, and how dangerous." It is not easy to explain the presence of the italicised words, which cannot possibly be retained.
[2] Qu. "grow"?

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To any but thyself, that should but think
She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
Much less the use and practice: yet we're friends;
Pray, let no more be urg'd; I can endure
Much, till I meet an injury to her,
Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet brother;
How much we're bound to heaven to depart lovingly!
[*Exit.*

Tom. Why, here is love's tame madness; thus a man
Quickly steals into his vexation. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DIAPHANTA *and* ALSEMERO.

Dia. The place is my charge; you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you!
I hear my lady coming: complete gentleman,
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
They're dangerous things to deal with. [*Exit.*

Als. This goes well;
These women are the ladies' cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. I have within mine eye all my desires:
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,

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And brings 'em down to furnish our defects,
Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes.
Als. We're so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.
Beat. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! this poor kiss,
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to't: how well were I now,
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
I should be but too much bless'd.
Als. One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near't too,
Since you are so distress'd; remove the cause,
The command ceases; so there's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast.
Beat. Pray, let me find you, sir:
What might that service be, so strangely happy?
Als. The honourablest piece about man, valour:
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.
Beat. How? call you that extinguishing of fear,
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventur'd in the action,
That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more, sir:
Say you prevail'd, you're danger's and not mine then;
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.
I'm glad these thoughts come forth; O, keep not one

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Of this condition, sir! here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had chok'd 'em.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage;—
And now I think on one; I was to blame,
I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn;
'Thad been done questionless: the ugliest creature
Creation fram'd for some use; yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be! [*Aside.*
Als. Lady——
Beat. Why, men of art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another; where was my art? [*Aside.*
Als. Lady, you hear not me.
Beat. I do especially, sir;
The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
Till the time opens.
Als. You teach wisdom, lady.
Beat. Within there! Diaphanta!

Re-enter DIAPHANTA.

Dia. Do you call, madam?
Beat. Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman
The private way you brought him.
Dia. I shall, madam.
Als. My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.
[*Exit with* DIAPHANTA.

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Enter DE FLORES.

I've watch'd this meeting, and do wonder much
all become of t'other; I'm sure both
be serv'd unless she transgress; haply
l put in for one; for if a woman
one point from him she makes a husband,
ads and mounts then like arithmetic;
, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,
n time sutler to an army royal.
I look to be most richly rail'd at,
ıst see her. [*Aside.*
Why, put case I loath'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,
Must I needs show it? cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here.— [*Aside.*
De Flores.
De F. Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
She call'd me fairly by my name De Flores,
And neither rogue nor rascal. [*Aside.*
Beat. What ha' you done
To your face a' late? you've met with some good physician;
You've prun'd[1] yourself, methinks: you were not wont
To look so amorously.[2]

---

[1] A hawk is said to prune itself when it sets its feathers in order with its beak.

[2] "*i.e.* so much an object of love. Compare *Epigrams and Satyres*, by Richard Middleton, 1608: Longato '*amorous* in his Maias eie,' &c. P. 3."—*Dyce.*

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De F. Not I;—
'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago:
How is this? [*Aside.*
Beat. Come hither; nearer, man.
De F. I'm up to the chin in heaven! [*Aside.*
Beat. Turn, let me see;
Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't;
I thought it had been worse.
De F. Her fingers touch'd me!
She smells all amber. [*Aside.*
Beat. I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight.
De F. With your own hands, lady?
Beat. Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure
I'll trust no other.
De F. 'Tis half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me. [*Aside.*
Beat. When we're us'd
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends;
I see it by experience.
De F. I was bless'd
To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't. [*Aside.*
Beat. Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.
De F. 'Twould be soon seen,
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it;

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I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to.
Beat. We shall try you:
O my De Flores!
De F. How's that? she calls me hers;
Already, *my* De Flores! [*Aside.*]—You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam?
Beat. No, was I?
I forgot,—O!——
De F. There 'tis again, the very fellow on't.
Beat. You are too quick, sir.
De F. There's no excuse for't now; I heard it twice, madam;
That sigh would fain have utterance: take pity on't,
And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
Beat at your bosom.
Beat. Would creation——
De F. Ay, well said, that is it.
Beat. Had form'd me man!
De F. Nay, that's not it.
Beat. O, 'tis the soul of freedom!
I should not then be forc'd to marry one
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight.
De F. O bless'd occasion! [*Aside.*
Without change to your sex you have your wishes;
Claim so much man in me.

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Beat. In thee, De Flores?
There is small cause for that.
De F. Put it not from me,
It is a service that I kneel for to you. [*Kneels.*
Beat. You are too violent to mean faithfully:
There's horror in my service, blood, and danger;
Can those be things to sue for?
De F. If you knew
How sweet it were to me to be employ'd
In any act of yours, you would say then
I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receiv'[d] the charge on't.
Beat. This is much, methinks;
Belike his wants are greedy; and to such
Gold tastes like angel's food. [*Aside.*]—[De Flores,] rise.
De F. I'll have the work first.
Beat. Possible his need
Is strong upon him. [*Aside.*]—There's to encourage thee; [*Gives money.*
As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be precious.
De F. That I've thought on;
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious; the thought ravishes!
Beat. Then take him to thy fury!
De F. I thirst for him.
Beat. Alonzo de Piracquo.
De F. [*rising.*] His end's upon him;
He shall be seen no more.

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Beat. How lovely now
Dost thou appear to me! never was man
Dearlier rewarded.
De F. I do think of that.
Beat. Be wondrous careful in the execution.
De F. Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?
Beat. Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.
De F. They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.
Beat. When the deed's done,
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight;
Thou may'st live bravely in another country.
De F. Ay, ay;
We'll talk of that hereafter.
Beat. I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face. [*Aside and exit.*
De F. O my blood!
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already;
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And, being pleasèd, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em.
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em:
Some women are odd feeders.—I'm too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. De Flores.
De F. My kind, honourable lord?

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Alon. I'm glad I ha' met with thee.
De F. Sir?
Alon. Thou canst show me
The full strength of the castle?
De F. That I can, sir.
Alon. I much desire it.
De F. And if the ways and straits
Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you,
I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord.
Alon. Pooh, that shall be no hindrance.
De F. I'm your servant then:
'Tis now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lordship's rising
I'll have the keys about me.
Alon. Thanks, kind De Flores.
De F. He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes.
[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt severally.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Narrow Passage in the Castle.

Enter ALONZO *and* DE FLORES. (*In the act-time*[1] DE FLORES *hides a naked rapier behind a door.*[2])

De F. Yes, here are all the keys; I was afraid, my lord,
I'd wanted for the postern, this is it:
I've all, I've all, my lord: this for the sconce.

---

[1] When the music played between the acts.

[2] "Whiles Piracquo is at dinner with Vermandero, De Flores is providing of a bloody banquet in the east casemate; where of purpose he goes and hides a naked sword and poniard behind the door. Now dinner being ended, Piracquo finds out De Flores, and summons him of his promise; who tells him he is ready to wait on him: so away they go from the walls to the ravelins, sconces, and bulwarks, and from thence by a postern to the ditches; and so in again to the casemates, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the theatre whereon we shall presently see acted a mournful and bloody tragedy. At the descent hereof De Flores puts off his rapier, and leaves it behind him; treacherously informing Piracquo that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the policy and villany of this devilish and treacherous miscreant. Piracquo, not doubting nor dreaming of any treason, follows his example, and so casts off his rapier: De Flores leads the way, and he follows him; but alas! poor gentle-

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Alon. 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort.
De F. You will tell me more, my lord: this descent
Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us.
Alon. Thou sayest true.
De F. Pray, let me help your lordship.
Alon. 'Tis done: thanks, kind De Flores.
De F. Here are hooks, my lord,
To hang such things on purpose.
[*Hanging up his own sword and that of* ALONZO.
Alon. Lead, I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Vault.[1]

Enter ALONZO *and* DE FLORES.

De F. All this is nothing; you shall see anon
A place you little dream on.

---

man, he shall never return with his life. They enter the vault of the casemate, De Flores opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his sword and poniard: he stoops and looks through a porthole, and tells him that that piece doth thoroughly scour the ditch. Piracquo stoops likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) De Flores steps for his weapons, and with his poniard stabs him through the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that casemate was built."—Reynold's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, pp. 54, 55, ed. 1635.

[1] Old ed. "*Ex. at one door and enter at the other.*" As there was no movable painted scenery, it was left to the audience to imagine a change of scene.

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Alon. I am glad
I have this leisure; all your master's house
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola.
De F. All but myself, sir,—which makes up my safety. [*Aside.*
My lord, I'll place you at a casement here
Will show you the full strength of all the castle.
Look, spend your eye awhile upon that object.
Alon. Here's rich variety, De Flores.
De F. Yes, sir.
Alon. Goodly munition.
De F. Ay, there's ordnance, sir,
No bastard metal, will ring you a peal like bells
At great men's funerals: keep your eye straight, my lord;
Take special notice of that sconce before you,
There you may dwell awhile.
[*Takes the rapier which he had hid behind the door.*
Alon. I am upon't.
De F. And so am I. [*Stabs him.*
Alon. De Flores! O De Flores!
Whose malice hast thou put on?
De F. Do you question
A work of secrecy? I must silence you. [*Stabs him.*
Alon. O, O, O!
De F. I must silence you. [*Stabs him.*
So here's an undertaking well accomplish'd:
This vault serves to good use now: ha, what's that
Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a diamond
He wears upon his finger; 'twas well found,

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This will approve[1] the work. What, so fast on?
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then,
Finger and all shall off. [*Cuts off the finger.*] So, now I'll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of ALIBIUS.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LOLLIO.

Isa. Why, sirrah, whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me?
If you keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me,
Let me be doing something.

Lol. You shall be doing, if it please you; I'll whistle to you, if you'll pipe after.

Isa. Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this pinfold?

Lol. 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being taken in another man's corn, you might be pounded in another place.

Isa. 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise.

Lol. He says you have company enough in the house, if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of people.

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[1] Prove that the work has been done.

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Isa. Of all sorts? why, here's none but fools and madmen.

Lol. Very well: and where will you find any other, if you should go abroad? there's my master, and I to boot too.

Isa. Of either sort one, a madman and a fool.

Lol. I would even participate of both then if I were as you; I know you're half mad already, be half foolish too.

Isa. You're a brave saucy rascal! come on, sir,
Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam;
You were commending once to-day to me
Your last-come lunatic; what a proper[1]
Body there was without brains to guide it,
And what a pitiful delight appear'd
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness; pray, sir, let me partake,
If there be such a pleasure.

Lol. If I do not show you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call the understanding madman, then say I am a fool.

Isa. Well, a match, I will say so.

Lol. When you have [had] a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fools' College, o' th' [other] side. I seldom lock there; 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em. [*Exit, and brings in* FRANCISCUS.]—Come on, sir; let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now.

[1] Handsome.

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Fran. How sweetly she looks! O, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy. Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it; stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup! no, 'tis but a grape-stone; swallow it, fear nothing, poet; so, so, lift higher.

Isa. Alack, alack, it is too full of pity
To be laugh'd at! How fell he mad? canst thou tell?

Lol. For love, mistress: he was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first: the Muses then forsook him; he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

Fran. Hail, bright Titania!
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades;
I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesy.

Lol. [*holding up a whip.*] Not too near! you see your danger.

Fran. O, hold thy hand, great Diomede!
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee:
Get up, Bucephalus kneels. [*Kneels.*

Lol. You see how I awe my flock; a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience.

Isa. His conscience is unquiet; sure that was
The cause of this: a proper gentleman!

Fran. Come hither, Æsculapius; hide the poison.

Lol. Well, 'tis hid. [*Hides the whip.*

Fran. Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias,
A famous prophet?[1]

[1] Old ed. "poet."

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Lol. Yes, that kept tame wild geese.

Fran. That's he; I am the man.

Lol. No?

Fran. Yes; but make no words on't; I was a man Seven years ago.

Lol. A stripling, I think, you might.

Fran. Now I'm a woman, all feminine.

Lol. I would I might see that!

Fran. Juno struck me blind.

Lol. I'll ne'er believe that: for a woman, they say, has an eye more than a man.

Fran. I say she struck me blind.

Lol. And Luna made you mad; you have two trades to beg with.

Fran. Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecate;
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
And there we'll kick the dog—and beat the bush—
That barks against the witches of the night;
The swift lycanthropi[1] that walks the round,
We'll tear their wolvish skins, and save the sheep.

[*Attempts to seize* LOLLIO.

[1] "*Lycanthropia*, which *Avicenna* calls *Cucubuth*, others *Lupinam insaniam*, or wolf-madness, when men run howling about graves and fields in the night, and will not be persuaded but that they are wolves, or some such beasts. *Ætius* and *Paulus* call it a kind of *melancholy*, but I should rather refer it to *madness*, as most do. Some make a doubt of it whether there be any such disease. *Donatus Altomarus* saith that he saw two of them in his time: *Wierus* tells a story of such a one at *Padua*, 1541, that would not believe to the contrary but that he was a wolf. He hath another instance of a *Spaniard* who thought himself a bear. *Forrestus* confirms as much by many examples; one

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Lol. Is't come to this? nay, then, my poison comes forth again [*showing the whip*]: mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!

Isa. I prithee, hence with him, now he grows dangerous.

Fran. [*sings.*]

Sweet love, pity me,
Give me leave to lie with thee.

Lol. No, I'll see you wiser first: to your own kennel!

Fran. No noise, she sleeps; draw all the curtains round,
Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole.

Lol. I would you would get into your hole! [*Exit* FRANCISCUS.]—Now, mistress, I will bring you another sort; you shall be fooled another while. [*Exit, and brings in* ANTONIO.]—Tony, come hither, Tony: look who's yonder, Tony.

Ant. Cousin, is it not my aunt?[1]

Lol. Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony.

---

amongst the rest, of which he was an eye-witness, at *Alcmaer* in *Holland*, a poor husbandman that still hunted about graves and kept in churchyards, of a pale, black, ugly, and fearful look. . . . . This malady, saith *Avicenna*, troubleth men most in February, and is now-a-days frequent in *Bohemia* and *Hungary*, according to *Heurnius*. *Schernitzius* will have it common in *Livonia*. They lie hid most part all day and go abroad in the night, barking, howling, at graves and deserts; *they have usually hollow eyes, scabbed legs and thighs, very dry and pale*, saith *Altomarus;* he gives a reason there of all the symptoms, and sets down a brief cure of them."—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part 1, sect. 1, memb. 1, subs. 4, ed. 1660.

[1] Cant term for a bawd.

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Ant. He, he! how do you, uncle?

Lol. Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nigget;[1] you may play with him, as safely with him as with his bauble.

Isa. How long hast thou been a fool?

Ant. Ever since I came hither, cousin.

Isa. Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.

Lol. O, mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred.

Madman [*within*]. Bounce, bounce! he falls, he falls!

Isa. Hark you, your scholars in the upper room Are out of order.

Lol. Must I come amongst you there?—Keep you the fool, mistress; I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando amongst the madmen. [*Exit.*

Isa. Well, sir.

Ant. 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! nay, Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isa. Ha!

Ant. This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love, The truest servant to your powerful beauties, Whose magic had this force thus to transform me.

Isa. You're a fine fool indeed!

Ant. O, 'tis not strange! Love has an intellect that runs through all The scrutinous sciences, and, like a cunning poet, Catches a quantity of every knowledge, Yet brings all home into one mystery, Into one secret, that he proceeds in.

[1] Idiot.

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Isa. You're a parlous fool.

Ant. No danger in me; I bring nought but love
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with:
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you, I
Will stand you twenty back in recompense.

Isa. A forward fool too!

Ant. This was love's teaching:
A thousand ways he[1] fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and [the] nearest,
To tread the galaxia to my star.

Isa. Profound withal! certain you dream'd of this,
Love never taught it waking.

Ant. Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies, there's within
A gentleman that loves you.

Isa. When I see him,
I'll speak with him; so, in the meantime, keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough:
As you're a gentleman, I'll not discover you;
That's all the favour that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but play'd the fool.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

Ant. And must again.—He, he! I thank you, cousin;
I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning.

Lol. How do you like the fool, mistress?

[1] Old ed. "she."

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Isa. Passing well, sir.

Lol. Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?

Isa. If he holds on as he begins, he's like
To come to something.

Lol. Ay, thank a good tutor: you may put him to't; he begins to answer pretty hard questions.—Tony, how many is five times six?

Ant. Five times six is six times five.

Lol. What arithmetician could have answered better?
How many is one hundred and seven?

Ant. One hundred and seven is seven hundred and one, cousin.

Lol. This is no wit to speak on!—Will you be rid of the fool now?

Isa. By no means; let him stay a little.

Madman [*within*]. Catch there, catch the last couple in hell![1]

Lol. Again! must I come amongst you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together. [*Exit.*

Ant. Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

Isa. Fie, out again! I had rather you kept
Your other posture; you become not your tongue
When you speak from your clothes.

Ant. How can he freeze
Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone

---

[1] An allusion to the game of *Barley-break, or the Last Couple in Hell.* See Nares' *Glossary, s.* BARLIBREAK.

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Walk through the orchard of th' Hesperides,
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?

Enter LOLLIO *above.*

This with the red cheeks I must venture for.
[*Attempts to kiss her.*

Isa. Take heed, there's giants keep 'em.

Lol. How now, fool, are you good at that? have you read Lipsius?[1] he's past *Ars Amandi;* I believe I must put harder questions to him, I perceive that. [*Aside.*

Isa. You're bold without fear too.

Ant. What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold mine own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer: I know this shape
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors
I shall array me handsomely.

[*Cries of madmen are heard within, like those of birds and beasts.*

Lol. Cuckoo, cuckoo! [*Exit above.*

Ant. What are these?

Isa. Of fear enough to part us;
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
That act their fantasies in any shapes

[1] "Is it necessary to notice that the name of this great scholar is introduced merely for the sake of its first syllable?"—*Dyce.*

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Suiting their present thoughts: if sad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again:
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

Ant. These are no fears.

Isa. But's here's a large one, my man.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

Ant. Ha, he! that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

Lol. I would my master were come home! 'tis too much for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can I believe that one churchman can instruct two benefices at once; there will be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other.—Come, Tony.

Ant. Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

Lol. No, you must to your book now; you have played sufficiently.

Isa. Your fool has grown wondrous witty.

Lol. Well, I'll say nothing: but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days.

[*Exit with* ANTONIO.

Isa. Here the restrained current might make breach,
Spite of the watchful bankers: would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
It would be brought home one way[1] or other:

[1] Old ed. "wayes."

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The needle's point will to the fixèd north;
Such drawing artics women's beauties are.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

Lol. How dost thou, sweet rogue?

Isa. How now?

Lol. Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another.

Isa. What's the matter?

Lol. Nay, if thou givest thy mind to fool's flesh, have at thee!

Isa. You bold slave, you!

Lol. I could follow now as t'other fool did:

What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer: I know this shape
Becomes me not—

and so as it follows: but is not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue; kiss me, my little Lacedæmonian; let me feel how thy pulses beat; thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on't.

Isa. Sirrah, no more! I see you have discover'd
This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love; be silent, mute,

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Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat;
I'll do it, though for no other purpose; and
Be sure he'll not refuse it.
Lol. My share, that's all;
I'll have my fool's part with you.
Isa. No more! your master.

Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Sweet, how dost thou?
Isa. Your bounden servant, sir.
Alib. Fie, fie, sweetheart,
No more of that.
Isa. You were best lock me up.
Alib. In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,
I'll lock thee up most nearly.—Lollio,
We have employment, we have task in hand:
At noble Vermandero's, our castle['s] captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemnis'd—
Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride—
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,[1]
To finish, as it were, and make the fag
Of all the revels, the third night from the first;
Only an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,

[1] So Corax, a physician, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, provides a "Masque of Melancholy," in which various forms of madness are represented, for the entertainment of Palador, Prince of Cyprus.

Ford's Lover's

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But not the all I aim at; could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking time's head,
It were no matter, 'twould be heal'd again
In one age or other, if not in this:
This, this, Lollio, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty, be it known.

Lol. This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you: you have about you fools and madmen that can dance very well; and 'tis no wonder, your best dancers are not the wisest men; the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

Alib. Honest Lollio, thou giv'st me a good reason,
And a comfort in it.

Isa. You've a fine trade on't;
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity.

Alib. O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live:
Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter VERMANDERO, BEATRICE, ALSEMERO, *and* JASPERINO.

Ver. Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you.
Als. The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a king's love.
Ver. I had her fellow once, sir,
But heaven has married her to joys eternal;
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again.
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joys in.
Als. I hear
The beauty of this seat largely [commended].
Ver. It falls much short of that.
[*Exit with* ALSEMERO *and* JASPERINO.
Beat. So, here's one step
Into my father's favour; time will fix him;
I've got him now the liberty of the house;
So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom:
And if that eye be darken'd that offends me,—
I wait but that eclipse,—this gentleman
Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

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Enter DE FLORES.

De F. My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,
I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for't. [*Aside.*
Beat. De Flores!
De F. Lady?
Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully.
De F. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.
Beat. Is it done, then?
De F. Piracquo is no more.
Beat. My joys start at mine eyes;[1] our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.
De F. I've a token for you.
Beat. For me?
De F. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly;
I could not get the ring without the finger.
[*Producing the ring and the finger.*
Beat. Bless me, what hast thou done?
De F. Why, is that more
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings:
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake hath had as much as this.
Beat. 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.
De F. And I [have] made him send it back again

[1] See *Introduction*, p. lxiii. (footnote).

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For his last token; I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.
Beat. At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir:
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.
De F. 'Twill hardly buy a capcase[1] for one's conscience though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis:
Well, being my fees, I'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.
Beat. It might justly, sir;
Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given
In state of recompense.
De F. No, I hope so, lady;
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.
Beat. Prithee,—thou look'st as if thou wert offended.
De F. That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you:
Offended! could you think so? that were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.
Beat. 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.

[1] Hand-box, portmanteau.

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De F. I know so much, it were so; misery
In her most sharp condition.
Beat. 'Tis resolv'd then;
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florens;[1]
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.
De F. What! salary? now you move me.
Beat. How, De Flores?
De F. Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold
[For] the life-blood of man? is anything
Valued too precious for my recompense?
Beat. I understand thee not.
De F. I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have [slept at ease],[2]
And have had the work brought home.
Beat. I'm in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I'd fain be rid of him. [*Aside.*
I'll double the sum, sir.
De F. You take a course
To double my vexation, that's the good you do.
Beat. Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than I was;
I know not what will please him. [*Aside*].—For my fear's sake,
I prithee, make away with all speed possible;

[1] "Pieces first coined by the Florentines: the *floren* of Spain (according to the Dictionaries) is 4*s.* 4½*d.*—Does Beatrice offer here a paper to De Flores?"—*Dyce.*

[2] The bracketed words were added by the editor of 1816.

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And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;
But, prithee, take thy flight.
De F. You must fly too then.
Beat. I?
De F. I'll not stir a foot else.
Beat. What's your meaning?
De F. Why, are not you as guilty? in, I'm sure,
As deep as I; and we should stick together:
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you.
Beat. He speaks home! [*Aside.*
De F. Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.
Beat. How now, sir?
This shows not well.
De F. What makes your lip so strange?[1]
This must not be betwixt us.
Beat. The man talks wildly!
De F. Come, kiss me with a zeal now.
Beat. Heaven, I doubt him! [*Aside.*
De F. I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.
Beat. Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
'Twill soon betray us.

---

[1] Cf. Middleton's *Women beware Women*, iii. 1:—

"Speak, what's the humour, sweet,
You make your lip so strange?"

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De F. Take you heed first;
Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame in't.
Beat. He's bold, and I am blam'd for't. [*Aside.*
De F. I have eas'd you
Of your trouble, think on it; I am in pain,
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.
Beat. I dare not.
De F. Quickly!
Beat. O, I never shall!
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't;
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed.
De F. Soft, lady, soft!
The last is not yet paid for: O, this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep:
Did you not mark, I wrought myself into't,
Nay, sued and kneel'd for't? why was all that pains took?
You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold;
Not that I want it [not], for I do piteously,
In order I'll come unto't, and make use on't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure;
And were not I resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

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Beat. Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.
De F. Push![1] you forget yourself;
A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!
Beat. O misery of sin! would I'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.
De F. Look but into your conscience, read me there;
'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal:
Push! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you; you're no more now.
You must forget your parentage to me;
You are the deed's creature; by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.
Beat. With thee, foul villain!
De F. Yes, my fair murderess; do you urge me?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection?
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in the[2] heart; and he's chang'd now

[1] Pish.
[2] Old ed. "thy."

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To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest!
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.
Beat. De Flores!
De F. I shall rest from all love's[1] plagues then;
I live in pain now; that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.
Beat. O sir, hear me!
De F. She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.
Beat. [*kneeling.*] Stay, hear me once for all; I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things!
De F. Let this silence thee;
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me;
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose?
So soon may [you] weep me.
Beat. Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins:
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must engender with a viper first?

---

[1] "Old ed. 'lovers.'—I suspect the author wrote:

'I shall rest from all plagues then;
I live in pain now; that love-shooting eye.'"—*Dyce.*

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De F. [*raising her.*] Come, rise and shroud your
blushes in my bosom:
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.
'Las! how the turtle pants! thou'lt love anon
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

Dumb Show.

Enter Gentlemen, VERMANDERO *meeting them with action of wonderment at the disappearance of* PIRACQUO. *Enter* ALSEMERO *with* JASPERINO *and gallants:* VERMANDERO *points to him, the gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice.* ALSEMERO, VERMANDERO, JASPERINO, *and the others pass over the stage with much pomp,* BEATRICE *as a bride following in great state, attended by* DIAPHANTA, ISABELLA, *and other gentlewomen;* DE FLORES *after all, smiling at the accident:* ALONZO's *ghost appears to him in the midst of his smile, and startles him, showing the hand whose finger he had cut off.*

SCENE I.

ALSEMERO'S *Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. This fellow has undone me endlessly;
Never was bride so fearfully distress'd:
The more I think upon th' ensuing night,

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And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
One who's[1] ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding,—that's my plague now—
Before whose judgment will my fault appear
Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals;
There is no hiding on't, the more I dive
Into my own distress: how a wise man
Stands for a great calamity! there's no venturing
Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger;
He cannot but in justice strangle me
As I lie by him, as a cheater use me;
'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die
Before a cunning gamester. Here's his closet;
The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park?
Sure 'twas forgot; I'll be so bold as look in't.
[*Opens closet.*
Bless me! a right physician's closet 'tis,
Set round with vials; every one her mark too:
Sure he does practise physic for his own use,
Which may be safely call'd your great man's wisdom.
What manuscript lies here?
[*Reads.*] *The Book of Experiment, called Secrets in Nature:*[2]
So 'tis so;
[*Reads.*] *How to know whether a woman be with child or no:*

---

[1] Old ed. "both."

[2] "In *Antonii Mizaldi Monluciani de Arcanis Naturæ Libelli Quatuor*, ed. tertia, 1558, 12mo, I find no passages resembling those which are read by Beatrice."—*Dyce.*

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I hope I am not yet; if he should try though!
Let me see, [*reads*] *folio forty-five*, here 'tis,
The leaf tuck'd down upon't, the place suspicious:
[*Reads.*] *If you would know whether a woman be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C*——
Where's that glass C? O yonder, I see't now—
[*Reads.*] *and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours after; if not, not:*
None of that water comes into my belly;
I'll know you from a hundred; I could break you now,
Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
The master of the mystery; but I'll look to you.
Ha! that which is next is ten times worse:
[*Reads.*] *How to know whether a woman be a maid or not:*
If that should be applied, what would become of me?
Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
[*Reads.*] *A merry slight,*[1] *but true experiment; the author Antonius Mizaldus. Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M, which, upon her that is a maid, makes three several effects; 'twill make her incontinently*[2] *gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing; else, dull, heavy, and lumpish.*
Where had I been?
I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed-time.

Enter DIAPHANTA.

Dia. Cuds, madam, are you here?

[1] Artifice. [2] Immediately.

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Beat. Seeing that wench now,
A trick comes in my mind; 'tis a nice piece
Gold cannot purchase. [*Aside.*]—I come hither, wench,
To look my lord.
Dia. Would I had such a cause
To look him too! [*Aside.*]—Why, he's i' th' park, madam.
Beat. There let him be.
Dia. Ay, madam, let him compass
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,
At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em:
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in th' end had but his pit-hole.
Beat. I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.
Dia. Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, madam!
'Tis ever the bride's fashion, towards bed-time,
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd[1] 'em not.
Beat. Her joys? her fears thou wouldst say.
Dia. Fear of what?
Beat. Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid?
You leave a blushing business behind;
Beshrew your heart for't!
Dia. Do you mean good sooth, madam?
Beat. Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown.
Dia. Is't possible?
Beat. I'd[2] give a thousand ducats to that woman

[1] Owned. [2] Old ed. "I will."

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Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To-morrow, when she gets from't; as she likes,
I might perhaps be drawn to't.
Dia. Are you in earnest?
Beat. Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll fly from't; but I must tell you
This by the way, she must be a true maid,
Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's else.
Dia. Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam,
Shall be a maid.
Beat. You know I should be sham'd else,
Because she lies for me.
Dia. 'Tis a strange humour!
But are you serious still? would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?
Beat. As willingly as live.—Alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour! [*Aside.*
Dia. I do not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honesty; there's both requir'd in this.
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further?
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money.
Beat. You are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.
Dia. How? not a maid? nay, then you urge me, madam;
Your honourable self is not a truer,
With all your fears upon you——
Beat. Bad enough then. [*Aside.*
Dia. Than I with all my lightsome joys about me.

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Beat. I'm glad to hear't; then you dare put your honesty
Upon an easy trial.
Dia. Easy? anything.
Beat. I'll come to you straight. [*Goes to the closet.*
Dia. She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?[1]
Beat. Glass M: ay, this is it. [*Brings vial.*]—Look, Diaphanta,
You take no worse than I do. [*Drinks.*
Dia. And in so doing,
I will not question what it is, but take it. [*Drinks.*
Beat. Now if th' experiment be true, 'twill praise itself,
And give me noble ease: begins already;
[DIAPHANTA *gapes.*
There's the first symptom; and what haste it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time!
[DIAPHANTA *sneezes.*
Most admirable secret! on the contrary,
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it. [*Aside.*
Dia. Ha, ha, ha!
Beat. Just in all things, and in order
As if 'twere circumscrib'd; one accident
Gives way unto another. [*Aside.*
Dia. Ha, ha, ha!
Beat. How now, wench?

[1] I suspect that there is an allusion to the examination by matrons of the notorious Countess of Essex. Very full particulars about that extraordinary inquisition will be found in Add. MS. 25, 348.

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Dia. Ha, ha, ha! I'm so, so light
At heart—ha, ha, ha!—so pleasurable!
But one swig more, sweet madam.
Beat. Ay, to-morrow,
We shall have time to sit by't.
Dia. Now I'm sad again.
Beat. It lays itself so gently too! [*Aside.*]—Come, wench,
Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now.
Dia. Pray, tell me, madam, what trick call you this?
Beat. I'll tell thee all hereafter; we must study
The carriage of this business.
Dia. I shall carry't well,
Because I love the burthen.
Beat. About midnight
You must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.
Dia. O, fear not, madam,
I shall be cool by that time: the bride's place,
And with a thousand ducats! I'm for a justice now,
I bring a portion with me; I scorn small fools. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

(*Enter* VERMANDERO *and* Servant.)

Ver. I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in question,
A thing till now free from suspicion,
Nor ever was there cause. Who of my gentlemen

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Are absent?
Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?
Ser. Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.
Ver. When did they leave the castle?
Ser. Some ten days since, sir; the one intending to Briamata,[1] th' other for Valencia.
Ver. The time accuses 'em; a charge of murder
Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder;
I dare not answer faithfully their absence:
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
Provide me wingèd warrants for the purpose.
[*Exit* Servant.
See, I am set on again.

Enter TOMASO.

Tom. I claim a brother of you.
Ver. You're too hot;
Seek him not here.
Tom. Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction:
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him; and the hasty tie
Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.

[1] "*Briamata*, a fair house of his [Vermandero's] ten leagues from Alicant."—Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, ed. 1635, p. 50.

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Ver. Certain falsehood!
This is the place indeed; his breach of faith
Has too much marr'd both my abusèd love,
The honourable love I reserv'd for him,
And mock'd my daughter's joy; the prepar'd morning
Blush'd at his infidelity; he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em: O, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd him!
Tom. Then this is all your answer?
Ver. 'Tis too fair
For one of his alliance; and I warn you
That this place no more see you. [*Exit.*

Enter DE FLORES.

Tom. The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on.—
Honest De Flores?
De F. That's my name indeed.
Saw you the bride? good sweet sir, which way took she?
Tom. I've bless'd mine eyes from seeing such a false one.
De F. I'd fain get off, this man's not for my company,
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.
[*Aside.*
Tom. Come hither, kind and true one; I remember
My brother lov'd thee well.
De F. O, purely, dear sir!—

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Methinks I'm now again a-killing on him,
He brings it so fresh to me. [*Aside.*
Tom. Thou canst guess, sirrah—
An[1] honest friend has an instinct of jealousy—
At some foul guilty person.
De F. Alas! sir,
I am so charitable, I think none
Worse than myself! you did not see the bride then?
Tom. I prithee, name her not: is she not wicked?
De F. No, no; a pretty, easy, round-pack'd sinner,
As your most ladies are, else you might think
I flatter'd her; but, sir, at no hand wicked,
Till they're so old their sins and vices[2] meet,
And they salute witches. I'm call'd, I think, sir.—
His company even overlays my conscience.
[*Aside and exit.*
Tom. That De Flores has a wondrous honest heart;
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assur'd on't.
O, here's the glorious master of the day's joy!
'Twill[3] not be long till he and I do reckon.

Enter ALSEMERO.

Sir.
Als. You're most welcome.

---

[1] Old ed. "One."
[2] "Surely the right reading is 'chins *and* noses.'"—*Dyce.* I should certainly have suggested the same correction myself if Dyce had not anticipated me.
[3] Old ed. "I will."

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Tom. You may call that word back,
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.
Als. 'Tis strange you found the way to this house then.
Tom. Would I'd ne'er known the cause! I'm none of those, sir,
That come to give you joy, and swill your wine;
'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring.
Als. Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers.
Tom. Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted; this the business.
I should have [had] a brother in your place;
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his right,
Which never could come fairly.
Als. You must look
To answer for that word, sir.
Tom. Fear you not,
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
Keep your day solemn; farewell, I disturb it not;
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time. [*Exit.*
Als. 'Tis somewhat ominous this; a quarrel enter'd
Upon this day; my innocence relieves me,

Enter JASPERINO.

I should be wondrous sad else.—Jasperino,
I've news to tell thee, strange news.
Jasp. I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours: would I might keep

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Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't!
Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this.
Als. This puts me on,
And blames thee for thy slowness.
Jas. All may prove nothing,
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.
Als. No question, 't may prove nothing; let's partake it though.
Jas. 'Twas Diaphanta's chance—for to that wench
I pretend [1] honest love, and she deserves it—
To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for private conference; . . . . .
She was no sooner gone, but instantly
I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me;
And lending more attention, found De Flores
Louder than she.
Als. De Flores! thou art out now.
Jas. You'll tell me more anon.
Als. Still I'll prevent [2] thee,
The very sight of him is poison to her.
Jas. That made me stagger too; but Diaphanta
At her return confirm'd it.
Als. Diaphanta!
Jas. Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd
Like those that challenge interest in a woman.
Als. Peace; quench thy zeal, 'tis dangerous to thy bosom.

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[1] Offer. [2] Anticipate.

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Jas. Then truth is full of peril.
Als. Such truths are.
O, were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,
And touch'd,[1] she sleeps not here! yet I have time,
Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof;
And, prithee, do not weigh me by my passions.
Jas. I never weigh'd friend so.
Als. Done charitably!
That key will lead thee to a pretty secret, [*Giving key.*
By a Chaldean taught me, and I have
My study upon some: bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,
And question not my purpose.
Jas. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
Als. How can this hang together? not an hour since
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest,
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. All things go well; my woman's preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose;
Necessity compels it; I lose all else. [*Aside.*

[1] Stained.

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Als. Push! modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead:
I cannot be too sure though. [*Aside.*]—My Joanna!
Beat. Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you;
Pardon my modest fears.
Als. The dove's not meeker;
She's abus'd, questionless. [*Aside.*

Re-enter JASPERINO *with vial.*

O, are you come, sir? 130
Beat. The glass, upon my life! I see the letter.
[*Aside.*
Jas. Sir, this is M. [*Giving vial.*
Als. 'Tis it.
Beat. I am suspected. [*Aside.*
Als. How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!
Beat. What is't, my lord?
Als. No hurt.
Beat. Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition.
Als. But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.
Beat. I fear 'twill make me ill.
Als. Heaven forbid that.
Beat. I'm put now to my cunning: th' effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.
[*Aside, then drinks.*
Als. It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd, sir, 140
Upon a virgin.
Jas. Treble-qualitied? [BEATRICE *gapes and sneezes.*
Als. By all that's virtuous it takes there! proceeds!

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Jas. This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.
Beat. Ha, ha, ha!
You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.
Als. No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.
Beat. What's the matter, sir?
Als. See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy;
Keep[s] both the time and method. [*Aside.*]—My Joanna,
Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb,
That brings the day forth! thus my love encloses thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of ALIBIUS.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LOLLIO.

Isa. O heaven! is this the waning[1] moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?
Sirrah, here's a madman, akin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover.
Lol. No, no, not he I brought the letter from.
Isa. Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.
Lol. The out's mad, I'm sure of that; I had a taste on't.
Isa. [*reads letter.*] *To*[2] *the bright Andromeda, chief*

[1] Old ed. "waiting."
[2] The words "*To the bright . . . Pay the post,*" are given to Lollio in the old ed.

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chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of Æolus. Pay the post.

Lol. This is stark madness!

Isa. Now mark the inside.

[*Reads.*] *Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty.*

Lol. He is mad still.

Isa. [*reads.*] *If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect; 'tis the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to wither——*

Lol. O rogue!

Isa. [*reads.*] *Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again: I come in winter to you, dismantled of my proper ornaments; by the sweet splendour of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover.*

Lol. Mad rascal still!

Isa. [*reads.*] *Tread him not under foot, that shall appear an honour to your bounties. I remain—mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself,* FRANCISCUS.

Lol. You are like to have a fine time on't; my master and I may give over our professions; I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

Isa. Very likely.

Lol. One thing I must tell you, mistress; you perceive that I am privy to your skill; if I find you minister once,

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and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds; I shall be mad or fool else.

Isa. The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio,
If I do fall.

Lol. I fall upon you.

Isa. So.

Lol. Well, I stand to my venture.

Isa. But thy counsel now; how shall I deal with 'em?

Lol. Why,[1] do you mean to deal with 'em?

Isa. Nay, the fair[2] understanding, how to use 'em.

Lol. Abuse 'em! that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em kindly.

Isa. 'Tis easy, I'll practise; do thou observe it;
The key of thy wardrobe.

Lol. There [*gives key*]; fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you.

Isa. Take thou no further notice than the outside.

Lol. Not an inch [*Exit* ISABELLA]; I'll put you to the inside.

Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Lollio, art there? will all be perfect, think'st thou?
To-morrow night, as if to close up the
Solemnity, Vermandero expects us.

Lol. I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough; I have taken pains with them.

---

[1] Old ed. "We."

[2] "*i.e.*, Nay, understand my speeches in the fair and modest sense in which they are uttered."—Editor of 1816.

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Alib. Tush! they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the ladies; they're nice things, thou knowest.

Lol. You need not fear, sir; so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

Alib. I'll see them once more rehearse before they go.

Lol. I was about it, sir: look you to the madmen's morris, and let me alone with the other: there is one or two that I mistrust their footing;[1] I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure.

Alib. Do so; I'll see the music prepar'd: but, Lollio,
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?
Does she not grudge at it?

Lol. So, so; she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else; you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short.

Alib. She shall along to Vermandero's with us,
That will serve her for a month's liberty.

Lol. What's that on your face, sir?

Alib. Where, Lollio? I see nothing.

Lol. Cry you mercy, sir, 'tis your nose; it showed like the trunk of a young elephant.

Alib. Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lollio.

Lol. Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst. [*Exit* ALIBIUS.] —Tony, where art thou, Tony?

Old ed. "fooling"—and so Dyce. But cf. l. 88.
"Come, Tony, the *footmanship* I taught you."

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Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Here, cousin; where art thou?

Lol. Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.

Ant. I had rather ride, cousin.

Dol. Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out; vault in: look you, Tony; fa, la, la, la, la. [*Dances.*

Ant. Fa, la, la, la, la. [*Sings and dances.*

Lol. There, an honour.

Ant. Is this an honour, coz?

Lol. Yes, and it please your worship.

Ant. Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

Lol. Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first stiffened: there rise, a caper.

Ant. Caper after an honour, coz?

Lol. Very proper, for honour is but a caper, rise[s] as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground again: you can remember your figure, Tony?

Ant. Yes, cousin; when I see thy figure, I can remember mine. [*Exit* LOLLIO.

Re-enter ISABELLA, *dressed as a madwoman.*

Isa. Hey, how he[1] treads the air! shough, shough, t'other way! he burns his wings else: here's wax enough below, Icarus, more than will be cancelled these eighteen moons: he's down, he's down! what a terrible fall he had!

[1] Old ed. "she."

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Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth;
I'll bring thee to the clue.
Ant. Prithee, coz, let me alone.
Isa. Art thou not drown'd?
About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
Wrapt like a turkish turbant; on thy back
A crook'd chamelon-colour'd rainbow hung
Like a tiara down unto thy hams;
Let me suck out those billows in thy belly;
Hark, how they roar and rumble in the straits![1]
Bless thee from the pirates!
Ant. Pox upon you, let me alone!
Isa. Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,
Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?
Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
That would have drown'd my love.
Ant. I'll kick thee, if
Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic;
I am no fool, you bedlam!
Isa. But you are, as sure as I am mad:
Have I put on this habit of a frantic,
With love as full of fury, to beguile
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?
Ant. Ha! dearest beauty!
Isa. No, I have no beauty now,

[1] Old ed. "streets."

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Nor never had but what was in my garments:
You a quick-sighted lover! come not near me:
Keep your caparisons, you're aptly clad;
I came a feigner, to return stark mad.
Ant. Stay, or I shall change condition,
And become as you are. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

Lol. Why, Tony, whither now? why, fool——
Ant. Whose fool, usher of idiots? you coxcomb!
I have fool'd too much.
Lol. You were best be mad another while then.
Ant. So I am, stark mad; I have cause enough;
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury.
Lol. Do not, do not; I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do: alas! I saw through your fox-skin before now! Come, I can give you comfort; my mistress loves you; and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not: if after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her.
Ant. May I believe thee?
Lol. Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no.
Ant. She's eas'd of him; I've a good quarrel on't.
Lol. Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.
Ant. Tell her I will deserve her love. [*Exit.*
Lol. And you are like to have your desire.[1]

[1] "Qy. 'desert'?"—*Dyce.*

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Enter FRANCISCUS.

Fran. [*sings.*] *Down, down, down a-down a-down,*—
and then with a horse-trick[1]
To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bowstring.

Lol. This is t'other counterfeit; I'll put him out of his humour. [*Aside. Takes out a letter and reads.*] *Sweet lady, having now cast* [*off*] *this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty.* This is pretty well for a madman.

Fran. Ha! what's that? 170

Lol. [*reads.*] *Chide those perfections in you which* [*have*] *made me imperfect.*

Fran. I am discover'd to the fool.

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in you ere I have done with you. [*Reads.*] *Yours all, or one beside himself,* FRANCISCUS. This madman will mend sure.

Fran. What do you read, sirrah?

Lol. Your destiny, sir; you'll be hanged for this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsel with thy mistress? 180

Lol. Next her apron-strings.

Fran. Give me thy hand.

Lol. Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first [*putting letter into his pocket*]: your hand is true,[2] is it not? it

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[1] See note 3, vol. ii. p. 183.
[2] Honest.

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will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie.

Fran. Not in a syllable.

Lol. So if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness.

Fran. And none but she can cure it.

Lol. Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next.

Fran. Take for thy pains past. [*Gives him money.*

Lol. I shall deserve more, sir, I hope: my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wishes.

Lol. That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours.

Fran. He's dead already.

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

Fran. Show me the man.

Lol. Ay, that's a right course now; see him before you kill him, in any case; and yet it needs not go so far neither, 'tis but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the shape of an idiot; bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well.

Fran. Soundly, soundly!

Lol. Only reserve him till the masque be past; and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll show you. In, in! my master! [*Dancing.*

Fran. He handles him like a feather. Hey! [*Exit.*

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Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Well said: in a readiness, Lollio?
Lol. Yes, sir.
Alib. Away then, and guide them in, Lollio:
Entreat your mistress to see this sight.
Hark, is there not one incurable fool
That might be begg'd?[1] I have friends.
Lol. I have him for you,
One that shall deserve it too. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ISABELLA: *then re-enter* LOLLIO *with the madmen and fools, who dance.*

Alib. Good boy, Lollio! 220
'Tis perfect: well, fit but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] "*To beg a person for a fool*, to apply to be his guardian. In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under which, if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the king to any subject. See Blackstone, B. i. ch. 8, § 18."—*Nares.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Castle.

Enter BEATRICE: *a clock strikes one.*

Beat. One struck, and yet she lies by't! O my fears!
This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honour or my peace,
Makes havoc of my right; but she pays dearly for't;
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise;
Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord,
And it must come from her [*clock strikes two*]: hark! by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two!

Enter DE FLORES.

De F. Pist![1] where are you?
Beat. De Flores?

[1] Hist.

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De F. Ay: is she not come from him yet?
Beat. As I'm a living soul, not!
De F. Sure the devil
Hath sow'd his itch within her; who would trust
A waiting-woman?
Beat. I must trust somebody.
De F. Push![1] they're termagants;
Especially when they fall upon their masters
And have their ladies' first-fruits; they're mad whelps,
You cannot stave 'em off from game royal: then
You are so rash[2] and hardy, ask no counsel;
And I could have help'd you to a 'pothecary's daughter
Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank['d] you too.
Beat. O me, not yet! this whore forgets herself.
De F. The rascal fares so well: look, you're undone;
The day-star, by this hand! see, Phosphorus plain yonder.
Beat. Advise me now to fall upon some ruin;
There is no counsel safe else.
De F. Peace! I ha't now,
For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.
Beat. How? take heed of that.
De F. Tush! be you quiet, or else give over all.
Beat. Prithee, I ha' done then.
De F. This is my reach: I'll set
Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.
Beat. How? fire, sir? that may endanger the whole house.

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[1] Pish. [2] Old ed. "harsh."

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De F. You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?
Beat. That's true; do what thou wilt now.
De F. Push! I aim
At a most rich success strikes all dead sure:
The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,
It would be thought her fears and affrights then
Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging;
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney, there 'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.
Beat. I'm forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.
De F. 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.
Beat. One word now, prithee;
How for the servants?
De F. I will despatch them,
Some one way, some another in the hurry,
For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you,
The deed shall find its time; and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too:
How this fire purifies wit! watch you your minute.
Beat. Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't.

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Enter Ghost of ALONZO.

De F. Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the light
Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not:
'Twas but a mist of conscience; all's clear again. [*Exit.*
Beat. Who's that, De Flores? bless me, it slides by!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me; I'm afraid now:
This night hath been so tedious! O this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroy'd the last. List! O my terrors!
[*Clock strikes three.*
Three struck by St. Sebastian's!
Voices [*within*]. Fire, fire, fire!
Beat. Already? how rare is that man's speed!
How heartily he serves me! his face loathes one;
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The east is not more beauteous than his service.
Voices [*within*]. Fire, fire, fire!

Re-enter DE FLORES: Servants *pass over the stage.*

De F. Away, despatch! hooks, buckets, ladders! that's well said. [*Bell rings within.*
The fire-bell rings; the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready. [*Exit.*
Beat. Here's a man worth loving!

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Enter DIAPHANTA.

O you're a jewel!
Dia. Pardon frailty, madam;
In troth, I was so well, I even forgot myself.
Beat. You've made trim work!
Dia. What?
Beat. Hie quickly to your chamber;
Your reward follows you.
Dia. I never made
So sweet a bargain. [*Exit.*

Enter ALSEMERO.

Als. O, my dear Joanna,
Alas! art thou risen too? I was coming,
My absolute treasure!
Beat. When I miss'd you,
I could not choose but follow.
Als. Thou'rt all sweetness:
The fire is not so dangerous.
Beat. Think you so, sir?
Als. I prithee, tremble not; believe me, 'tis not.

Enter VERMANDERO *and* JASPERINO.

Ver. O bless my house and me!
Als. My lord your father.

Re-enter DE FLORES *with a gun.*

Ver. Knave, whither goes that piece?
De F. To scour the chimney.

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Ver. O, well said, well said! [*Exit* DE FLORES.
That fellow's good on all occasions.
Beat. A wondrous necessary man, my lord.
Ver. He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir;
Dog at a house of fire; I ha' seen him sing'd ere now.—
[*Gun fired off within.*
Ha, there he goes!
Beat. 'Tis done! [*Aside.*
Als. Come, sweet, to bed now;
Alas! thou wilt get cold.
Beat. Alas! the fear keeps that out!
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares;
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.
Ver. How should the fire come there?
Beat. As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy:
She 'scap'd a mine twice.
Ver. Twice?
Beat. Strangely twice, sir.
Ver. Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And they be ne'er so good.

Re-enter DE FLORES.

De F. O poor virginity,
Thou hast paid dearly for't!
Ver. Bless us, what's that?
De F. A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta's burnt.
Beat. My woman! O my woman!

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De F. Now the flames
Are greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!
Beat. O my presaging soul!
Als. Not a tear more!
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you
In bed, before this rais'd us.
Beat. Now you tie me;
Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

Enter Servant.

Ver. How now?
Ser. All danger's past; you may now take
Your rests, my lords; the fire is throughly quench'd:
Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!
Beat. De Flores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her:
I will entreat that honour to my servant
Even of my lord himself.
Als. Command it, sweetness.
Beat. Which of you spied the fire first?
De F. 'Twas I, madam.
Beat. And took such pains in't too? a double goodness!
'Twere well he were rewarded.
Ver. He shall be.—
De Flores, call upon me.
Als. And upon me, sir.

[*Exeunt all except* DE FLORES.

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De F. Rewarded? precious! here's a trick beyond me:
I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter TOMASO.

Tom. I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do:
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship; and because
I'm ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
I must think all men villains, and the next
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer
Of my most worthy brother. Ha! what's he?

DE FLORES *passes over the stage.*

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores;
But methinks honesty was hard bested
To come here for a lodging; as if a queen
Should make her palace of a pest-house:
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me; the least occasion
Would give me game upon him; yet he's so foul
One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he lov'd
And made account of; so most deadly venomous,

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He would go near to poison any weapon
That should draw blood on him; one must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight
In way of honest manhood that strikes him;
Some river must devour it; 'twere not fit
That any man should find it. What, again?

Re-enter DE FLORES.

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
T' infect my blood.

De F. My worthy noble lord!

Tom. Dost offer to come near and breathe upon me?
[*Strikes him.*

De F. A blow! [*Draws.*

Tom. Yea, are you so prepar'd?
I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword,
Than like a politician by thy poison. [*Draws.*

De F. Hold, my lord, as you are honourable!

Tom. All slaves that kill by poison are still cowards.

De F. I cannot strike; I see his brother's wounds
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal.— [*Aside.*
I will not question this, I know you're noble;
I take my injury with thanks given, sir,
Like a wise lawyer, and as a favour
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.—
Why this from him that yesterday appear'd
So strangely loving to me?
O, but instinct is of a subtler strain!
Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again;
He came near me now. [*Aside and exit.*

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Tom. All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
Till I find this murderer; not so much
As common courtesy but I'll lock up;
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting.

Enter VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, *and* ISABELLA.

Ver. Noble Piracquo!
Tom. Pray, keep on your way, sir;
I've nothing to say to you.
Ver. Comforts bless you, sir!
Tom. I've forsworn compliment, in troth I have, sir;
As you are merely man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor [for] any here.
Ver. Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from't upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.
Tom. What news can that be?
Ver. Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir;
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law of your just vengeance.
Tom. Ha!
Ver. To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers.
Tom. If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile [I threw] upon you,

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I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar. [*Kneels.*
Ver. [*raising him.*] Good sir, rise;
Why, now you overdo as much 'a this hand
As you fell short 'a t'other.—Speak, Alibius.
Alib. 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most lucky
At a discovery, to find out lately,
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises,
Their names Franciscus and Antonio.
Ver. Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for 'em.
Alib. Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.
Tom. O blest revelation!
Ver. Nay, more, nay, more, sir—I'll not spare mine own
In way of justice—they both feign'd a journey
To Br[i]amata, and so wrought out their leaves;
My love was so abus'd in't.
Tom. Time's too precious
To run in waste now; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase:
Be my most happy conduct; I thirst for 'em:
Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

ALSEMERO'S *Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter ALSEMERO *and* JASPERINO.

Jas. Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof;
The prospect from the garden has show'd
Enough for deep suspicion.
Als. The black mask
That so continually was worn upon't
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.
Jas. Touch it home then; 'tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly; I fear you'll find it
Full of corruption: 'tis fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk;
She took the back door at his parting with her. [*Exit.*
Als. Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman? She is here.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Alsemero!
Als. How do you?
Beat. How do I?
Alas, [sir]! how do you? you look not well.
Als. You read me well enough, I am not well.
Beat. Not well, sir? is't in my power to better you?
Als. Yes.
Beat. Nay, then you're cur'd again.

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Als. Pray, resolve me one question, lady.
Beat. If I can.
Als. None can so sure: are you honest?
Beat. Ha, ha, ha! that's a broad question, my lord.
Als. But that's not a modest answer, my lady:
Do you laugh? my doubts are strong upon me.
Beat. 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek:
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to?
Als. 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,
But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:
You are a whore!
Beat. What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity;
Upon what face soever that breath falls,
It strikes it ugly: O, you have ruin'd
What you can ne'er repair again!
Als. I'll all
Demolish, and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left; let your sweet tongue
Prevent your heart's rifling; there I'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion.
Beat. You may, sir;
It is an easy passage; yet, if you please,
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love;
My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish.
Als. Unanswerable;

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A ground you cannot stand on; you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set
Your ticklish heel on it: there was a visor
Over that cunning face, and that became you;
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't;
How comes this tender reconcilement else
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous loathing,
De Flores? he that your eye was sore at sight of
He's now become your arm's supporter, your
Lip's saint!
Beat. Is there the cause?
Als. Worse, your lust's devil,
Your adultery!
Beat. Would any but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain!
Als. It was witness'd
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.
Beat. Is your witness dead then?
Als. 'Tis to be fear'd
It was the wages of her knowledge; poor soul,
She liv'd not long after the discovery.
Beat. Then hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with;
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed
Will stand for proof of; your love has made me
A cruel murderess.
Als. Ha!
Beat. A bloody one;
I have kiss'd poison for it, strok'd a serpent:

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That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst to assure
Yourself to me.
Als. O, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance! the temple,
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion and quench'd the right one;
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now:
O, thou art all deform'd!
Beat. Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done: shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?
Als. O, thou should'st have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are lost.
Beat. Remember, I am true unto your bed.
Als. The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murder'd carcasses. It must ask pause
What I must do in this; meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only: enter my closet;
[*Exit* BEATRICE *into closet.*
I'll be your keeper yet. O, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha!
This same fellow has put me in.—

Enter DE FLORES.

De Flores.

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De F. Noble Alsemero!
Als. I can tell you
News, sir; my wife has her commended to you.
De F. That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever loved me so well; I thank her.
Als. What's this blood upon your hand, De Flores?
De F. Blood! no, sure 'twas wash'd since.
Als. Since when, man?
De F. Since t'other day I got a knock
In a sword-and-dagger school; I think 'tis out.
Als. Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd though.
I had forgot my message; this it is,
What price goes murder?
De F. How, sir?
Als. I ask you, sir;
My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.
De F. Upon? 'twas quite through him sure:
Has she confess'd it?
Als. As sure as death to both of you;
And much more than that.
De F. It could not be much more;
'Twas but one thing, and that—she is a whore.
Als. I[t] could not choose but follow: O cunning devils!
How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd saints?
Beat. [*within.*] He lies! the villain does belie me!

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De F. Let me go to her, sir.
Als. Nay, you shall to her.—
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard;
Take your prey to you;—get you in to her, sir:
[*Exit* DE FLORES *into closet.*
I'll be your pander now; rehearse again
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black audience,
Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you:
Clip[1] your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot.
Will guide you to the *mare mortuum,*
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

Enter VERMANDERO, TOMASO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA, FRANCISCUS, *and* ANTONIO.

Ver. O Alsemero! I've a wonder for you.
Als. No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you.
Ver. I have suspicion near as proof itself
For Piracquo's murder.
Als. Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.
Ver. Beseech you, hear me; these who have been disguis'd
E'er since the deed was done.
Als. I have two other
That were more close disguis'd than your two could be
E'er since the deed was done.
Ver. You'll hear me—these mine own servants——

[1] Embrace.

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Als. Hear me—those nearer than your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.
Fran. That may be done with easy truth, sir.
Tom. How is my cause bandied through your delays!
'Tis urgent in [my] blood, and calls for haste;
Give me a brother [or] alive or dead;
Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both
A recompense, for murder and adultery.
Beat. [*within.*] O, O, O! 140
Als. Hark! 'tis coming to you.
De F. [*within.*] Nay, I'll along for company.
Beat. [*within.*] O, O!
Ver. What horrid sounds are these?
Als. Come forth, you twins
Of mischief!

Re-enter DE FLORES, *dragging in* BEATRICE *wounded.*

De F. Here we are; if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not
Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet,
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.
Ver. An host of enemies enter'd my citadel 150
Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice! Joanna!
Beat. O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile you!
I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health; look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common sewer take it from distinction:
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor.
[*Pointing to* DE FLORES.

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Ever hung[1] my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;
I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd;
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.—
Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed;
Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died.

Als. Diaphanta?

De F. Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley-break[2]; now we are left in hell.

Ver. We are all there, it circumscribes [us] here.

De F. I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart:
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.

Tom. Ha! my brother's murderer?

De F. Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.

Ver. Horrid villain!
Keep life in him for further tortures.

De F. No!
I can prevent you; here's my pen-knife still;
It is but one thread more [*stabbing himself*], and now 'tis cut.—
Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind;

---

[1] Old ed. "hang."

[2] *Barley-break or the last couple in hell* was the name of a rural game. See Nares' *Glossary*, s. BARLIBREAK.

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I would not go to leave thee far behind. [*Dies.*
Beat. Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live. [*Dies.*
Ver. O, my name's enter'd now in that record
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read.
Als. Let it be blotted out; let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life
To your dishonour; justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit
By proclamation, and may joy again.—
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done;
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.
Tom. Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries
Lie dead before me; I can exact no more,
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake
Those black fugitives that are fled from hence,[1]
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths
Deeper than mine, 'tis to be fear'd, about 'em.
Als. What an opacous body had that moon
That last chang'd on us! here is beauty chang'd
To ugly whoredom; here servant-obedience
To a master-sin, imperious murder;
I, a supposed husband, chang'd embraces
With wantonness,—but that was paid before.—
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
To knowing friendship.—Are there any more on's?
Ant. Yes, sir, I was changed too from a little ass as I

[1] Old ed. "thence."

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was to a great fool as I am; and
changed to the gallows, but that
always excuses me.

Fran. I was chang'd fr
Almost for the same p

Isa. Your change
But deserve best
You are a jea
And teach

Alib.
Into
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The Spanish Gipsie. As it was Acted (with great Applause) at the Privat House in Drury-Lane, and Salisbury Court.

Written by { *Thomas Midleton* / *and* / *William Rowley* } *Gent.*

Never Printed before. London, Printed by J. G. for Richard Marriot in St. Dunstans Church-yard, Fleetstreet, 1653. 4to.

Another ed. appeared in 1661. 4to.

The Spanish Gipsy is included in the 4th vol. of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816.

A "Note of such playes as were acted at court in 1623 and 1624," in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, records: "Upon the fifth of November att Whitehall, the prince being there only, *The Gipsye*, by the Cockpitt company."—Malone's *Shakespeare*, ed. 1821, vol. iii. p. 227.

The plot is founded on two stories of Cervantes,—(1) *La Fuerze de la Sangre*, (2) *La Gitanilla.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERNANDO DE AZEVIDA, *corregidor of Madrid.*
PEDRO DE CORTES, } *two old Dons.*
FRANCISCO DE CARCOMO, }
RODERIGO, *son to Fernando.*
LOUIS DE CASTRO.
DIEGO, *his friend.*
JOHN, *son to Francisco.*
SANCHO, *a foolish gentleman and ward to Pedro.*
SOTO, *a merry fellow, his man.*
ALVAREZ DE CASTILLA, *an old lord disguised as the father of the gipsies.*
CARLO, }
ANTONIO, } *disguised as gipsies.*
and others, }
Servants.

MARIA, *wife to Pedro.*
CLARA, *their daughter.*
GUIAMARA, *wife to Alvarez and sister to Fernando, disguised as the mother of the gipsies, and called by the name of Eugenia.*
CONSTANZA, *daughter to Fernando, disguised as a young Spanish gipsy, and called by the name of Pretiosa.*
CHRISTIANA, *a gentlewoman disguised as a gipsy.*
CARDOCHIA, *a young hostess to the gipsies.*

Scene, MADRID[1] and its neighbourhood.

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[1] Old eds. "The Scene, Allegant" [*i.e.* Alicant].

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THE SPANISH GIPSY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Neighbourhood of Madrid.

Enter RODERIGO, LOUIS, *and* DIEGO.

Louis. Roderigo!

Diego. Art mad?

Rod. Yes, not so much with wine: it's as rare to see a Spaniard[1] a drunkard as a German sober, an Italian no whoremonger, an Englishman to pay his debts. I am no borachio;[2] sack, malaga, nor canary breeds the calenture in my brains; mine eye mads me, not my cups.

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[1] Dekker in *A Strange Horse Race*, 1613, bears strong testimony to the temperance of Spaniards:—"The next contenders that followed these were an English Knight and a Spanish: the Don was a temperate and very little feeder, and no drinker, *as all Spaniards are;* the Knight had been dubbed only for his valour in that service. . . . The Diego was a dapper fellow, of a free mind and a fair, bounteous of his purse, but sparing in his cups, as scorning to make his belly a wine-cellar."—*Non-Dramatic Works*, ed. Grosart, iii. 338–339.

[2] Drunkard. Literally a Spanish term for a bottle made of skins.

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Louis. What wouldst have us do?

Rod. Do?

Diego. So far as 'tis fit for gentlemen[1] we'll venture.

Rod. I ask no more. I ha' seen a thing has bewitched me; a delicate body, but this in the waist [*showing the size by a sign*]; foot and leg tempting; the face I had [only] a glimpse of, but the fruit must needs be delicious, the tree being so beautiful.

Louis. Prithee, to the point.

Rod. Here 'tis: an old gentleman—no matter who he is—an old gentlewoman—I ha' nothing to do with her—but a young creature that follows them, daughter or servant, or whatsoever she be, her I must have: they are coming this way: shall I have her? I must have her.

Diego. How, how?

Louis. Thou speakest impossibilities.

Rod. Easy, easy, easy! I'll seize the young girl; stop you the old man; stay you the old woman.

Louis. How then?

Rod. I'll fly off with the young bird, that's all; many of our Spanish gallants act these merry parts every night. They are weak and old, we young and sprightly: will you assist me?

Louis. Troth, Roderigo, anything in the way of honour.

Rod. For a wench, man, any course is honourable.

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[1] Ed. 1 "for a gentlemen."—Ed. 2 "for a gentleman."

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Louis. Nay, not any; her father, if he be[1] her father, may be noble.

Rod. I am as noble.

Louis. Would the adventure were so!

Rod. Stand close, they come.

Enter PEDRO, MARIA, *and* CLARA.

Ped. 'Tis late; would we were in Madrill![2]

Mar. Go faster, my lord.

Ped. Clara, keep close.

[LOUIS *and* DIEGO *hold* PEDRO *and* MARIA, *while* RODERIGO *seizes* CLARA.

Cla. Help, help, help!

Rod. Are you crying out? I'll be your midwife.

[*Exit, bearing off* CLARA.

Ped. What mean you, gentlemen?

Mar. Villains! thieves! murderers!

Ped. Do you [not] know me? I am De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes.

Louis. De Cortes?—Diego, come away.

[*Exit with* DIEGO.

Ped. Clara!—where is my daughter?

Mar. Clara!—these villains
Have robb'd us of our comfort, and will, I fear, Her of her honour.

Ped. This had not wont to be
Our Spanish fashion; but now our gallants,

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[1] Omitted in ed. 1.

[2] Old form of Madrid.

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Our gentry, our young dons, heated with wine,—
A fire our countrymen do seldom sit at,—
Commit these outrages.—Clara!—Maria,
Let's homeward; I will raise Madrill to find
These traitors to all goodness.—Clara!
Mar. Clara! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Place in the Neighbourhood of Madrid.

Enter LOUIS *and* DIEGO.

Louis. O Diego, I am lost, I am mad!
Diego. So we are all.
Louis. 'Tis not with wine; I'm drunk with too much horror,
Inflam'd with rage, to see us two made bawds
To Roderigo's lust: did not the old man
Name De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes?
Diego. Sure he did.
Louis. O Diego, as thou lov'st me, nay, on the forfeit
Of thine own life or mine, seal up thy lips,
Let 'em not name De Cortes! stay, stay, stay!
Roderigo has into his father's house
A passage through a garden——
Diego. Yes, my lord.
Louis. Thither I must, find Roderigo out,
And check him, check him home: if he but dare—
No more!—Diego, along! my soul does fight
A thousand battles blacker than this night. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

A Bed-chamber in FERNANDO'S *House.*

RODERIGO *and* CLARA *discovered.*

Cla. Though the black veil of night hath overclouded
The world in darkness, yet ere many hours
The sun will rise again, and then this act
Of my dishonour will appear before you
More black than is the canopy that shrouds it:
What are you, pray? what are you?
Rod. Husht—a friend, a friend.
Cla. A friend? be then a gentle ravisher,
An honourable villain: as you have
Disrob'd my youth of nature's goodliest portion,
My virgin purity, so with your sword
Let out that blood which is infected now
By your soul-staining lust.
Rod. Pish!
Cla. Are you noble?
I know you then will marry me; say!
Rod. Umh.
Cla. Not speak to me? are wanton devils dumb?
How are so many harmless virgins wrought
By falsehood of prevailing words to yield
Too easy forfeits of their shames and liberty,
If every orator of folly plead
In silence, like this untongu'd piece of violence?
You shall not from me. [*Holding him.*

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Rod. Phew!—no more.
Cla. You shall not:
Whoe'er you are, disease of nature's sloth,
Birth of some monstrous sin, or scourge of virtue,
Heaven's wrath and mankind's burden, I will hold you;
I will: be rough, and therein merciful,
I will not loose my hold else.
Rod. There; 'tis gold. [*Offers money.*
Cla. Gold? why, alas! for what? the hire of pleasure
Perhaps is payment, mine is misery;
I need no wages for a ruin'd name,
More than a bleeding heart.
Rod. Nay, then, you're troublesome;
I'll lock you safe enough. [*Shakes her off, and exit.*
Cla. They cannot fear
Whom grief hath arm'd with hate and scorn of life.
Revenge, I kneel to thee! alas! 'gainst whom?
By what name shall I pull confusion down
From justice on his head that hath betray'd me?
I know not where I am: up, I beseech thee,
Thou lady regent of the air, the moon,
And lead me by thy light to some brave vengeance!
It is a chamber sure; the guilty bed,
Sad evidence against my loss of honour,
Assures so much. What's here, a window-curtain?
O heaven, the stars appear too: ha, a chamber,
A goodly one? dwells rape in such a paradise?
Help me, my quicken'd senses! 'tis a garden
To which this window guides the covetous prospect,

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A large one and a fair one; in the midst
A curious alablaster[1] fountain stands,
Fram'd like — like what? no matter — swift, remembrance!
Rich furniture within too? and what's this?
A precious crucifix! I have enough.
[*Takes the crucifix, and conceals it in her bosom.*
Assist me, O you powers that guard the innocent!

Re-enter RODERIGO.

Rod. Now.

Cla. Welcome, if you come armed in destruction:
I am prepar'd to die.

Rod. Tell me your name,
And what you are.

Cla. You urge me to a sin
As cruel as your lust; I dare not grant it.
Think on the violence of my defame;
And if you mean to write upon my grave
An epitaph of peace, forbear to question
Or whence or who I am. I know the heat
Of your desires are,[2] after the performance
Of such a hellish act, by this time drown'd
In cooler streams of penance;[3] and for my part,

[1] Old form of *alabaster*.

[2] So the old eds. Dyce reads "is," but elsewhere (*Marlowe*, stereot. ed., p. 166) he observes that "examples of similar phraseology,—of a nominative singular followed by a plural verb when a plural genitive intervenes,—are common in our early writers."

[3] Penitence.

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I have washed off the leprosy that cleaves
To my just shame in true and honest tears;
I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,
The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory;
Let it lie buried with me in the dust;
That never time hereafter may report
How such a one as you have made me live.
Be resolute, and do not stagger; do not,
For I am nothing.
Rod. Sweet, let me enjoy thee
Now with a free allowance.
Cla. Ha, enjoy me?
Insufferable villain!
Rod. Peace, speak low;
I mean no second force; and since I find
Such goodness in an unknown frame of virtue,
Forgive my foul attempt, which I shall grieve for
So heartily, that could you be yourself
Eye-witness to my constant vow'd repentance,
Trust me, you'd pity me.
Cla. Sir, you can speak now.
Rod. So much I am the executioner
Of mine own trespass, that I have no heart
Nor reason to disclose my name or quality;
You must excuse me that; but, trust me, fair one,
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wickedness,
I would be proud to court your love like him
Whom my first birth presented to the world.
This for your satisfaction: what remains,

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That you can challenge as a service from me,
I both expect and beg it.
Cla. First, that you swear,
Neither in riot of your mirth, in passion
Of friendship, or in folly of discourse,
To speak of wrongs done to a ravish'd maid.
Rod. As I love truth, I swear!
Cla. Next, that you lead me
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me
To my last fortunes, ere the morning rise.
Rod. Say more.
Cla. Live[1] a new man: if e'er you marry—
O me, my heart's a-breaking!—but if e'er
You marry, in a constant love to her
That shall be then your wife, redeem the fault
Of my undoing. I am lost for ever:
Pray, use no more words.
Rod. You must give me leave
To veil you close.
Cla. Do what you will; no time
Can ransom me from sorrows or dishonours.
[RODERIGO *throws a veil over her.*
Shall we now go?
Rod. My shame may live without me,
But in my soul I bear my guilt about me.
Lend me your hand; now follow. [*Exeunt.*

[1] "Is one of several important corrections made with a pen in a copy of the first 4to, by some early possessor, who, as he has also inserted some additions to the text, had, in all probability, seen a manuscript of the piece.—Both eds. 'Lay,' which, before the copy just mentioned came into my hands, I had altered to 'Play.'"—*Dyce.*

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SCENE IV.

Before FERNANDO'S *House.*

Enter LOUIS, DIEGO, *and* Servant.

Louis. Not yet come in, not yet?
Ser. No, I'll assure your lordship; I've seldom known him
Keep out so long; my lord usually observes
More seasonable hours.
Louis. What time of night is't?
Ser. On the stroke of three.
Louis. The stroke of three? 'tis wondrous strange! Dost hear?——
Ser. My lord?
Louis. Ere six I will be here again;
Tell thy lord so; ere six; 'a must not sleep;
Or if 'a do, I shall be bold to wake him:
Be sure thou tell'st him, do.
Ser. My lord, I shall. [*Enters the house.*
Louis. Diego,
Walk thou the street that leads about the Prado;
I'll round the west part of the city: meet me
At the Inquisition-chapel; if we miss him,
We'll both back to his lodgings.
Diego. At the chapel?
Louis. Ay, there we'll meet.
Diego. Agreed, I this way.
[*Exit* LOUIS: *as* DIEGO *is going out,*

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Enter JOHN *reading.*

John. She is not noble, true; wise nature meant
Affection should ennoble[1] her descent,
For love and beauty keeps, as rich a seat
Of sweetness in the mean-born as the great.
I am resolv'd. [*Exit.*

Diego. 'Tis Roderigo certainly,
Yet his voice makes me doubt; but I'll o'erhear him.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter LOUIS.

Louis. That I,[2] I, only I should be the man
Made accessary and a party both
To mine own torment, at a time so near
The birth of all those comforts I have travail'd with
So many, many hours of hopes and fears;
Now at the instant—

Enter RODERIGO.

Ha! stand! thy name,
Truly and speedily.

Rod. Don Louis?

Louis. The same;
But who art thou? speak!

---

[1] Old eds. "enable."

[2] Old eds. "That if only I," &c.

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Rod. Roderigo.
Louis. Tell me,
As you're a noble gentleman, as ever
You hope to be enroll'd amongst the virtuous,
As you love goodness, as you wish t' inherit
The blessedness and fellowship of angels,
As you're my friend, as you are Roderigo,
As you are anything that would deserve
A worthy name, where have you been to-night?
O, how have you dispos'd of that fair creature
Whom you led captive from me? speak, O speak!
Where, how, when, in what usage have you left her?
Truth, I require all truth.
Rod. Though I might question
The strangeness of your importunity,
Yet, 'cause I note distraction in the height
Of curiosity, I will be plain
And brief.
Louis. I thank you, sir.
Rod. Instead of feeding
Too wantonly upon so rich a banquet,
I found, even in that beauty that invited me,
Such a commanding majesty of chaste
And humbly glorious virtue, that it did not
More check my rash attempt than draw to ebb
The float[1] of those desires, which in an instant
Were cool'd in their own streams of shame and folly.
Louis. Now all increase of honours

[1] Flow, flood.

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Fall in full showers on thee, Roderigo,
The best man living!
Rod. You are much transported
With this discourse, methinks.
Louis. Yes, I am.
She told ye her name too?
Rod. I could not urge it
By any importunity.
Louis. Better still!
Where did you leave her?
Rod. Where I found her; farther
She would by no means grant me to wait on her:
O Louis, I am lost!
Louis. This self-same lady
Was she to whom I have been long a suitor,
And shortly hope to marry.
Rod. She your mistress, then? Louis, since friendship
And noble honesty conjures our loves
To a continu'd league, here I unclasp
The secrets of my heart. O, I have had
A glimpse of such a creature, that deserves
A temple! if thou lov'st her—and I blame thee not,
For who can look on her, and not give up
His life unto her service?—if thou lov'st her,
For pity's sake conceal her; let me not
As much as know her name, there's a temption[1] in't;
Let me not know her dwelling, birth, or quality,
Or anything that she calls hers, but thee;

[1] Temptation.

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In thee, my friend, I'll see her: and t' avoid
The surfeits and those rarities that tempt me,
So much I prize the happiness of friendship,
That I will leave the city——
Louis. Leave it?
Rod. Speed me
For Salamanca; court my studies now
For physic 'gainst infection of the mind.
Louis. You do amaze me.
Rod. Here to live, and live
Without her, is impossible and wretched.
For heaven's sake, never tell her what I was,
Or that you know me! and when I find that absence
Hath lost her to my memory, I'll dare
To see ye again. Meantime, the cause that draws me
From hence shall be to all the world untold;
No friend but thou alone, for whose sake only
I undertake this voluntary exile,
Shall be partaker of my griefs: thy hand,
Farewell; and all the pleasures, joys, contents,
That bless a constant lover, henceforth crown thee
A happy bridegroom!
Louis. You have conquer'd friendship
Beyond example.

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. Ha, ha, ha! some one
That hath slept well to-night, should a' but see me
Thus merry by myself, might justly think
I were not well in my wits.

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Louis. Diego?
Diego. Yes,
'Tis I, and I have had a fine fegary,[1]
The rarest wildgoose chase!
Louis. 'T had made thee melancholy.
Diego. Don Roderigo here? 'tis well you met him;
For though I miss'd him, yet I met an accident
Has almost made me burst with laughter.
Louis. How so?
Diego. I'll tell you: as we parted, I perceiv'd
A walking thing before me, strangely tickled
With rare conceited raptures; him I dogg'd,
Supposing 't had been Roderigo landed
From his new pinnace, deep in contemplation
Of the sweet voyage he stole to-night.
Rod. You're pleasant.
Louis. Prithee, who was't?
Rod. Not I.
Diego. You're i' the right, not you indeed;
For 'twas that noble gentleman Don John,
Son to the Count Francisco de Carcomo.
Louis. In love, it seems?
Diego. Yes, pepper'd, on my life;
Much good may't do him; I'd not be so lin'd[2]
For my cap full of double pistolets.
Louis. What should his mistress be?
Diego. That's yet a riddle

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[1] Vagary.
[2] "Qy. 'lim'd'?"—*Dyce.*

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Beyond my resolution; but of late
I have observ'd him oft to frequent the sports
The gipsies newly come to th' city present.
Louis. It is said there is a creature with 'em,
Though young of years, yet of such absolute beauty,
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,
That Spain reports her not without admiration.
Diego. Have you seen her?
Louis. Never.
Diego. Nor you, my lord?
Rod. I not remember.
Diego. Why, then, you never saw the prettiest toy
That ever sung or danc'd.
Louis. Is she a gipsy?
Diego. In her condition, not in her complexion:
I tell you once more, 'tis a spark of beauty
Able to set a world at gaze; the sweetest,
The wittiest rogue! shall's see 'em? they've fine gambols,
Are mightily frequented; court and city
Flock to 'em, but the country does 'em worship:
This little ape gets money by the sack-full,
It trolls upon her.
Louis. Will ye with us, friend?
Rod. You know my other projects; sights to me
Are but vexations.
Louis. O, you must be merry!—
Diego, we'll to th' gipsies.
Diego. Best take heed
You be not snapp'd.

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Louis. How snapp'd?
Diego. By that little fairy;
'T has a shrewd tempting face and a notable tongue.
Louis. I fear not either.
Diego. Go, then.
Louis. Will you with us?
Rod. I'll come after.— [*Exeunt* LOUIS *and* DIEGO.
Pleasure and youth like smiling evils woo us
To taste new follies; tasted, they undo us. [*Exit.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in an Inn.

Enter ALVAREZ, CARLO, *and* ANTONIO, *disguised as gipsies.*

Alv. Come, my brave boys! the tailor's shears has cut us into shapes fitting our trades.

Car. A trade free as a mason's.

Ant. A trade brave as a courtier's; for some of them do but shark, and so do we.

Alv. Gipsies, but no tanned ones; no red-ochre rascals umbered with soot and bacon as the English gipsies are, that sally out upon pullen,[1] lie in ambuscado for a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh freebooters; no, our stile has higher steps to climb over, Spanish gipsies, noble gipsies. 11

Car. I never knew nobility in baseness.

Alv. Baseness? the arts of Cocoquismo and Germania,[2]

---

[1] Poultry.

[2] "Alvarez proceeds to explain his meaning; but I may just observe that *Cocoquismo* should perhaps be *Cacoquismo*, formed from the Spanish

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used by our Spanish pickaroes[1]—I mean filching, foisting,[2] nimming, jilting—we defy; none in our college shall study 'em; such graduates we degrade.

Ant. I am glad Spain has an honest company.

Alv. We'll entertain no mountebanking stroll,
No piper, fiddler, tumbler through small hoops,
No ape-carrier, baboon-bearer;
We must have nothing stale, trivial, or base:
Am I your major-domo, your teniente,[3]
Your captain, your commander?

Ant. Who but you?

Alv. So then: now being entered Madrill, the enchanted circle of Spain, have a care to your new lessons.

Car. } We listen.
Ant. }

Alv. Plough deep furrows, to catch deep root in th' opinion of the best, grandoes,[4] dukes, marquesses, condes, and other titulados; show your sports to none but them: what can you do with three or four fools in a dish, and a blockhead cut into sippets?

Ant. Scurvy meat!

Alv. The Lacedemonians threw their beards over

---

caco, a pickpocket (unless indeed it has some affinity with the phrase *hacer cocos*, to wheedle), and that *Germania* signifies, in that language, the jargon of the gipsies. See Neuman's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in vv."—*Dyce.*

[1] Rogues, thieves.

[2] See note 6, vol. iv. p. 133.

[3] Lieutenant. (*Span.*)

[4] *i.e.*, grandees.—Cf. Heywood's *A Challenge for Beauty:* "Ay, and I assure your Ladyship, allied to the best *grandoes* of Spain" (Works, ed. Pearson, v. 18).

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their shoulders, to observe what men did behind them as well as before; you must do['t].

Car. We[1] shall never do't.

Ant. Our muzzles are too short.

Alv. Be not English gipsies, in whose company a man's not sure of the ears of his head, they so pilfer! no such angling;[2] what you pull to land catch fair: there is no iron so foul but may be gilded; and our gipsy profession, how base soever in show, may acquire commendations. 43

Car. Gipsies, and yet pick no pockets?

Alv. Infamous and roguy! so handle your webs, that they never come to be woven in the loom of justice: take anything that's given you, purses, knives, handkerchers, rosaries, tweezes,[3] any toy, any money; refuse not a marvedi,[4] a blank:[5] feather by feather birds build nests, grain pecked up after grain makes pullen fat. 50

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[1] "We shall . . . short."—In the old eds. these words form one speech, with the prefix *Both.*

[2] Dekker in the *Bellman of London*, 1608, gives a particular description of the rogues known as *Anglers.* "The rod they angle with," he informs us, "is a staff of five or six foot in length, in which within one inch of the top is a little hole bored quite through, in which hole they put an iron hook, and with the same do they angle at windows about midnight, the draught they pluck up being apparel, sheets, coverlets, or whatsoever their iron hooks can lay hold of."—*Non-Dramatic Works*, ed. Grosart, iii. 95.

[3] Tweezers.

[4] A small Spanish copper coin.

[5] "'*Blanquilla*, doit, a very small coin.'—Neuman's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in v. *Blanks* 'are said to be coins struck by Henry V. in France of baser alloy than sterling [silver], and running for eightpence. They were called Blanks or Whites from their colour.'—Ruding's *Ann. of the Coinage*, vol. ii. p. 8, ed. 4to."—*Dyce.*

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Ant. The best is, we Spaniards are no great feeders.

Alv. If one city cannot maintain us, away to another! our horses must have wings. Does Madrill yield no money? Seville shall; is Seville closefisted? Valladolid [1] is open; so Cordova,[2] so Toledo. Do not our Spanish wines please us? Italian can then, French can. Preferment's bow is hard to draw, set all your strengths to it; what you get, keep; all the world is a second Rochelle;[3] make all sure, for you must not look to have your dinner served in with trumpets.

Car. No, no, sack-buts [4] shall serve us.

Alv. When you have money, hide it; sell all our horses but one.

Ant. Why one?

Alv. 'Tis enough to carry our apparel and trinkets, and the less our ambler eats, our cheer is the better. None be sluttish, none thievish, none lazy; all bees, no drones, and our hives shall yield us honey.

Enter GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, *disguised as gipsies, and* CARDOCHIA.

Const. See, father, how I'm fitted: how do you like This our new stock of clothes?

---

[1] Old eds. "Vallidoly."

[2] Old eds. "Cordica."

[3] "In the time of our poets, seems to have been a general asylum for those persecuted Protestants who knew not where to go; and Alvarez intimates that the whole world was equally open to people of their description, who had no settled home."—Editor of 1816.

[4] Cf. (for the pun) *The Mayor of Queenborough*, iii. 3, l. 231.

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Alv. My sweet girl, excellent.—
See their old robes be safe.

Card. That, sir, I'll look to:
Whilst in my house you lie, what thief soever
Lays hands upon your goods, call but to me,
I'll make the[e] satisfaction.

Alv. Thanks, good hostess!

Card. People already throng into the inn,
And call for you into their private rooms.

Alv. No chamber-comedies: hostess, ply you your tide; flow let 'em to a full sea, but we'll show no pastime till after dinner, and that in a full ring of good people, the best, the noblest; no closet-sweetmeats, pray tell 'em so.

Card. I shall. [*Exit.*

Alv. How old is Pretiosa?

Gui. Twelve and upwards.

Const. I am in my teens, assure you, mother; as little as I am, I have been taken for an elephant, castles and lordships offered to be set upon me, if I would bear 'em: why, your smallest clocks are the prettiest things to carry about gentlemen.

Gui. Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted.

Const. Tempted? though I am no mark in respect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you great bubbers[1] have shot

---

[1] "Which Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) would alter to 'lubbers,' is (see Grose's *Class. Dict. of Vulg. Tongue*, in v.) a vulgarised form of *bibbers*, Constanza having used the word *butt* in the double sense of *mark* and *liquor-vessel*."—*Dyce.*

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at me, and shot golden arrows, but I myself gave aim,[1] thus,—wide, four bows; short, three and a half: they that crack me shall find me as hard as a nut of Galicia; a parrot I am, but my teeth too tender to crack a wanton's almond.[2]

Alv. Thou art, my noble girl: a many dons
Will not believe but that thou art a boy
In woman's[3] clothes; and to try that conclusion,
To see if thou be'st alcumy[4] or no,
They'll throw down gold in musses;[5] but, Pretiosa,
Let these proud sakers[6] and gerfalcons fly,
Do not thou move a wing; be to thyself
Thyself,[7] and not a changeling.

Const. How? not a changeling?
Yes, father, I will play the changeling;
I'll change myself into a thousand shapes,
To court our brave spectators; I'll change my postures
Into a thousand different variations,
To draw even ladies' eyes to follow mine;
I'll change my voice into a thousand tones,
To chain attention: not a changeling, father?
None but myself[8] shall play the changeling.

---

[1] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2. "give." (The person who *gave aim* stood near the butt and indicated how far the arrow fell from the mark.)

[2] *Almond for a parrot* was an old proverbial expression.

[3] Old eds. "womens."

[4] Alchemy.—See note, vol. iii. p. 163.

[5] "In musses"= to be scrambled for. See Nares *s.* MUSS.

[6] A species of hawk.

[7] "A MS. addition in copy of the first 4to. See note [p. 125]."—*Dyce.*

[8] Perhaps the actor who took the part of Constanza had previously played Antonio in *The Changeling*.

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Alv. Do what thou wilt, Pretiosa.

[*A knocking within.*

What noise is this?

Re-enter CARDOCHIA.

Card. Here's gentlemen swear all the oaths in Spain they have seen you, must see you, and will see you.

Alv. To drown this noise let 'em enter.

[*Exit* CARDOCHIA.

Enter SANCHO *and* SOTO.

San. Is your playhouse an inn,[1] a gentleman cannot see you without crumpling his taffeta cloak?

Soto. Nay, more than a gentleman, his man being a diminutive don too.

San. Is this the little ape does the fine tricks?

Const. Come aloft,[2] Jack little ape!

San. Would my jack might come aloft! please you to set the watermill with the ivory cogs[3] in't a-grinding my handful of purging comfits. [*Offers comfits.*

Soto. My master desires to have you loose from your company.

Const. Am I pigeon, think you, to be caught with cummin-seeds?[4] a fly to glue my wings to sweetmeats, and so be ta'en?

[1] Plays were frequently acted in inn-yards; on such occasions the audience would not be very select.

[2] *Come aloft, Jackanapes!* was the cry of the ape-ward when the ape was to go through his feats of agility.

[3] The teeth of the mill-wheel.

[4] "Were used for luring pigeons to a dovecote."—*Dyce.*

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San. When do your gambols begin?

Alv. Not till we ha' dined.

San. 'Foot, then your bellies will be so full, you'll be able to do nothing.—Soto, prithee, set a good face on't, for I cannot, and give the little monkey that letter.

Soto. Walk off and hum to yourself. [SANCHO *retires.*] —I dedicate, sweet Destiny, into whose hand every Spaniard desires to put a distaff, these lines of love.

[*Offering a paper to* CONSTANZA.

Gui. What love? what's the matter?

Soto. Grave mother Bumby,[1] the mark's out a' your mouth. 141

Alv. What's the paper? from whom comes it?

Soto. The commodity wrapped up in the paper are verses; the warming-pan that puts heat into 'em, yon[2] fire-brained bastard of Helicon.

San. Hum, hum.[3]

Alv. What's your master's name?

Soto. His name is Don Tomazo Portacareco, nuncle[4] to young Don Hortado de Mendonza, cousin-german to the Conde de Tindilla, and natural brother to Francisco de Bavadilla, one of the commendadors of Alcantara, a gentleman of long standing. 152

Alv.[5] And of as long a style.

---

[1] A famous fortune-teller: she figures in one of Lyly's plays.

[2] Old eds. "you."

[3] "'*San.* Hum, hum.'—A MS. addition in copy of the first 4to. See note [p. 125]."—*Dyce.*

[4] Uncle: a corruption of *mine uncle.*

[5] This remark of Alvarez is not in the old eds., but is one of the MS. additions in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.

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Const. Verses? I love good ones; let me see 'em.
[*Taking paper.*

San. [*advancing.*] Good ones? if they were not good ones, they should not come from me; at the name of verses I can stand on no ground.

Const. Here's gold too! whose is this?

San. Whose but yours? If there be[1] any fault in the verses, I can mend it extempore; for a stitch in a man's stocking not taken up in time, ravels out all the rest.

Soto. Botcherly poetry, botcherly! [*Aside.*

Const. Verses and gold! these then are golden verses.

San. Had every verse a pearl in the eye, it should be thine.

Const. A pearl in mine eye! I thank you for that; do you wish me blind?[2]

San. Ay, by this light do I, that you may look upon nobody's rhymes[3] but mine.

Const. I should be blind indeed then.[4]

Alv. Pray, sir, read your verses.

San. Shall I sing 'em or say 'em?

Alv. Which you can best.

Soto. Both scurvily. [*Aside.*

San. I'll set out a throat then.

---

[1] Old eds. "been."

[2] "The whitish spots in the eye, arising from the small-pox or other causes, and occasioning blindness, are still frequently called pearls."—Editor of 1816.

[3] "A MS. correction in copy of the first 4to. See note [p. 125]. Old eds. 'crime.'"—*Dyce.*

[4] "A MS. addition, ibid."—*Dyce.*

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Soto. Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back.[1]

San. [*sings.*]

O that I were a bee to sing
Hum, buz, buz, hum! I first would bring
Home honey to your hive, and there leave my sting.

Soto. [*sings.*] *He maunders.*[2]

San. [*sings.*]

O that I were a goose, to feed
At your barn-door! such corn I need,
Nor would I bite, but goslings breed.

Soto. [*sings.*] *And ganders.*

San. [*sings.*]

O that I were your needle's eye!
How through your linen would I fly,
And never leave one stitch awry!

Soto. [*sings.*] *He'll touse ye.*

San. [*sings.*]

O would I were one of your hairs,
That you might comb out all my cares,
And kill the nits of my despairs!

Soto. [*sings.*] *O lousy!*

San. How? lousy? can rhymes be lousy?

Const.
Car. &c.[3] } No, no, they're excellent.

Alv. But are these all your own?

San. Mine own? would I might never see ink drop

[1] "'*Soto.* Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back.' Another MS. addition."—*Dyce.*

[2] Whines like a beggar.

[3] Old eds. "Omnes."

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out of the nose of any goose-quill more, if velvet cloaks have not clapped me for 'em! Do you like 'em?

Const. Past all compare?

They shall be writ out: when you've as good or better,
For these and those, pray, book me down your debtor:
Your paper is long-liv'd, having two souls,
Verses and gold.

San. Would both those were in thy[1] pretty little body, sweet gipsy!

Const. A pistolet[2] and this paper? 'twould choke me.

Soto. No more than a bribe does a constable: the verses will easily into your head, then buy what you like with the gold, and put it into your belly. I hope I ha' chawed a good reason for you.

San. Will you chaw my jennet ready, sir?

Soto. And eat him down, if you say the word. [*Exit.*

San. Now the coxcomb my man is gone, because you're but a country company of strolls, I think your stock is threadbare; here mend it with this cloak.

[*Giving his cloak.*

Alv. What do you mean, sir?

San. This scarf, this feather, and this hat.

[*Giving his scarf, &c.*

Alv.
Car. &c.[3] } Dear signor!——

San. If they be never so dear:—pox o' this hot ruff! little gipsy, wear thou that. [*Giving his ruff.*

[1] Old eds. "thee."
[2] (1) Small coin, (2) small pistol.
[3] Old eds. "Omnes."

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Alv. Your meaning, sir?

San. My meaning is, not to be an ass, to carry a burden when I need not. If you show your gambols forty leagues hence, I'll gallop to 'em.—Farewell, old greybeard;—adieu, mother mumble-crust;—to-morrow, my little wart of beauty. [*Exit.*

Enter behind JOHN, *muffled.*

Alv. So, harvest will come in; such sunshine days
Will bring in golden sheaves, our markets raise:
Away to your task.

[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, *and* ANTONIO; *and as* GUIAMARA *and* CONSTANZA *are going out,* JOHN *pulls the latter back.*

Const. Mother! grandmother!

John. Two rows of kindred in one mouth?

Gui. Be not uncivil, sir; thus have you used her thrice.

John. Thrice? three thousand more: may I not use mine own?

Const. Your own! by what tenure?

John. Cupid entails this land upon me; I have wooed thee, thou art coy: by this air, I am a bull of Tarifa, wild, mad for thee! you told[1] I was some copper coin; I am a knight of Spain; Don Francisco de Carcomo my father, I Don John his son; this paper tells you more. [*Gives paper.*]—Grumble not, old granam; here's gold

[1] "Qy. 'trowed'?"—*Dyce.*

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[*gives money*]; for I must, by this white hand, marry this cherry-lipped, sweet-mouthed villain.

Const. There's a thing called *quando*.

John. Instantly.

Gui. Art thou so willing?

John. Peace, threescore and five! 249

Const. Marry me? eat a chicken ere it be out o' th' shell? I'll wear no shackles; liberty is sweet; that I have, that I'll hold. Marry me? can gold and lead mix together? a diamond and a button of crystal fit one ring? You are too high for me, I am too low; you too great, I too little.

Gui. I pray, leave her, sir, and take your gold again.

Const. Or if you doat, as you say, let me try you do this.

John. Anything; kill the great Turk, pluck out the Mogul's eye-teeth;[1] in earnest, Pretiosa, anything! 260

Const. Your task[2] is soon set down; turn gipsy[3] for two years, be one of us; if in that time you mislike not me nor I you, here's my hand: farewell. [*Exit.*

---

[1] This was one of the exploits that Huon of Bordeaux had to perform. "Brynge me thy handfull of the here of hys [Admiral Gaudys'] berde and iiii. of hys grettest teth," was Charlemagne's command (*Huon of Burdeux*, ed. S. L. Lee, p. 50). Cf. Cartwright's *Siege* (*Works*, 1651, p. 157):—

> "Fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard!
> No more? I'd thought you have bid me pull
> The Parthian king by th' beard, or draw an eye-tooth
> From the jaw royal of the Persian monarch."

[2] Old eds. "taste" and "tast."

[3] "Vincent and Hilliard are required by Rachel and Meriel, in the *Jovial Crew* of Brome, to give a similar proof of their affection."—Editor of 1816.

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Gui. There's enough for your gold.—Witty child!
[*Aside, and exit.*

John. Turn gipsy for two years? a capering trade;
And I in th' end may keep a dancing-school,
Having serv'd for it; gipsy I must turn.
O beauty, the sun's fires cannot so burn! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of PEDRO.

Enter CLARA.

Cla. I have offended; yet, O heaven, thou know'st
How much I have abhorr'd, even from my birth,
A thought that tended to immodest folly!
Yet I have fallen; thoughts with disgraces strive,
And thus I live, and thus I die alive.

Enter PEDRO *and* MARIA.

Ped. Fie, Clara, thou dost court calamity too much.
Mar. Yes, girl, thou dost.
Ped. Why should we fret our eyes out with our tears,
Weary [heaven with [1]] complaints? 'tis fruitless, childish
Impatience; for when mischief hath wound up
The full weight of the ravisher's foul life
To an equal height of ripe iniquity,
The poise will, by degrees, sink down his soul

[1] The bracketed words were added by the editor of 1816.

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To a much lower, much more lasting ruin
Than our joint wrongs can challenge.
Mar.[1] Darkness itself
Will change night's sable brow into a sunbeam
For a discovery; and be [thou] sure,
Whenever we can learn what monster 'twas
Hath robb'd thee of the jewel held so precious,
Our vengeance shall be noble.
Ped. Royal, anything:
Till then let's live securely; to proclaim
Our sadness were mere vanity.
Cla. 'A needs not;
I'll study to be merry.
Ped. We are punish'd,
Maria, justly; covetousness to match
Our daughter to that matchless piece of ignorance,
Our foolish ward, hath drawn this curse upon us.
Mar. I fear it has.
Ped. Off with this face of grief:
Here[2] comes Don Louis.

Enter LOUIS *and* DIEGO.

Noble sir.
Louis. My lord,
I trust I have you[r] and your lady's leave
T' exchange a word with your fair daughter.
Ped. Leave
And welcome.—Hark, Maria.—Your ear too.

---

[1] Old eds. "*Ped.*"
[2] To this line the old eds. give the prefix "*Die.*" (*Diego*).

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Diego. Mine, my lord?
Louis. Dear Clara, I have often sued for love,
And now desire you would at last be pleas'd
To style me yours.
Cla. Mine eyes ne'er saw that gentleman
Whom I more nobly in my heart respected
Than I have you, yet you must, sir, excuse me,
If I resolve to use awhile that freedom
My younger days allow.
Louis. But shall I hope?
Cla. You will do injury to better fortunes,
To your own merit, greatness, and advancement,
Which I beseech you not to slack.
Louis. Then hear me;
If ever I embrace another choice,
Until I know you elsewhere match'd, may all
The chief of my desires find scorn and ruin!
Cla. O me!
Louis. Why sigh you, lady?
Cla. 'Deed, my lord,
I am not well.
Louis. Then all discourse is tedious;
I'll choose some fitter time; till when,[1] fair Clara——
Cla. You shall not be unwelcome hither, sir;
That's all that I dare promise.
Louis. Diego.
Diego. My lord?
Louis. What says Don Pedro?

[1] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2. "then."

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Diego. He'll go with you.

Louis. Leave us.— [*Exit* DIEGO.

Shall I, my lord, entreat your privacy?

Ped. Withdraw, Maria; we'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt* MARIA *and* CLARA.

Louis. The great corregidor, whose politic stream
Of popularity glides on the shore
Of every vulgar praise, hath often urg'd me
To be a suitor to his Catholic Majesty
For a repeal from banishment for him
Who slew my father; compliments in vows
And strange well-studied promises of friendship;
But what is new to me, still as he courts
Assistance for Alvarez, my grand enemy,
Still he protests how ignorant he is
Whether Alvarez be alive or dead.
To-morrow is the day we have appointed
For meeting, at the lord Francisco's house,
The earl of Carcomo; now, my good lord,
The sum of my request is, you will please
To lend your presence there, and witness wherein
Our joint accord consists.

Ped. You shall command it.

Louis. But first, as you are noble, I beseech you
Help me with your advice what you conceive
Of great Fernando's importunity,
Or whether you imagine that Alvarez
Survive or not?

Ped. It is a question, sir,
Beyond my resolution: I remember

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The difference betwixt your noble father
And Conde de Alvarez; how it sprung
From a mere trifle first, a cast[1] of hawks,
Whose made the swifter flight, whose could mount highest,
Lie longest on the wing: from change of words
Their controversy grew to blows, from blows
To parties, thence to faction; and, in short,
I well remember how our streets were frighted
With brawls, whose end was blood; till, when no friends
Could mediate their discords, by the king
A reconciliation was enforc'd,
Death threaten'd [to] the first occasioner
Of breach, besides the confiscation
Of lands and honours: yet at last they met
Again; again they drew to sides, renew'd
Their ancient quarrel; in which dismal uproar
Your father hand to hand fell by Alvarez:
Alvarez fled; and after him the doom
Of exile was se[n]t out: he, as report
Was bold to voice, retir'd himself to Rhodes;
His lands and honours by the king bestow'd
On you, but then an infant.

Louis. Ha, an infant?

Ped. His wife, the sister to the corregidor,
With a young daughter and some few that follow'd her,
By stealth were shipp'd for Rhodes, and by a storm
Shipwreck'd at sea: but for the banish'd Conde,

[1] "Cast of hawks" = couple of hawks.

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'Twas never yet known what became of him:
Here's all I can inform you.
Louis. A repeal?
Yes, I will sue for't, beg for't, buy it, anything
That may by possibility of friends
Or money, I'll attempt.
Ped. 'Tis a brave charity.
Louis. Alas! poor lady, I could mourn for her!
Her loss was usury more than I covet;
But for the man, I'd sell my patrimony
For his repeal, and run about the world
To find him out; there is no peace can dwell
About my father's tomb, till I have sacrific'd
Some portion of revenge to his wrong'd ashes.
You will along with me?
Ped. You need not question it.
Louis. I have strange thoughts about me: two such furies
Revel amidst my joys as well may move
Distraction in a saint, vengeance and love.
I'll follow, sir.
Ped. Pray, lead the way, you know it.— [*Exit* LOUIS.

Enter SANCHO *without his cloak*,[1] *&c., and* SOTO.

How[2] now? from whence come you, sir?
San. From fleaing[3] myself, sir.

[1] See p. 144.
[2] These words are given to Soto in the old eds.
[3] Old form of *flaying*.

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Soto. From playing with fencers, sir; and they have beat him out of his clothes, sir.

Ped. Cloak, band, rapier, all lost at dice?

San. Nor cards neither.

Soto. This was one of my master's dog-days, and he would not sweat too much.

San. It was mine own goose, and I laid the giblets upon another coxcomb's trencher: you are my guardian, best beg me for a fool[1] now.

Soto. He that begs one begs t'other. [*Aside.*

Ped. Does any gentleman give away his things thus?

San. Yes, and gentlewomen give away their things too.

Soto. To gulls sometimes, and are cony-catched for their labour.

Ped. Wilt thou ever play the coxcomb?

San. If no other parts be given me, what would you have me do?

Ped. Thy father was as brave a Spaniard
As ever spake the haut[2] Castilian tongue.

San. Put me in clothes, I'll be as brave[3] as he.

Ped. This is the ninth time thou hast play'd the ass,
Flinging away thy trappings and thy cloth
To cover others, and go nak'd thyself.

San. I'll make 'em up ten, because I'll be even with you.

---

[1] "Beg me for a fool." See note, p. 91.

[2] "*i.e.* high, lofty: 'to brave his enemy in the rich and *lofty Castilian* [tongue].'—Dekker's *English Villanies*, &c., sig. M 4, ed. 1632."—*Dyce.*

[3] (1) Finely attired, (2) valiant.

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Ped. Once more your broken walls shall have new hangings.

Soto. To be well hung is all our desire.

Ped. And what course take you next?

San. What course? why, my man Soto and I will go make some maps.

Ped. What maps?

Soto. Not such maps[1] as you wash houses with, but maps of countries.

San. I have an uncle in Seville, I'll go see him; an aunt in Siena in Italy, I['ll] go see her.

Soto. A cousin of mine in Rome, I['ll] go to him with a mortar.[2]

San. There's a courtesan in Venice, I'll go tickle her.

Soto. Another in England, I'll go tackle her.

Ped. So, so! and where's the money to do all this?

San. If my woods,[3] being cut down, cannot fill this pocket, cut 'em into trapsticks.

Soto. And if his acres, being sold for a marvedi[4] a turf for larks[5] in cages, cannot fill this pocket, give 'em to gold-finders.[6]

---

[1] Mops.

[2] "The clown in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act v. sc. 2, makes use of a similar expression: 'He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now *travel to Rome with a mortar on 's head*, to see if he can recover his money.' On this Mason observes: 'One class of presidents in the parliament of Paris were styled *presidents à mortier*, from a cap they wore resembling in shape a mortar.'"—Editor of 1816. The expression was proverbial.

[3] Old eds. "wookes."

[4] See note 4, p. 136.

[5] Old eds. "markes" and "marks."

[6] A person who cleaned a jakes was jocularly styled a *gold-finder*.

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Ped. You'll gallop both to the gallows; so fare you well. [*Exit.*

San. And be hanged you! new clothes, you'd best.

Soto. Four cloaks, that you may give away three, and keep one.

San. We'll live as merrily as beggars; let's both turn gipsies.

Soto. By any means; if they cog, we'll lie; if they toss, we'll tumble.

San. Both in a belly, rather than fail.

Soto. Come, then, we'll be gipsified.

San. And tipsified too.

Soto. And we will show such tricks and such rare gambols,
As shall put down the elephant[1] and camels. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Frequent mentions are made of performing elephants. See *Marlowe*, ed. Bullen, iii. 217; *Jonson*, ed. Gifford, 1875, ii. 144.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter RODERIGO *disguised as an Italian.*

Rod. A thousand stings are in me: O, what vild[1] prisons
Make we our bodies to our immortal souls!
Brave tenants to bad houses; 'tis a dear rent
They pay for naughty lodging: the soul, the mistress;
The body, the caroch that carries her;
Sins the swift wheels that hurry her away;
Our will, the coachman rashly driving on,
Till coach and carriage both are quite o'erthrown.
My body yet 'scapes bruises; that known thief
Is not yet call'd to th' bar: there's no true sense
Of pain but what the law of conscience
Condemns us to; I feel that. Who would lose
A kingdom for a cottage? an estate
Of perpetuity for a man's life

[1] Vile.

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For annuity of that life, pleasure? a spark
To those celestial fires that burn about us;
A painted star to that bright firmament
Of constellations which each night are set
Lighting our way; yet thither how few get!
How many thousand in Madrill drink off
The cup of lust, and laughing, in one month,
Not whining as I do! Should this sad lady
Now meet me, do I know her? should this temple,
By me profan'd, lie in the ruins here,
The pieces would scarce show her me: would they did!
She's mistress to Don Louis; by his steps,
And this disguise, I'll find her. To Salamanca
Thy father thinks thou'rt gone; no, close here stay;
Where'er thou travell'st, scorpions stop thy way.
Who are[1] these?

Enter SANCHO *and* SOTO *disguised as Gipsies.*

San. Soto, how do I show?

Soto. Like a rusty armour new scoured; but, master, how show I?

San. Like an ass with a new piebald saddle on his back.

Soto. If the devil were a tailor, he would scarce know us in these gaberdines.[2]

San. If a tailor were the devil, I'd not give a louse for

[1] The words "Who are" are a MS. addition in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.
[2] Coarse frocks.

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him, if he should bring up this fashion amongst gentlemen, and make it common.

Rod. The freshness of the morning be upon you both?

San. The saltness of the evening be upon you single!

Rod. Be not displeas'd, that I abruptly thus
Break in upon your favours; your strange habits
Invite me with desire to understand
Both what you are and whence, because no country—
And I have measured some—show[s] me your like.

Soto. Our like? no, we should be sorry we or our clothes should be like fish, new, stale, and stinking in three days.

San. If you ask whence we are, we are Egyptian Spaniards; if what we are, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol,* jugglers, tumblers, anything, anywhere, everywhere.

Rod. A good fate hither leads me by the hand.—
[*Aside.*
Your quality I love; the scenical school
Has been my tutor long in Italy,
For that's my country; there have I put
Sometimes the shape of a comedian,
And now and then some other.

San. A player! a brother of the tiring house!

Soto. A bird of the same feather!

San. Welcome! wu't turn gipsy?

Rod. I can nor dance nor sing; but if my pen
From my invention can strike music-tunes,
My head and brains are yours.

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Soto. A calf's head and brains were better for my stomach.

San. A rib of poetry!

Soto. A modicum of the Muses! a horse-shoe of Helicon!

San. A magpie of Parnassus! welcome again! I am a firebrand of Phœbus myself; we'll invoke together, so you will not steal my plot.

Rod. 'Tis not my fashion.

San. But now-a-days 'tis all the fashion.

Soto. What was the last thing you writ? a comedy?

Rod. No! 'twas a sad, too sad a tragedy.
Under these eaves I'll shelter me.

San. See, here comes our company; do our tops spin as you would have 'em?

Soto. If not, whip us round.

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, *and others, disguised as before.*

San. I sent you a letter to tell you we were upon a march.

Alv. And you are welcome.—Yet these fools will trouble us! [*Aside.*

Gui. Rich fools shall buy our trouble.

San. Hang lands! it's nothing but trees, stones, and dirt. Old father, I have gold to keep up our stock. Precious Pretiosa, for whose sake I have thus transformed myself out of a gentleman into a gipsy, thou shalt not want sweet rhymes, my little musk-cat; for besides

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myself, here's an Italian poet, on whom I pray throw your welcomes.

Alv.
Gui., &c. } He's welcome!

Const. Sir, you're most welcome; I love a poet,
So he writes chastely; if your pen can sell me
Any smooth quaint romances, which I may sing,
You shall have bays and silver.

Rod. Pretty heart, no selling;
What comes from me is free.

San. And me too.

Alv. We shall be glad to use you, sir: our sports
Must be an orchard, bearing several trees,
And fruits of several taste; one pleasure dulls.
A time may come when we, besides these pastimes,
May from the grandoes[1] and the dons of Spain
Have leave to try our skill even on the stage,
And then your wits may help us.

San. And mine too.

Rod. They are your servants.

Const. Trip softly through the streets till we arrive,
You know at whose house, father.

San. [*sings.*]

Trip it, gipsies, trip it fine,
Show tricks and lofty capers;
At threading-needles[2] *we repine,*
And leaping over rapiers:

---

[1] See note 4, p. 135.

[2] "*Thread my needle* is yet a common sport; and to this, probably, the song alludes."—Editor of 1816.

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Pindy-pandy rascal toys!
We scorn cutting purses;
Though we live by making noise,
For cheating none can curse us.

Over high ways, over low,
And over stones and gravel,
Though we trip it on the toe,
And thus for silver travel;
Though our dances waste our backs,
At night fat capons mend them,
Eggs well brew'd in butter'd sack,
Our wenches say befriend them.

O that all the world were mad!
Then should we have fine dancing;
Hobby-horses would be had,
And brave girls keep a-prancing;
Beggars would on cock-horse ride,
And boobies fall a-roaring,
And cuckolds, though no horns be spied,
Be one another goring.

Welcome, poet, to our ging![1]
Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason;
Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason;

[1] Company.

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Peter-see-me[1] *shall wash thy noul*[2]
And malaga glasses fox[3] *thee;*
If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
Thou shalt not kiss a doxy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Garden belonging to FRANCISCO'S *House.*

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, JOHN, PEDRO, MARIA, LOUIS, *and* DIEGO.

Fer. Louis de Castro, since you circled are
In such a golden ring of worthy friends,
Pray, let me question you about that business
You and I last conferr'd on.

Louis. My lord, I wish it.

Fer. Then, gentlemen, though you all know this man,
Yet now look on him well, and you shall find
Such mines of Spanish honour in his bosom
As but in few are treasur'd.

Louis. O, my good lord——

Fer. He's son to that De Castro o'er whose tomb
Fame stands writing a book, which will take up
The age of time to fill it with the stories
Of his great acts, and that his honour'd father

---

[1] A corruption of *Pedro Ximenes*, a delicate Spanish wine.
[2] Noddle.
[3] Intoxicate.

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Fell in the quarrel of those families,
His own and Don Alvarez de Castilla['s].
Fran. The volume of those quarrels[1] is too large
And too wide printed in our memory.
Louis. Would it had ne'er come forth!
Fran.
Ped., &c. } So wish we all.
Fer. But here's a son as matchless as the father,
For his[2] mind's bravery; he lets blood his spleen,
Tears out the leaf in which the picture stands
Of slain De Castro, casts a hill of sand
On all revenge, and stifles it.
Fran.
Ped., &c. } 'Tis done nobly!
Fer. For I by him am courted to solicit
The king for the repeal of poor Alvarez,
Who lives a banish'd man, some say, in Naples.
Ped. Some say in Arragon.
Louis. No matter where;
That paper folds in it my hand and heart,
Petitioning the royalty of Spain
To free the good old man, and call him home:
But what hope hath your lordship that these beams
Of grace shall shine upon me?
Fer. The word royal.
Fran.
Ped., &c. } And that's enough.

[1] Old eds. "families."—"I have no doubt the printer caught the word from the preceding lines."—Editor of 1816.
[2] Old eds. "he."

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Louis. Then since this sluice is drawn up to increase
The stream, with pardon of these honour'd friends
Let me set ope another, and that's this;
That you, my lord Don Pedro, and this lady
Your noble wife, would in this fair assembly,
If still you hold me tenant to your favour,
Repeat the promise you so oft have made me,
Touching the beauteous Clara for my wife.

Ped. What I possess in her, before these lords
I freely once more give you.

Mar.[1] And what's mine,
To you, as right heir to it, I resign.

Fer.
Fran., &c. } What would you more?

Louis. What would I more? the tree bows down his head
Gently to have me touch it, but when I offer
To pluck the fruit, the top branch grows so high,
To mock my reaching hand, up it does fly;
I have the mother's smile, the daughter's frown.

Fran.
Ped., &c. } O, you must woo hard!

Fer. Woo her well; she's thine own.

John. That law holds not 'mongst gipsies; I shoot hard,
And am wide off from the mark. [*Aside.*

[*Flourish within.*

Fer. Is this, my lord, your music?

Fran. None of mine.

---

[1] Old ed. "*Al.*"

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Enter SOTO *disguised as before, with a cornet in his hand.*

Soto. A crew of gipsies with desire
To show their sports are at your gates a-fire.
Fran. How, how, my gates a-fire, knave?
John. Art panting? I am a-fire I'm sure! [*Aside.*
Fer. What are the things they do?
Soto. They frisk, they caper, dance and sing,
Tell fortunes too, which is a very fine thing;
They tumble—how? not up and down,
As tumblers do, but from town to town:
Antics they have and gipsy-masquing,
And toys which you may have for asking:
They come to devour nor wine nor good cheer,
But to earn money, if any be here;
But being ask'd, as I suppose,
Your answer will be, in your t'other hose;[1]
For there's not a gipsy amongst 'em that begs,
But gets his living by his tongue and legs.
If therefore you please, dons, they shall come in:
Now I have ended, let them begin.
Fer.
Ped., &c. } Ay, ay, by any means.
Fran. But, fellow, bring you music along with you too?
Soto. Yes, my lord, both loud music and still music; the loud is that which you have heard, and the still is that which no man can hear. [*Exit.*

[1] "In your t'other hose," see note 4, vol. i. p. 45.

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Fer. A fine knave!
Fran. There's report[1] of a fair gipsy,
A pretty little toy, whom all our gallants
In Madrill flock to look on: this she, trow?[2]
John. Yes, sure[3] 'tis she—I should be sorry else.
[*Aside.*

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO, SANCHO, SOTO, *and others, disguised as before, with the following*

Song.

Come, follow your leader, follow;
Our convoy be Mars and Apollo!
The van comes brave up here;
(*Answer.*) *As hotly comes the rear:*

Chorus.

Our knackers are the fifes and drums,
Sa, sa, the gipsies' army comes!

Horsemen we need not fear,
There's none but footmen here;
The horse sure charge without;
Or if they wheel about,

---

[1] Ed. 2, "a report."
[2] *i.e.*, think you?
[3] "To this line, which in old eds. forms part of Francisco's speech, the prefix '*Joh.*' is added with a pen in copy of the first 4to: see note [p. 125.]"—*Dyce.*

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Chorus.

Our knackers are the shot that fly,
Pit-a-pat rattling in the sky.

If once the great ordnance play,
That's laughing, yet run not away,
But stand the push of pike,
Scorn can but basely strike;

Chorus.

Then let our armies join and sing,
And pit-a-pat make our knackers ring.

Arm, arm! what bands are those?
They cannot be sure our foes;
We'll not draw up our force,
Nor muster any horse;

Chorus.

For since they pleas'd to view our sight,
Let's this way, this way give delight.

A council of war let's call,
Look either to stand or fall;
If our weak army stands,
Thank all these noble hands;

Chorus.

Whose gates of love being open thrown,
We enter, and then the town's our own.

Fer. A very dainty thing!
Fran. A handsome creature!

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Ped.[1] Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin!

John. Pit? 'tis a grave to bury lovers in.[2]

Rod. My father?[3] disguise guard me! [*Aside.*

San. Soto, there's De Cortes my guardian, but he smells not us.

Soto. Peace, brother gipsy.—Would any one here know his fortune?

Fer.
Fran., &c. } Good fortunes all of us!

Ped. 'Tis I, sir, needs a good one: come, sir, what's mine?

Mar. Mine and my husband's fortunes keep together; Who is't tells mine?

San. I, I; hold up, madam; fear not your pocket, for I ha' but two hands. [*Examining her hands.*

You are sad, or mad, or glad,
For a couple of cocks that cannot be had;
Yet when abroad they have pick'd store of grain,
Doodle-doo they will cry on your dunghills again.

Mar. Indeed I miss an idle gentleman,
And a thing of his a fool, but neither sad
Nor mad for them: would that were all the lead
Lying at my heart!

---

[1] Old eds. "*Ro.*"

[2] This conceit is taken from Cervantes' *La Gitanilla*, on which the play was partly founded,—"'Does your ladyship call this a dimple?' cried Donna Clara's usher who stood by, with a venerable beard and well stricken in years. 'Either I know nothing of dimples or this is rather a sepulchre to bury lovers alive?'"—*Little Gipsy*, p. 15 (*A Select Collection of Novels*, vol. v. ed. 1721.)

[3] Old eds. "fathers."

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Ped. [*while* SOTO *examines his hand.*] What look'st thou on so long?

Soto. So long! do you think good fortunes are fresh herrings, to come in shoals? bad fortunes are like mackerel at midsummer: you have had a sore loss of late.

Ped. I have indeed; what is't?

Soto. I wonder it makes you not mad, for— 140

Through a gap in your ground thence late hath been stole
A very fine ass and a very fine foal;
Take heed, for I speak not by habs and by nabs,[1]
Ere long you'll be horribly troubled with scabs.

Ped. I am now so; go, silly fool.

Soto. I ha' gi'n't him. [*Aside.*

San. O Soto, that ass and foal fattens me!

Fer. The mother of the gipsies, what can she do? I'll have a bout with her.

John. I with the gipsy daughter.

Fran. To her, boy. 150

Gui. [*examining* FERNANDO'S *hand.*]

From you went a dove away,
Which ere this had been more white
Than the silver robe of day;
Her eyes, the moon has none so bright.
Sate she now upon your hand,
Not the crown of Spain could buy it;
But 'tis flown to such a land,

[1] "*Hab or nab* means properly, rashly, without consideration. 'Shot hab or nab at random,' Holinshed, Chron. Ireland, p. 82. See Florio, p. 48; Cotgrave in v. *Conjecturalement, Perdu.*"—*Halliwell.*

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Never more shall you come nigh it:
Ha! yes, if palmistry tell true,
This dove again may fly to you.

Fer. Thou art a lying witch; I'll hear no more.

San. If you be so hot, sir, we can cool you with a song.

Soto. And when that song's done, we'll heat you again with a dance.

Louis. Stay, dear sir; send for Clara, let her know her fortune.

Mar. 'Tis too well known.

Louis. 'Twill make her
Merry to be in this brave company.

Ped. Good Diego, fetch her. [*Exit* DIEGO.

Fran. What's that old man? has he cunning too?

Gui.
Car., &c. } More than all we!

Louis. Has he? I'll try his spectacles.

Fer. Ha! Roderigo there? the scholar
That went to Salamanca takes his degrees
I' th' school of gipsies? let the fish alone,
Give him line: this is the dove,—the dove?—the raven
That beldam mock'd me with. [*Aside.*

Louis [*while* ALVAREZ *examines his hand.*] What worms pick you out there now?

Alv. This:
When this line the other crosses,
Art tells me 'tis a book of losses:—
Bend your hand thus:—O, here I find
You have lost a ship in a great wind.

Louis. Lying rogue, I ne'er had any.

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Alv. Hark, as I gather,
That great ship was De Castro call'd, your father.
Louis. And I must hew that rock that split him.
Alv. Nay, and you threaten—— [*Retires.*
Fran. And what's, Don John, thy fortune?
Thou'rt long fumbling at it.
John. She tells me tales of the moon, sir.
Const. And now 'tis come to the sun, sir.
[*To Fran.*] *Your son would ride, the youth would run,*
The youth would sail, the youth would fly;
He's tying a knot will ne'er be done,
He shoots, and yet has ne'er an eye:
You have two, 'twere good you lent him one,
And a heart too, for he has none.
Fran. Hoyday! lend one of mine eyes?
San. They give us nothing; we'd[1] best put on a bold face and ask it. [*Sings.*

Now that from the hive
You gather'd have the honey,
Our bees but poorly thrive
Unless the banks be sunny;
Then let your sun and moon,
Your gold and silver shine,
My thanks shall humming fly to you,

Chorus.

And mine, and mine, and mine.
[FRAN., FER., *&c., give money.*

[1] Old eds. "he'd."

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ALV. [*sings.*]

See, see, you[1] *gipsy-toys,*
You mad girls, you merry boys,
A boon voyage we have made,
Loud peals must then be had;
If I a gipsy be,
A crack-rope I'm for thee:
O, here's a golden ring!
Such clappers please a king,

Chorus.

Such clappers please a king.

Alv. [*sings.*]

You pleas'd may pass away;
Then let your bell-ropes stay;
Now chime, 'tis holyday,

Chorus.

Now chime, 'tis holyday.

Const. No more of this, pray, father; fall to your dancing. [CONST., CAR., *&c., dance.*

Louis. Clara will come too late now.

Fer. 'Tis great pity,
Besides your songs, dances, and other pastimes,
You do not, as our Spanish actors do,
Make trial of a stage.

Alv. We are, sir, about it;
So please your high authority to sign us
Some warrant to confirm us.

[1] Old eds. "your."

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Fer. My hand shall do't,
And bring the best in Spain to see your sports.
Alv. Which to set off, this gentleman, a scholar——
Rod. Pox on you! [*Aside.*
Alv. Will write for us.
Fer. A Spaniard, sir?
Rod. No, my lord, an Italian.
Fer. Denies
His country too? my son sings gipsy-ballads! [*Aside.*
Keep as you are, we'll see your poet's vein,
And yours for playing: time is not ill spent
That's thus laid out in harmless merriment.
[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO, SANCHO, SOTO, *and others, dancing.*
Ped. My lord of Carcomo, for this entertainment
You shall command our loves.
Fran. You're nobly welcome.
Ped. The evening grows upon us: lords, to all
A happy time of day.
Fer. The like to you, Don Pedro.
Louis. To my heart's sole lady
Pray let my service humbly be remember'd;
We only miss'd her presence.
Mar. I shall truly
Report your worthy love. [*Exeunt* PEDRO *and* MARIA.
Fer. You shall no further;
Indeed, my lords, you shall not.
Fran. With your favour,
We will attend you home.

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Re-enter DIEGO.

Diego. Where's Don Pedro?—
O sir!
Louis. Why, what's the matter?
Diego. The lady Clara,
Passing near to my lord corregidor's house,
Met with a strange mischance.
Fer. How? what mischance?
Diego. The jester that so late arriv'd at court,
And there was welcome for his country's sake,
By importunity of some friends, it seems,
Had borrow'd from the gentleman of your horse
The backing of your mettled Barbary;
On which being mounted, whilst a number gaz'd
To hear what jests he could perform on horse-back,
The headstrong beast, unus'd to such a rider,
Bears the press of people [on] before him;
With which throng the lady Clara meeting,
Fainted, and there fell down, not bruis'd, I hope,
But frighted and entranc'd.
Louis. Ill-destin'd mischief!
Fer. Where have you left her?
Diego. At your house, my lord;
A servant coming forth, and knowing who
The lady was, convey'd her to a chamber;
A surgeon, too, is sent for.
Fer. Had she been my daughter,

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My care could not be greater than it shall be
For her recure.[1]
Louis. But if she miscarry,
I am the most unhappy man that lives. [*Exit.*
Fer. Diego, coast about the fields,
And overtake Don Pedro and his wife;
They newly parted from us.
Diego. I'll run speedily. [*Exit.*
Fer. A strange mischance: but what I have, my lord
Francisco, this day noted, I may tell you;
An accident of merriment and wonder.
Fran. Indeed, my lord!
Fer. I have not thoughts enough
About me to imagine what th' event
Can come to; 'tis indeed about my son;
Hereafter you may counsel me.
Fran. Most gladly.—

Re-enter LOUIS.

How fares the lady?
Louis. Callèd back to life,
But full of sadness.
Fer. Talks she nothing?
Louis. Nothing;
For when the women that attend on her
Demanded how she did, she turn'd about,
And answer'd with a sigh: when I came near,
And by the love I bore her begg'd a word
Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,

[1] Recovery.

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Before she would reply, from her fair eyes
She greets me with a bracelet of her tears,
Then wish'd me not to doubt; she was too well;
Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance
Or company until her father came:
And thus I left her.
Fran. Sir,[1] she's past the worst;
Young maids are oft so troubled.
Fer. Here come they
You talk of.—

Re-enter PEDRO *and* MARIA.

Sir, your daughter, for your comfort,
Is now upon amendment.
Mar. O, my lord,
You speak an angel's voice!
Fer. Pray, in and visit her;[2]
I'll follow instantly. [*Exeunt* PEDRO *and* MARIA.]—
You shall not part
Without a cup of wine, my lord.
Fran. 'Tis now
Too troublesome a time.—Which way take you,
Don Louis?
Louis. No matter which; for till I hear
My Clara be recover'd, I am nothing.—
My lord corregidor, I am your servant
For this free entertainment.

[1] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "For."
[2] We are to suppose a change of scene: the company has arrived at the entrance to Fernando's house.

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Fer. You have conquer'd me
In noble courtesy.
Louis. O, that no art
But love itself can cure a love-sick heart! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in FERNANDO'S *House.*

CLARA *discovered seated in a chair,* PEDRO *and* MARIA *standing by.*

Mar. Clara, hope of mine age!
Ped. Soul of my comfort!
Kill us not both at once: why dost thou speed
Thine eye in such a progress 'bout these walls?
Cla. Yon large window
Yields some fair prospect; good my lord, look out
And tell me what you see there.
Ped. Easy suit:
Clara, it overviews a spacious garden,
Amidst which stands an alablaster[1] fountain,
A goodly one.
Cla. Indeed, my lord!
Mar. Thy griefs grow wild,[2]
And will mislead thy judgment through thy weakness,
If thou obey thy weakness.

[1] Old form of *alabaster.*
[2] Old eds. "The *griefs grow* wide."—The correction was made by the editor of 1816.

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Cla. Who owns these glorious buildings?
Ped. Don Fernando
De Azevida,[1] the corregidor
Of Madrill, a true noble gentleman.
Cla. May I not see him?
Mar. See him, Clara? why?
Cla. A truly noble gentleman, you said, sir?
Ped. I did: lo, here he comes in person.—

Enter FERNANDO.

We are,
My lord, your servants.
Fer. Good, no compliment.—
Young lady, there attends below a surgeon
Of worthy fame and practice; is't your pleasure
To be his patient?
Cla. With your favour, sir,
May I impart some few but needful words
Of secrecy to you, to you yourself,
None but yourself?
Fer. You may.
Ped. Must I not hear 'em?
Mar. Nor I?
Cla. O yes.—Pray, sit, my lord.
Fer. Say on.
Cla. You have been married?
Fer. To a wife,[2] young lady,

[1] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "Azeutda."
[2] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2, "wise."

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Who, whiles the heavens did lend her me, was fruitful
In all those virtues which styles woman good.
Cla. And you had children by her?
Fer. Had, 'tis true;
Now have but one, a son, and he yet lives;
The daughter, as if in her birth the mother
Had perfected the errand she was sent for
Into the world, from that hour took her life
In which the other that gave it her lost hers;
Yet shortly she unhappily, but fatally,
Perish'd at sea.
Cla. Sad story!
Fer. Roderigo,
My son——
Cla. How is he call'd, sir?
Fer. Roderigo:
He lives at Salamanca; and I fear
That neither time, persuasions, nor his fortunes,
Can draw him thence.
Cla. My lord, d'ye know this crucifix?[1]
[*Showing the crucifix.*
Fer. You drive me to amazement! 'twas my son's,
A legacy bequeath'd him from his mother
Upon her deathbed, dear to him as life;
On earth there cannot be another treasure
He values at like rate as he does this.
Cla. O, then I am a cast-away!
Mar. How's that?

[1] See p. 123.

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Ped. Alas! she will grow frantic!
Cla. In my bosom,
Next to my heart, my lord, I have laid up,
In bloody characters, a tale of horror.
Pray, read the paper; and if there you find
[*Giving a paper.*
Ought that concerns a maid undone and miserable,
Made so by one[1] of yours, call back the piety
Of nature to the goodness of a judge,
An upright judge, not of a partial father;
For do not wonder that I live to suffer
Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather
That I have liv'd to speak them: thou, great man,
Yet read, read on, and as thou read'st consider
What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do,
Thine own name, fatherhood, and my dishonour:
Be just as heaven and fate are, that by miracle
Have in my weakness wrought a strange discovery:
Truth copied from my heart is texted there:
Let now my shame be throughly understood;
Sins are heard farthest when they cry in blood.
Fer. True, true, they do not cry but holla here;
This is the trumpet of a soul drown'd deep
In the unfathom'd seas of matchless sorrows.
I must lock fast the door. [*Exit.*
Mar. I have no words
To call for vengeance.
Ped. I am lost in marvel.

[1] "Qy. 'son'?"—*Dyce.*

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Re-enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Sit,[1] pray sit as you sat before. White paper,
This should be innocence; these letters gules
Should be the honest oracles of revenge:
What's beauty but a perfect white and red?
Both here well mix'd limn truth so beautiful,
That to distrust it, as I am a father,
Speaks me as foul as rape hath spoken my son;
'Tis true.

Cla. 'Tis true.

Fer. Then mark me how I kneel
Before the high tribunal of your injuries. [*Kneels.*
Thou too, too-much-wrong'd maid, scorn not my tears,
For these are tears of rage, not tears of love,—
Thou father of this too, too-much-wrong'd maid,—
Thou mother of her counsels and her cares,
I do not plead for pity to a villain;
O, let him die as he hath liv'd, dishonourably,
Basely and cursedly! I plead for pity
To my till now untainted blood and honour:
Teach me how I may now be just and cruel,
For henceforth I am childless.

Cla. Pray, sir, rise;
You wrong your place and age.

Fer. [*rising.*] Point me my grave
In some obscure by-path, where never memory
Nor mention of my name may be found out.

[1] Old eds. "Sir."

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Cla. My lord, I can weep with you, nay, weep for ye,
As you for me; your passions are instructions,
And prompt my faltering tongue to beg at least
A noble satisfaction, though not revenge.
Fer. Speak that again.
Cla. Can you procure no balm
To heal a wounded name?
Fer. O, thou'rt as fair
In mercy as in beauty! wilt thou live,
And I'll be thy physician?
Cla. I'll be yours.
Fer. Don Pedro, we'll to counsel;
This daughter shall be ours.—Sleep, sleep, young angel,
My care shall wake about thee.
Cla. Heaven is gracious,
And I am eas'd!
Fer. We will be yet more private;
Night[1] curtains o'er the world; soft dreams rest with thee!
The best revenge is to reform our crimes,
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times.
[*Exeunt all except* CLARA, *on whom the scene shuts.*

[1] Old eds. "Might."

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Court before an Inn.

ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, SANCHO, SOTO, ANTONIO, CARLO, RODERIGO, *and others discovered, disguised as before. A shout within. Enter* JOHN.

Alv.
Gui., &c. } Welcome, welcome, welcome!

Soto. More sacks to the mill.

San. More thieves to the sacks.

Alv. Peace!

Const. I give you now my welcome without noise.

John. 'Tis music to me. [*Offering to kiss* CONSTANZA.

Alv.
Gui., &c. } O sir!

San. You must not be in your mutton before we are out of our veal.

Soto. Stay for vinegar to your oysters; no opening till then.

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Gui. No kissing till you're sworn.

John. Swear me then quickly,
I have brought gold for my admission.

Alv. What you bring leave, and what you leave count lost.

San. I brought all my teeth, two are struck out; them I count lost, so must you.

Soto. I brought all my wits; half I count lost, so must you.

John. To be as you are, I lose father, friends,
Birth, fortunes, all the world: what will you do
With the beast I rode on hither?

San. A beast? is't a mule? send him to Muly Crag-a-whee in Barbary.

Soto. Is't an ass? give it to a lawyer, for in Spain they ride upon none else.

John. Kill him by any means, lest, being pursu'd,
The beast betray me.

Soto. He's a beast betrays any man.

San. Except a bailiff to be pumped.

John. Pray, bury the carcass and the furniture.

San. Do, do; bury the ass's household stuff, and in his skin sew any man that's mad for a woman.

Alv. Do so then, bury it: now to your oath.

Gui. All things are ready.

Alv. [*sings.*]

Thy best[1] *hand lay on this turf of grass,*
There thy heart lies, vow not to pass

[1] "Qy. 'left'?"—*Dyce.*

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From us two years for sun nor snow,
For[1] *hill nor dale, howe'er winds blow;*
Vow the hard earth to be thy bed,
With her green cushions under thy head;
Flower-banks or moss to be thy board,
Water thy wine——

San. [*sings.*] *And drink like a lord.*

Chorus.

Kings can have but coronations;
We are as proud of gipsy-fashions:
Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border
Close this new brother of our order.

Alv. [*sings.*]

What we get with us come share,
You to get must vow to care;
Nor strike gipsy, nor stand by
When strangers strike, but fight, or die;
Our gipsy-wenches are not common,
You must not kiss a fellow's leman;
Nor to your own, for one you must,
In songs send errands of base lust.

Chorus.

Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border
Close this new brother of our order.

John [*sings.*]

On this turf of grass I vow
Your laws to keep, your laws allow.

---

[1] Qy. "O'er hill, o'er dale, howe'er winds blow?"

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All. A gipsy! a gipsy! a gipsy!
Gui. [*sings.*]

Now choose what maid has yet no mate,
She's yours.

John [*sings.*] *Here then fix I my fate.*
[*Takes* CONSTANZA *by the hand and offers to kiss her.*

San. Again fall to before you ha' washed?
Soto. Your nose in the manger before the oats are measured, jade so hungry?
Alv. [*sings.*]

Set foot to foot; those garlands hold;
Now[1] *mark* [*well*] *what more is told.*
By cross arms, the lover's sign,
Vow, as these flowers themselves entwine,
Of April's wealth building a throne
Round,[2] *so your love to one or none;*
By those touches of your feet,
You must each night embracing meet,
Chaste, howe'er disjoin'd by day;
You the sun with her must play,
She to you the marigold,
To none but you her leaves unfold;
Wake she or sleep, your eyes so charm,
Want, woe, nor weather do her harm.

[1] Old eds. "*Teach him how, now mark,*" &c.—The words "*Teach him how*" are evidently a stage-direction; Alvarez is to initiate the novice.

[2] So old eds. and Dyce. Perhaps we should place a comma after "throne," and read "To bound your love," &c.

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Car.[1] [*sings.*]

This is your market now of kisses,
Buy and sell free each other blisses.

John. Most willingly.

Chorus.

Holydays, high days, gipsy-fairs,
When kisses are fairings, and hearts meet in pairs.

Alv. All ceremonies end here: welcome, brother gipsy!

San. And the better to instruct thee, mark what a brave life 'tis all the year long. [*Sings.*

Brave Don, cast your eyes
On our gipsy fashions:
In our antic hey-de-guize[2]
We go beyond all nations;
Plump Dutch
At us grutch,
So do English, so do French,
He that lopes[3]
On the ropes,
Show me such another wench.[4]

---

[1] Old eds. "*Cla.*"

[2] The name of a rustic dance.

[3] Leaps.

[4] "Qy. 'wrench?' Compare Sir John Davies's *Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing:*

'Such winding sleights, such turns and tricks he hath,
Such creeks, such *wrenches*, and such dalliaunce.'—St. 53."—*Dyce.*

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We no camels have to show,
Nor elephant with growt[1] *head;*
We can dance, he cannot go,
Because the beast is corn-fed;[2]
No blind bears
Shedding tears,
For a collier's whipping;
Apes nor dogs,
Quick as frogs,
Over cudgels skipping.

Jack[s]-in-boxes,[3] *nor decoys,*
Puppets, nor such poor things,
Nor are we those roaring boys
That cozen fools with gilt rings;[4]
For an ocean,
Not such a motion[5]
As the city Nineveh;[6]
Dancing, singing,
And fine ringing,
You these sports shall hear and see.

Come now, what shall his name be?

---

[1] A corruption of *great.*

[2] "'This seems so odd a reason why the elephant could not go, that I believe we should read "is *not* fed."'—Editor of 1816.—But does not *corn-fed* mean, even in the present day, fattened up? and, perhaps, there is a quibble—*cornified* (having corns)."—*Dyce.*

[3] A class of swindlers whose practices are very elaborately described by Dekker. See Chapter xi. of *Lanthorn and Candlelight* (Grosart's *Dekker*, iii. 286–289).

[4] Concerning this kind of cozenage, see the chapter on *Lifting Law* in Dekker's *Bellman of London* (Grosart's *Dekker*, iii. 148).

[5] Puppet-show.

[6] See note 1, vol. i. p. 8.

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Const. His name shall now be Andrew. — Friend Andrew, mark me:
Two years I am to try you: prove fine gold,
The uncrack'd diamond of my faith shall hold.
John. My vows are rocks of adamant.
Const. Two years you are to try me: black[1] when I turn
May I meet youth and want, old age and scorn!
John. Kings' diadems shall not buy thee.
Car.[2] Do you think
You can endure the life, and love it?
John. As usurers doat upon their treasure.
Soto. But when your face shall be tann'd
Like a sailor's worky-day hand——
San. When your feet shall be gall'd,
And your noddle be mall'd——
Soto. When the woods you must forage,
And not meet with poor pease-porridge——
San. Be all to-be-dabbled, yet lie in no sheet——
Soto. With winter's frost, hail, snow, and sleet;
What life will you say it is then?
John. As now, the sweetest.
Diego [*within.*] Away! away! the corregidor has sent for you.
San. [*sings.*]
Hence merrily fine to get money!
Dry are the fields, the banks are sunny,

[1] "May be the right reading, but qy. 'back.'"—*Dyce.* Perhaps the meaning is, "If I prove false, as spurious gold turns black when tested."

[2] Old eds. "*Cla.*"

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Silver is sweeter far than honey;
Fly like swallows,
We for our conies must get mallows;
Who loves not his dill,[1] *let him die at the gallows.*
Hence, bonny girls, foot it trimly,
Smug up your beetle-brows, none look grimly;
To show a pretty foot, O 'tis seemly!
[*Exeunt all except* SOTO: *as he is going out,*

Enter CARDOCHIA, *who stays him.*

Card. Do you hear, you gipsy? gipsy!
Soto. Me?
Card. There's a young gipsy newly entertain'd; 150
Sweet gipsy, call him back for one two words,
And here's a jewel for thee.
Soto. I'll send him.
Card. What's his name?
Soto. Andrew. [*Exit.*
Card. A very handsome fellow; I ha' seen courtiers
Jet[2] up and down in their full bravery,[3]
Yet here's a gipsy worth a drove of 'em.

Re-enter JOHN.

John. With me, sweetheart?
Card. Your name is Andrew?

---

[1] Another form of *dell.* ("The second bird of this feather is a dell, and that is a young wench ripe for the act of generation, but as yet not spoiled of her maidenhead."—Grosart's *Dekker*, iii. 106.)
[2] Strut.
[3] Finery.

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John. Yes.
Card. You can tell fortunes, Andrew?
John. I could once,
But now I ha' lost that knowledge; I'm in haste,
And cannot stay to tell you yours.
Card. I cannot tell yours then;
And 'cause you're in haste, I'm quick; I am a maid——
John. So, so, a maid quick?
Card. Juanna Cardochia,
That's mine own name; I am my mother's heir
Here to this house, and two more.
John. I buy no lands.
Card. They shall be given you, with some plate and money,
And free possession during life of me,
So the match like you; for so well I love you,
That I, in pity of this trade of gipsying,
Being base, idle, and slavish, offer you
A state to settle you, my youth and beauty,
Desir'd by some brave Spaniards, so I may call you
My husband: shall I, Andrew?
John. 'Las! pretty soul,
Better stars guide you! may that hand of Cupid
Ache, ever shot this arrow at your heart!
Sticks there one such indeed?
Card. I would there did not,
Since you'll not pluck it out.
John. Good sweet, I cannot;
For marriage, 'tis a law amongst us gipsies

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We match in our own tribes; for me to wear you,
I should but wear you out.
Card. I do not care;
Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth,
Ruin me, so you lend me but your love,
A little of your love!
John. Would I could give it,
For you are worth a world of better men,
For your free noble mind! all my best wishes
Stay with you; I must hence.
Card. Wear for my sake
This jewel.
John. I'll not rob you, I'll take nothing.
Card. Wear it about your neck but one poor moon;
If in that time your eye be as 'tis now, 191
Send my jewel home again, and I protest
I'll never more think on you; deny not this,
Put it about your neck.
John. Well then, 'tis done. [*Putting on jewel.*
Card. And vow to keep it there.
John. By all the goodness
I wish attend your fortunes, I do vow it! [*Exit.*
Card. Scorn'd! thou hast temper'd poison to kill me
Thyself shall drink; since I cannot enjoy thee,
My revenge shall.

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. Where are the gipsies?
Card. Gone.
Diego, do you love me?

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Diego. Love thee, Juanna?
Is my life mine? it is but mine so long
As it shall do thee service.
Card. There's a young[1] gipsy newly entertain'd.
Diego. A handsome rascal; what of him?
Card. That slave in obscene language courted me,
Drew reals[2] out, and would have bought my body,
Diego, from thee.
Diego. Is he so itchy? I'll cure him.
Card. Thou shalt not touch the villain, I'll spin his fate;
Woman strikes sure, fall the blow ne'er so late.
Diego. Strike on, since[3] thou wilt be a striker.[4]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in FERNANDO'S *House.*

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, *and* LOUIS.

Fer. See, Don Louis; an arm,[5]
The strongest arm in Spain, to the full length
Is stretch'd to pluck old Count Alvarez home
From his sad banishment.
Louis. With longing eyes,
My lord, I expect the man: your lordship's pardon,
Some business calls me from you.

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[1] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "younger."
[2] Spanish sixpences.
[3] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "sinne" and "sin."
[4] *Striker* was a cant term for a dissolute person.
[5] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "army."

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Fer. Prithee, Don Louis,
Unless th' occasion be too violent,
Stay and be merry with us; all the gipsies
Will be here presently.

Louis. I'll attend your lordship
Before their sports be done.

Fer. Be your own carver.[1] [*Exit* LOUIS.
[*To* FRAN.] Not yet shake off these fetters? I see a son
Is heavy when a father carries him
On his old heart.

Fran. Could I set up my rest[2]
That he were lost, or taken prisoner,
I could hold truce with sorrow; but to have him
Vanish I know not how, gone none knows whither,
'Tis that mads me.

Ped. You said he sent a letter.

Fran. A letter? a mere riddle; he's gone to see[k]
His fortune in the wars; what wars have we?
Suppose we had, goes any man to th' field
Naked, unfurnish'd both [of] arms and money?

Fer. Come, come, he's gone a-wenching; we in our youth
Ran the self-same bias.

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. The gipsies, my lord, are come.

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[1] "Be your own carver" = follow your inclination, adopt any course you think fit. Nashe (in the *Unfortunate Traveller*) has the expression, "I could (quoth I) acquit myself otherwise, but it is not for a stranger to *be his own carver* in revenge."—*Works*, ed. Grosart, v. 83.

[2] "Set up my rest" = be assured. An expression borrowed from the game of primero. See Nares *s.* REST.

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Fer. Are they? let them enter. [*Exit* DIEGO.
My lord De Cortes, send for your wife and daughter;
Good company is good physic: take the pains
To seat yourselves in my great chamber. See,[1]
They are here.— [*Exeunt* FRANCISCO *and* PEDRO.

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, JOHN, RODERIGO, ANTONIO, CARLO, SANCHO, *and* SOTO, *disguised as before.*

What's your number?

San. The figure of nine casts us all up, my lord.

Fer. Nine? let me see—you are ten, sure.

Soto. That's our poet, he stands for a cipher.

Fer. Ciphers make numbers:—what plays have you?

Alv. Five or six, my lord.

Fer. It's well so many already.

Soto. We are promised a very merry tragedy, if all hit right, of Cobby Nobby.

Fer. So, so; a merry tragedy! there is a way
Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use,
That is, on a word given, or some slight plot,
The actors will extempore fashion out
Scenes neat and witty.

Alv. We can do that, my lord;
Please you bestow the subject.

Fer. Can you?—Come hither,
You master poet: to save you a labour,
Look you, against your coming I projected

[1] "See they," &c. These words are given to "*Al.*" in ed. 1.

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This comic passage [*producing a paper*]; your drama,
that's the scene——
Rod. Ay, ay, my lord.
Fer. I lay in our own country, Spain.
Rod. 'Tis best so.
Fer. Here's a brave part for this old gipsy; look you,
The father: read the plot; this young she-gipsy,
This lady: now the son, play him yourself.
Rod. My lord, I am no player.
Fer. Pray, at this time,
The plot being full, to please my noble friends,
Because your brains must into theirs put language,
Act thou the son's part; I'll reward your pains.
Rod. Protest, my lord——
Fer. Nay, nay, shake off protesting;
When I was young, sir, I have play'd myself.
San. Yourself, my lord? you were but a poor company then.
Fer. Yes, full enough, honest fellow. — Will you do it?
Rod. I'll venture.
Fer. I thank you: let this father be a Don
Of a brave spirit.—Old gipsy, observe me——
Alv. Yes, my lord.
Fer. Play him up high; not like a pantaloon,[1]
But hotly, nobly, checking this his son,

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[1] "*i.e.* represent him in the full possession of his strength and mental faculties, and not like a feeble old man. 'The lean and slipper'd pantaloon' of Shakespeare will occur to every reader."—Editor of 1816.

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Whom make a very rake-hell, a debosh'd[1] fellow.
This point, I think, will show well.

Rod. This of the picture?
It will indeed, my lord.

San. My lord, what part play I?

Fer. What parts dost use to play?

San. If your lordship has ever a coxcomb, I think I could fit you.

Fer. I thank your coxcombship.

Soto. Put a coxcomb upon a lord!

Fer. There are parts to serve you all; go, go, make ready,
And call for what you want. [*Exit.*

Alv. Give me the plot; our wits are put to trial.
What's the son's name? Lorenzo: that's your part.
[*To* RODERIGO.
Look only you to that; these I'll dispose:
Old Don Avero, mine; Hialdo, Lollio,
Two servants,—you for them. [*To* SANCHO *and* SOTO.

San. One of the foolish knaves give me; I'll be Hialdo.

Soto. And I, Lollio.

San. Is there a banquet in the play? we may call for what we will.

Rod. Yes, here is a banquet.

San. I'll go, then, and bespeak an ocean of sweetmeats, marmalade, and custards.

Alv. Make haste to know what you must do.

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[1] Old form of *debauched.*

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San. Do? call for enough; and when my belly is full, fill my pockets.

Soto. To a banquet there must be wine; fortune's a scurvy whore, if she makes not my head sound like a rattle, and my heels dance the canaries.[1]

Alv. So, so; despatch whilst we employ our brains
To set things off to th' life.

Rod. I'll be straight with you.—

[*Exeunt all except* RODERIGO.

Why does my father put this trick on me;
Spies he me through my vizard? if he does,
He's not the king of Spain, and 'tis no treason;
If his invention jet upon a stage,
Why should not I use action? A debosh'd fellow!
A very rake-hell! this reflects on me,
And I'll retort it: grown a poet, father?
No matter in what strain your play must run,
But I shall fit you for a roaring son. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A large Apartment in FERNANDO'S *House.*

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, DIEGO, MARIA, CLARA, *and* Servants.

Fer. Come, ladies, take your places. [*Flourish within.*]
This their music?
'Tis very handsome: O, I wish this room

[1] A lively dance.

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Were freighted but with [pleasures[1]], noble friends,
As are to you my welcomes!—Begin there, masters.

San. [*within.*] Presently, my lord; we want but a cold capon for a property.

Fer. Call, call for one.

Enter SANCHO *as* Prologue.

Now they begin.

San. Both short and sweet some say is best;
We will not only be sweet, but short:
Take you pepper in the nose,[2] you mar our sport.

Fer. By no means pepper.

San. Of your love measure us forth but one span;
We do though not the best, the best we can. [*Exit.*

Fer. A good honest gipsy!

Enter ALVAREZ (*as* AVERO), *and* SOTO (*as* LOLLIO).

Alv. Slave, where's my son Lorenzo?

Soto. I have sought him, my lord, in all four elements: in earth, my shoes are full of gravel; in water, I drop at nose with sweating; in air, wheresoever I heard noise of fiddlers, or the wide mouths of gallon pots roaring; and in fire, what chimney soever I saw smoking with good cheer, for my master's dinner, as I was in hope.

Alv. Not yet come home? before on this old tree
Shall grow a branch so blasted, I'll hew it off,

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[1] The bracketed word was inserted by Dyce.

[2] "Take you pepper in the nose" = if you be angry, take offence.

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And bury it at my foot! Didst thou inquire
At my brother's?

Soto. At your sister's.

Alv. At my wife's father's?

Soto. At your uncle's mother's: no such sheep has broke through their hedge; no such calf as your son sucks or bleats in their ground.

Alv. I am unbless'd to have but one son only,
One staff to bear my age up, one taper left
To light me to my grave, and that burns dimly;
That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe:
He that should prop me is mine overthrow.

Fer. Well done, old fellow! is't not?

Fran., *Ped.*, &c. } Yes, yes, my lord.

Soto. Here comes his man Hialdo.

Enter SANCHO (*as* HIALDO).

Alv. Where's the prodigal your master, sirrah?

San. Eating acorns amongst swine, draff amongst hogs, and gnawing bones amongst dogs; has lost all his money at dice, his wits with his money, and his honesty with both; for he bum-fiddles me, makes the drawers curvet, pitches the plate over the bar, scores up the vintner's name in the Ram-head, flirts his wife under the nose, and bids you with a pox send him more money.

Alv. Art thou one of his curs to bite me too?
To nail thee to the earth were to do justice.

San. Here comes Bucephalus my prancing master; nail me now who dares.

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Enter RODERIGO (*as* LORENZO).

Rod. I sit like an owl[1] *in the ivy-bush of a tavern; Hialdo, I have drawn red wine from the vinter's own hogshead.*

San. Here's two more, pierce them too.

Rod. Old Don, whom I call father, am I thy son? if I be, flesh me with gold, fat me with silver; had I Spain in this hand, and Portugal in this, puff it should fly: where's the money I sent for?—I'll tickle you for a rake-hell! [*Aside.*

San. Not a marvedi.[2]

Alv. Thou shalt have none of me.

Soto. Hold his nose[3] *to the grin'stone, my lord.* 60

Rod. I shall have none?

Alv. Charge me a case[4] *of pistols;*
What I have built I'll ruin: shall I suffer
A slave to set his foot upon my heart?
A son? a barbarous villain? or if heaven save thee
Now from my justice, yet my curse pursues thee.

Rod. Hialdo, carbonado[5] *thou the old rogue my father.*

San. Whilst you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man there. 68

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[1] "'To look like an owl in an ivy-bush' is a proverbial expression: see Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 61, ed. 1768. A tuft or bush of ivy was formerly hung out at the door of a vintner."—*Dyce.*

[2] See note 4, p. 136.

[3] "*i.e.*, confine him to a short allowance."—Editor of 1816.

[4] "Case of pistols"=pair of pistols.

[5] *i.e.*, cut into rashers for broiling.

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Rod. No money? Can taverns stand without anon, anon? fiddlers live without scraping? taffeta girls look plump without pampering? If you will not lard me with money, give me a ship, furnish me to sea.

Alv. To have thee hanged for piracy?

San. Trim, tram, hang master, hang man!

Rod. Then send me to the West Indies, buy me some office there.

Alv. To have thy throat cut for thy quarrelling?

Rod. Else send me and my ningle[1] *Hialdo to the wars.*

San. A match; we'll fight dog, fight bear. 79

Enter ANTONIO (*as* HERNANDO).

Alv.[2] *O dear Hernando, welcome!—Clap wings to your heels,* [*To* SOTO.

And pray my worthy friends bestow upon me
Their present visitation.[3]— [*Exit*[4] SOTO.
Lorenzo, see the anger of a father;
Although it be as loud and quick as thunder,
Yet 'tis done instantly: cast off thy wildness,
Be mine, be mine, for I to call thee home
Have, with my honour'd friend here Don Hernando,
Provided thee a wife.

Rod. A wife! is she handsome? is she rich? is she fair? is she witty? is she honest? hang honesty! has she a sweet face, cherry-cheek, strawberry-lip, white skin, dainty eye, pretty foot, delicate legs, as there's a girl now? 92

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[1] Favourite.
[2] Old eds. "*An.*"
[3] Ed. 2, "visitations."
[4] Not marked in old eds.

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Ant. It is a creature both for birth and fortunes,
And for most excellent graces of the mind,
Few like her are[1] *in Spain.*
Rod. When shall I see her?—
Now, father, pray take your curse off.
Alv. I do: the lady
Lives from Madrill very near fourteen leagues,
But thou shalt see her picture.
Rod. That! that! most ladies in these days are but very fine pictures. 100

Enter CARLO, JOHN, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, *and* CHRISTIANA (*as friends of* AVERO).

Alv. Ladies, to you first welcome; my lords, Alonzo,
And you worthy marquis, thanks for these honours.—
Away you! [*Exit*[2] SANCHO
To th' cause now of this meeting. My son Lorenzo,
Whose wildness you all know, comes now to th' lure,
Sits gently; has call'd home his wandering thoughts,
And now will marry.
Const. A good wife fate send him!
Gui. One staid may settle him.
Rod. Fly to the mark, sir; show me the wench, or her face, or anything I may know 'tis a woman fit for me. 111
Alv. She is not here herself, but here's her picture.
[*Shows a picture.*
Fer. My lord De Carcomo, pray, observe this.
Fran. I do, attentively.—Don Pedro, mark it.

[1] Omitted in ed. 2.
[2] Not marked in old eds.

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Re-enter SOTO.

Soto [*to* JOHN.] If you ha' done your part, yonder's a wench would ha' a bout with you. [*Exit.*

John. Me? [*Exit.*

Diego. A wench! [*Exit.*

Alv. Why stand you staring at it? how do you like her?

Rod. Are you in earnest?

Alv. Yes, sir, in earnest.

Rod. I am not so hungry after flesh to make the devil a cuckold.

Ant. Look not upon the face, but on the goodness
That dwells within her.

Rod. Set fire on the tenement!

Alv. She's rich; nobly descended.

Rod. Did ever nobility look so scurvily?

Alv. I'm sunk in fortunes, she may raise us both.

Rod. Sink, let her to her granam! marry a witch? have you fetched a wife for me out of Lapland? an old midwife in a velvet hat were a goddess to this: that a red lip?

Const. There's a red nose.

Rod. That a yellow hair?

Gui. Why, her teeth may be yellow.

Rod. Where's the full eye?

Chris. She has full blabber-cheeks.

Alv. Set up thy rest,[1] *her marriest thou or none.*

Rod. None then: were all the water in the world one sea, all kingdoms one mountain, I would climb on all four

[1] See note, p. 194.

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up to the top of that hill, and headlong hurl myself into that abyss of waves, ere I would touch the skin of such rough haberdine,[1] *for the breath of her picture stinks hither.*

A noise within. Re-enter, in a hurry, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHO, *and* SOTO, *with* CARDOCHIA.

Fer. What tumult's this?

San. Murder, murder, murder!

Soto. One of our gipsies is in danger of hanging, hanging!

Ped. Who is hurt?

Diego. 'Tis I, my lord, stabbed by this gipsy.

John. He struck me first, and I'll not take a blow. 150
From any Spaniard breathing.

Ped. Are you so brave?

Fer. Break up your play; lock all the doors.

Diego. I faint, my lord.

Fran. Have him to a surgeon.—

[Servants *remove* DIEGO.

How fell they out?

Card. O, my good lord, these gipsies when they lodg'd
At my house, I had a jewel from my pocket
Stolen by this villain.

John. 'Tis most false, my lords;
Her own hands gave it me.

Const. She that calls him villain,
Or says he stole——

[1] Inferior salt-cod.

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Fer. Hoyday! we hear your scolding.

Card. And the hurt gentleman finding it in his bosom,
For that he stabb'd him.

Fer. Hence with all the gipsies!

Ped. Ruffians and thieves; to prison with 'em all!

Alv. My lord, we'll leave engagements in plate and money
For all our safe forthcomings; punish not all
For one's offence; we'll prove ourselves no thieves.

San. O Soto, I make buttons![1]

Soto. Would I could make some, and leave this trade!

Fer. Iron him then, let the rest go free; but stir not
One foot out of Madrill. Bring you in your witness.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *in custody of* Servants, ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, ANTONIO, CARLO, *and* CARDOCHIA.

Soto. Prick him with a pin, or pinch him by the elbow; anything.

San. My lord Don Pedro, I am your ward; we have spent a little money to get a horrible deal of wit, and now I am weary of it.

Ped. My runaways turn'd jugglers, fortune-tellers?

Soto. No great fortunes.

Fer. To prison with 'em both: a gentleman play the ass!

San. If all gentlemen that play the ass should to

---

[1] "His tail *makes buttons*, *i.e.* he is in great fear, a phrase occurring in Florio, ed. 1611, pp. 209, 276; Yorkshire Dialogue, 1697, p. 87." —*Halliwell.* Cf. vol. ii. p. 17.

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prison, you must widen your jails.—Come, Soto, I scorn
to beg; set thy foot to mine, and kick at shackles.
Fer. So so; away with 'em!
Soto. Send all our company after, and we'll play there,
and be as merry as you here.
[*Exeunt* SANCHO *and* SOTO *with* Servants.
Fer. Our comedy turn'd tragical! Please you, lords,
walk:
This actor here and I must change a word,
And I come to you.
Fran., *Ped.*, *&c.* Well, my lord, your pleasure.
[*Exeunt all except* FERNANDO *and* RODERIGO.
Fer. Why, couldst thou think in any base disguise
To blind my sight? fathers have eagles' eyes.
But pray, sir, why was this done? why, when I thought
you
Fast lock'd in Salamanca at your study,
Leap'd you into a gipsy?
Rod. Sir, with your pardon,
I shall at fit time to you show cause for all.
Fer. Meantime, sir, you have got a trade to live by:
Best to turn player; an excellent ruffian, ha!
But know, sir, when I had found you out, I gave you
This project of set purpose; 'tis all myself;
What the old gipsy spake must be my language;
Nothing are left me but my offices
And thin-fac'd honours; and this very creature,
By you so scorn'd, must raise me by your marrying her.
Rod. You would not build your glory on my ruins?

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Fer. The rascal has belied the lady,
She is not half so bad; all's one, she's rich.
Rod. O, will you sell[1] the joys of my full youth
To dunghill muck? seek out some wretch's daughter,
Whose soul is lost for gold then: you're more noble
Than t' have your son, the top-branch of your house,
Grow in a heap of rubbish: I must marry a thing
I shall be asham'd to own, asham'd to bring her
Before a sunbeam.
Fer. I cannot help it, sir;
Resolve upon't, and do't.
Rod. And do't, and die!
Is there no face in Spain for you to pick out
But one to fright me? when you sat the play here,
There was a beauty, to be lord of which
I would against an army throw defiance.
Fer. She? alas!
Rod. How? she![2] at every hair of hers
There hangs a very angel; this! I'm ready
To drop down looking at it: sir, I beseech you
Bury me in this earth [*kneels*], on which I'm humbled
To beg your blessing on me, for a gipsy,
Rather than—O, I know not what to term it!
Pray, what is that young pensive piece of beauty?
Your voice for her; I ey'd her all the scene.
Fer. I saw you did.
Rod. Methought 'twas a sweet creature.

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[1] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "see."
[2] Another MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "how."

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Fer. Well, though my present state stands now on ice,
I'll let it crack and fall rather than bar thee
Of thy content; this lady shall go by then.
Rod. Hang let her there, or anywhere!
Fer. That young lannard,[1]
Whom you have such a mind to, if you can whistle her
To come to fist, make trial; play the young falconer;
I will nor mar your marriage nor yet make; 232
Beauty, no wealth,—wealth, ugliness,—which you will, take.
Rod. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* FERNANDO.]—Put on your mask, good madam, [*To the picture.*
The sun will spoil your face else. [*Exit.*

[1] A species of hawk.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in FERNANDO'S *House.*

FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, RODERIGO, CLARA, *and* MARIA, *pass over the stage from church: as the others exeunt,* FERNANDO *stays* RODERIGO.

Fer. Thou hast now the wife of thy desires.
Rod. Sir, I have,
And in her every blessing that makes life
Loath to be parted with.
Fer. Noble she is,
And fair; has to enrich her blood and beauty,
Plenty of wit, discourse, behaviour, carriage.
Rod. I owe you duty for a double birth,
Being in this happiness begot again,
Without which I had been a man of wretchedness.
Fer. Then henceforth, boy, learn to obey thy fate;
'Tis fallen upon thee; know it, and embrace it;
Thy wife's a wanton.
Rod. A wanton?
Fer. Examine through the progress of thy youth

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What capital sin,[1] what great one 'tis, for 'tis
A great one thou'st committed.
Rod. I a great one?
Fer. Else heaven is not so wrathful to pour on thee
A misery so full of bitterness:
I am thy father; think on't, and be just;
Come, do not dally.
Rod. Pray, my lord——
Fer. Fool, 'twere
Impossible that justice should rain down
In such a frightful horror without cause.
Sir, I will know it; rather blush thou didst
An act thou dar'st not name, than that it has
A name to be known by.
Rod. Turn from me then,
And as my guilt sighs out this monster,—rape,
O, do not lend an ear!
Fer. Rape? fearful!
Rod. Hence,
Hence springs my due reward.
Fer. Thou'rt none of mine,
Or if thou be'st, thou dost belie the stamp[2]
Of thy nativity.
Rod. Forgive me!
Fer. Had she,
Poor wrongèd soul, whoe'er she was, no friend,
Nor father, to revenge? had she no tongue
To roar her injuries?

[1] Old eds. "sins."
[2] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "stamps."

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Rod. Alas! I know her not!

Fer. Peace! thou wilt blaze a sin beyond all precedent:
Young man, thou shouldst have married her; the devil
Of lust that riots in thy eye should there
Have let fall[1] love and pity, not on this stranger
Whom thou hast doted on.

Rod. O, had I married her,
I had been then the happiest man alive!

Re-enter CLARA, MARIA, *and* PEDRO, *from behind the arras.*

Cla. As I the happiest woman, being married:
Look on me, sir.

Ped. You shall not find a change
So full of fears as your most noble father,
In his wise trial, urg'd.

Mar. Indeed you shall not,
The forfeit of her shame shall be her pawn.

Rod. Why, pray, d'ye mock my sorrows? now, O, now,
My horrors flow[2] about me!

Fer. No, thy comforts,
Thy blessings, Roderigo.

Cla. By this crucifix [*Showing crucifix.*
You may remember me.

Rod. Ha! art thou
That lady wrongèd?

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[1] Old eds. "full."
[2] Old eds. "flew."

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Cla. I was, but now am
Righted in noble satisfaction.
Rod. How can I turn mine eyes, and not behold
On every side my shame?
Fer. No more: hereafter
We shall have time to talk at large of all:
Love her that's now thine own; do, Roderigo;
She's far from what I character'd.
Cla. My care
Shall live about me to deserve your love.
Rod. Excellent Clara!—Fathers both, and mother,
I will redeem my fault.
Fer.
Ped. } Our blessings dwell on ye!
Mar.

Re-enter FRANCISCO *with* LOUIS.

Louis. Married to Roderigo?
Fran. Judge yourself:
See where they are. [*Exit.*
Louis. Is this your husband, lady?
Cla. He is, sir: heaven's great hand, that on record
Fore-points the equal union of all hearts,
Long since decreed what this day hath been perfected.
Louis. 'Tis well then; I am free, it seems.
Cla. Make smooth,
My lords, those clouds, which on your brow deliver
Emblems of storm;[1] I will, as far as honour

[1] Ed. 2, "storms."

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May privilege, deserve a noble friendship
As you from me deserve a worthy memory.
Louis. Your husband has prov'd himself a friend [to me],
Trusty and tried; he's welcome, I may say,
From the university.
Rod. To a new school
Of happy knowledge, Louis.
Louis. Sir, I am
Not so poor [as] to put this injury up:
The best blood flows within you is the price.
Rod. Louis, for this time calm your anger; and if
I do not give you noble satisfaction,
Call me to what account you please.
Louis. So, so.—I come for justice t'ye,
And you shall grant it.
Fer. Shall and will.
Louis. With speed too;
My poor friend bleeds the whiles.
Fer. You shall yourself,
Before we part, receive the satisfaction
You come for.—Who attends?
Servant [*within.*] My lord?
Fer. The prisoner!
Servant [*within.*] He attends your lordship's pleasure.

Enter CONSTANZA, GUIAMARA, *and* ALVAREZ.

Louis. What would this girl?
Foh, no tricks; get you to your cabin, huswife;
We have no ear for ballads.

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Fer. Take her away.
Cla. A wondrous lovely[1] creature!
Const. Noble gentlemen,
If a poor maid's, a gipsy-virgin's tears
May soften the hard edge of angry justice,
Then grant me gracious hearing; as you're merciful,
I beg my husband's life!
Fer. Thy husband's, little one?
Const. Gentle sir, our plighted troths are chronicled
In that white book above which notes the secrets
Of every thought and heart; he is my husband,
I am his wife.
Louis. Rather his whore.
Const. Now, trust me,
You're no good man to say so; I am honest,
'Deed, la, I am; a poor soul, that deserves not
Such a bad word: were you a better man
Than you are, you do me wrong.
Louis. The toy grows angry!
Cla. And it becomes her sweetly; troth, my lord,
I pity her.
Rod. I thank you, sweet.[2]
Louis. Your husband,
You'll say, is no thief.
Const. Upon my conscience,
He is not.
Louis. Dares not strike a man.
Const. Unworthily

[1] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "lively."
[2] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "sir."

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He dares not; but if trod upon, a worm
Will turn again.
Louis. That turning turns your worm
Off from the ladder, minion.
Const. Sir, I hope
You're not his judge; you are too young, too choleric,
Too passionate; the price of life or death
Requires a much more grave consideration
Than your years warrant: here[1] sit they, like gods,
Upon whose head[s] the reverend badge of time
Hath seal'd the proof of wisdom;[2] to these oracles
Of riper judgment, lower in my heart [*Kneels.*
Than on my knees, I offer up my suit,
My lawful suit, which begs they would be gentle
To their own fames, their own immortal stories.
O, do not think, my lords, compassion thrown
On a base low estate, on humble people,
Less meritorious than if you had favour'd
The faults of great men! and indeed great men
Have oftentimes great faults: he whom I plead for
Is free; the soul of innocence itself
Is not more white: will you pity him?

---

[1] "Here" is a MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1 for "he."—Ed. 2 omits the word and reads "they sit."

[2] "Upon whose head[s] . . . wisdom."—Lodge (who was perhaps imitated in the present passage) has expressed the same image more finely in *The Wounds of Civil War*, i. 1:—

> "Through many cares and troubles he hath pass'd,
> And spent his youth, *upon whose reverend head*
> *The milk-white pledge of wisdom sweetly spreads.*"

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I see it[1] in your eyes, 'tis a sweet sunbeam,
Let it shine out; and to adorn your praise,
The prayers of the poor shall crown your days,
And theirs are sometimes heard.[2]
Fer. Beshrew the girl,
She has almost melted me to tears!
Louis. Hence, trifler!—Call in my friends!

Enter JOHN, DIEGO, CARDOCHIA, *and* Servants.

What hope of ease?
Diego. Good hope, but still I smart;
The worst is in my pain.
Louis. The price is high
Shall buy thy vengeance: to receive a wound
By a base villain's hand, it mad[den]s me.
John. Men subject to th' extremity of law
Should carry peace about 'em to their graves;
Else, were you nobler than the blood you boast of,
Could any way, my lord, derive you, know
I would return sharp answer to your slanders;
But it suffices, I am none of ought
Your rage misterms me.
Louis. None of 'em? no rascal?
John. No rascal.
Louis. Nor no thief?
John. Ask her that's my accuser: could your eyes

[1] Old eds. "it is."
[2] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "something hard."

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Pierce through the secrets of her foul desires,
You might without a partial judgment look into
A woman's lust and malice.
Card. My good lords,
What I have articled against this fellow,
I justify for truth.
John. On then, no more:
This being true she says, I have deserv'd
To die.
Fer. We sit not here to bandy words,
But minister [the] law, and that condemns thee
For theft unto the gallows.
Const. O my misery!
Are you all marble-breasted? are your bosoms
Hoop'd round with steel? to cast away a man,
More worthy life and honours than a thousand
Of such as only pray unto the shadow
Of abus'd greatness!
John. 'Tis in vain to storm;
My fate is here determined.
Const. Lost creature,
Art thou grown dull too? is my love so cheap
That thou court'st thy destruction 'cause I love thee?—
My lords, my lords!—Speak, Andrew, prithee, now,
Be not so cruel to thyself and me;
One word of thine will do't.
Fer. Away with him!
To-morrow is his day of execution.
John. Even when you will.
Const. Stay, man; thou shalt not go,

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Here are more women yet.—Sweet madam, speak!
You, lady, you methinks should have some feeling
Of tenderness; you may be touch'd as I am:
Troth, were't your cause, I'd weep with you, and join
In earnest suit for one you held so dear.
Cla. My lord, pray speak in his behalf.
Rod. I would,
But dare not; 'tis a fault so clear and manifest.
Louis. Back with him to his dungeon!
John. Heaven can tell
I sorrow not to die, but to leave her
Who whiles I live is my life's comforter.
[*Exit with* Servants.
Card. Now shall I be reveng'd!
[*Aside, and exit with* DIEGO.
Const. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*
Fer. See, the girl falls!
Some one look to her.
Cla. 'Las, poor maid!
Gui. Pretiosa!
She does recover: mine honourable lord——
Fer. In vain; what is't?
Gui. Be pleas'd to give me private audience;
I will discover something shall advantage
The noblest of this land.
Fer. Well, I will hear thee;
Bring in the girl.
[*Exeunt* FERNANDO, MARIA, PEDRO, CLARA, RODERIGO, GUIAMARA, *and* CONSTANZA: ALVAREZ *stays* LOUIS.

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Louis. Ought with me; what is't?
I care not for thy company, old ruffian;
Rascal, art impudent?
Alv. To beg your service.
Louis. Hang yourself!
Alv. By your father's soul, sir, hear me!
Louis. Despatch!
Alv. First promise me you'll get reprieve
For the condemnèd man, and by my art
I'll make you master of what your heart on earth
Can wish for or desire.
Louis. Thou liest; thou canst not!
Alv. Try me.
Louis. Do that, and then, as I am noble,
I will not only give thy friend his life,
But royally reward thee, love thee ever.
Alv. I take your word; what would you?
Louis. If thou mock'st me,
'Twere better thou wert damn'd!
Alv. Sir, I am resolute.
Louis. Resolve me, then, whether the Count Alvarez,
Who slew my father, be alive or dead?
Alv. Is this the mighty matter? the count lives.
Louis. How?
Alv. The count lives.
Louis. O fate! Now tell me where,
And be my better genius.
Alv. I can do't:
In Spain 'a lives; more, not far from Madrill,
But in disguise, much alter'd.

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Louis. Wonderful scholar!
Miracle of artists! Alvarez living?
And near Madrill too? now, for heaven's sake, where?
That's all, and I am thine.
Alv. Walk off, my lord,
To the next field, you shall know all.
Louis. Apace, then!
I listen to thee with a greedy ear:
The miserable and the fortunate
Are alike in this, they cannot change their fate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A field.[1]

Enter ALVAREZ *and* LOUIS.

Alv. Good, good: you would fain kill him, and revenge
Your father's death?
Louis. I would.
Alv. Bravely, or scurvily?[2]
Louis. Not basely, for the world!
Alv. We are secure. [*Produces two swords.*
Young Louis, two more trusty blades than these
Spain has not in her arm[or]y: with this
Alvarez slew thy father; and this other

[1] The stage-direction in the old copies is, "*Ex. at one door; Enter presently at another.*"
[2] A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds. "securely."

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Was that the king of France wore when great Charles
In a set battle took him prisoner;
Both I resign to thee.

Louis. This is a new mystery.

Alv. Now see this naked bosom; turn the points
Of either on this bulwark, if thou covet'st,
Out of a sprightly youth and manly thirst
Of vengeance, blood; if blood be thy ambition,
Then call to mind the fatal blow that struck
De Castro, thy brave father, to his grave;
Remember who it was that gave that blow,
His enemy Alvarez: hear, and be sudden,
Behold Alvarez!

Louis. Death, I am deluded!

Alv. Thou art incredulous; as fate is certain,
I am the man.

Louis. Thou that butcher?

Alv. Tremble not, young man, trust me, I have wept
Religiously to wash off from my conscience
The stain of my offence: twelve years and more,
Like to a restless pilgrim I have run
From foreign lands to lands to find out death.
I'm weary of my life; give me a sword:
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal
I honour old De Castro's memory,
I'll fight with thee; I would not have thy hand
Dipp'd in a wilful murder; I could wish
For one hour's space I could pluck back from time
But thirty of my years, that in my fall
Thou might'st deserve report: now if thou conquer'st,

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Thou canst not triumph; I'm half dead already,
Yet I'll not start a foot.
Louis. Breathes there a spirit
In such a heap of age?[1]
Alv. O, that I had
A son of equal growth with thee, to tug
For reputation! by thy father's ashes,
I would not kill thee for another Spain,
Yet now I'll do my best. Thou art amaz'd;
Come on.
Louis. Twelve tedious winters' banishment?
'Twas a long time.
Alv. Could they redeem thy father,
Would every age had been twelve ages, Louis,
And I for penance every age a-dying!
But 'tis too late to wish.
Louis. I am o'ercome;
Your nobleness hath conquer'd me: here ends
All strife between our families, and henceforth
Acknowledge me for yours.
Alv. O, thou reviv'st
Fresh horrors to my fact![2] for in thy gentleness
I see my sin anew.
Louis. Our peace is made;
Your life shall be my care: 'twill be glad news
To all our noble friends.

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[1] "A MS. correction *ubi sup.* Old eds. 'rage;' which the editor of 1816 altered to 'rags.' Compare *The Old Law* [vol. ii. p. 149].

'Take hence that *pile of years.*'"—*Dyce.*

[2] Guilt.

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Alv. Since heaven will have it so,
I thank thee, glorious majesty! My son,
For I will call thee [so], ere the next morrow
Salute the world, thou shalt know stranger mysteries.
Louis. I have enough to feed on: sir, I'll follow ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in FERNANDO'S *House.*

Enter FERNANDO, GUIAMARA, *and* CONSTANZA.

Fer. Don John, son to the count of Carcomo?
Woman, take heed thou trifle not.
Gui. Is this,
My lord, so strange?
Fer. Beauty in youth, and wit
To set it forth, I see, transforms the best
Into what shape love fancies.
Const. Will you yet
Give me my husband's life?
Fer. Why, little one,
He is not married to thee.
Const. In his faith
He is; and faith and troth I hope bind faster
Than any other ceremonies can;
Do they not, pray, my lord?
Fer. Yes, where the parties
Pledg'd are not too unequal in degree,
As he and thou art.

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Const. This is new divinity.
Gui. My lord, behold this child well: in her face
You may observe, by curious insight, something
More than belongs to every common birth.
Fer. True, 'tis a pretty child.
Gui. The glass of misery
Is, after many a change of desperate fortune,
At length run out: you had a daughter call'd
Constanza?
Fer. Ha!
Gui. A sister, Guiamara,
Wife to the Count Alvarez?
Fer. Peace, O, peace!
Gui. And to that sister's charge you did commit
Your infant daughter, in whose birth your wife,
Her mother, died?
Fer. Woman, thou art too cruel!
Const. What d'ye mean, granam? 'las, the nobleman
Grows angry!
Fer. Not I, indeed I do not:—
But why d'ye use me thus?
Gui. Your child and sister,
As you suppos'd, were drown'd?
Fer. Drown'd? talking creature!
Suppos'd?
Gui. They live; Fernando, from my hand,
Thy sister's hand, receive thine own Constanza,
The sweetest, best child living.
Const. Do you mock me?

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Fer. Torment me on; yet more, more yet, and spare not,
My heart is now a-breaking; now!
Gui. O brother!
Am I so far remov'd off from your memory,
As that you will not know me? I expected
Another welcome home: look on this casket,
[*Showing casket.*
The legacy your lady left her daughter,
When to her son she gave her crucifix.
Fer. Right, right; I know ye now.
Gui. In all my sorrows,
My comfort has been here, she should be [yours],
Be yours [at last].—Constanza, kneel, sweet child,
To thy old father.
Const. How? my father? [*Kneels.*
Fer. Let not
Extremity of joys ravish life from me
Too soon, heaven, I beseech thee! Thou art my sister,
My sister Guiamara! How have mine eyes
Been darken'd all this while! 'tis she!
Gui. 'Tis, brother;
And this Constanza, now no more a stranger,
No Pretiosa henceforth.
Fer. My soul's treasure,
Live to an age of goodness; and so thrive
In all thy ways, that thou mayst die to live!
Const. But must I call you father?
Fer. Thou wilt rob me else
Of that felicity, for whose sake only

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I am ambitious of being young again:
Rise, rise, mine own Constanza!
Const. [*rising*]. 'Tis a new name,
But 'tis a pretty one; I may be bold
To make a suit t'ye?
Fer. Anything.
Const. O father,
And if you be my father, think upon
Don John my husband! without him, alas,
I can be nothing!
Fer. As I without thee;
Let me alone, Constanza.—Tell me, tell me,
Lives yet Alvarez?
Gui. In your house.
Fer. Enough:
Cloy me not; let me by degrees disgest[1]
My joys.—Within, my lords Francisco, Pedro!
Come all at once! I have a world within me;
I am not mortal sure, I am not mortal:

Enter FRANCISCO, PEDRO, MARIA, RODERIGO, *and* CLARA.

My honourable lord[s], partake my blessings;
[The] Count Alvarez lives here in my house;
Your son, my lord Francisco, Don John, is
The condemn'd man falsely accus'd of theft;
This, my lord Pedro, is my sister Guiamara;

[1] Old form of "digest."

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Madam, this [is] Constanza, mine own child,
And I am a wondrous merry man.—Without!
The prisoner!

Enter ALVAREZ, LOUIS, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHO, SOTO, *and* CARDOCHIA.

Louis. Here, free and acquitted,
By her whose folly drew her to this error;
And she for satisfaction is assur'd[1]
To my wrong'd friend.
Card. I crave your pardons;
He whose I am speaks for me.
Diego. We both beg it!
Fer. Excellent! admirable! my dear brother!
Alv. Never a happy man till now; young Louis
And I are reconcil'd.
Louis. For ever, faithfully,
Religiously.
Fran.
Ped., &c. } My noble lord, most welcome!
Alv. To all my heart pays what it owes, due thanks;
Most, most, brave youth, to thee!
John. I all this while
Stand but a looker-on; and though my father
May justly tax the violence of my passions,
Yet if this lady, lady of my life,
Must be denied, let me be as I was,
And die betimes.

[1] Affianced.

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Const. You promis'd me——
Fer. I did.—
My lord of Carcomo, you see their hearts
Are join'd already, so let our consents
To this wish'd marriage.
Fran. I forgive thine errors;
Give me thy hand.
Fer. Me thine.[1]—But wilt thou love
My daughter, my Constanza?
John. As my bliss.
Const. I thee as life, youth, beauty, anything
That makes life comfortable.
Fer. Live together
One, ever one!
Fran.
Rod., &c. } And heaven crown your happiness!
Ped. Now, sir, how like you a prison?
San. As gallants do a tavern, being stopped for a reckoning, scurvily.
Soto. Though you caged us up never so close, we sung like cuckoos.
Fer. Well, well, you be yourself now.
San. Myself?—am I out of my wits, Soto?
Fer. Here now are none but honourable friends:
Will you, to give a farewell to the life
You ha' led as gipsies, these being now found none,
But noble in their births, alter'd in fortunes,

[1] "Me thine."—Addressed to Constanza.

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Give it a merry shaking by the hand,
And cry adieu to folly?

San. We'll shake our hands, and our heels, if you'll give us leave. [*A dance.*

Fer. On, brides and bridegrooms! to your Spanish feasts
Invite with bent knees all these noble guests.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

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Women Beware Women. A Tragedy, By Tho. Middleton, Gent. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, 1657. 8vo.

Women Beware Women forms part of a volume entitled, *Two New Playes.*

Viz. { *More Dissemblers besides Women.* / *Women beware Women.*

Written by Tho. Middleton, Gent. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1657. 8vo.

The following address, by Humphrey Moseley, is prefixed to the volume:

"To the Reader.

"When these amongst others of Mr. Thomas Middleton's excellent poems came to my hands, I was not a little confident but that his name would prove as great an inducement for thee to read as me to print them; since those issues of his brain that have already seen the sun have by their worth gained themselves a free entertainment amongst all that are ingenious: and I am most certain that these will no way lessen his reputation nor hinder his admission to any noble and recreative spirits. All that I require at thy hands is to continue the author in his deserved esteem, and to accept of my endeavours, which have ever been to please thee.

Farewell."

Women Beware Women is included in the 5th vol. of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays,* 1816.

"The Foundation of this Play is borrow'd from a Romance called *Hyppolito and Isabella,* octavo."—Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets,* p. 374.

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UPON THE TRAGEDY OF MY FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE, THO. MIDDLETON.

Women beware Women; 'tis a true text
Never to be forgot; drabs of state vext
Have plots, poisons, mischiefs that seldom miss,
To murder virtue with a venom-kiss.
Witness this worthy tragedy, exprest
By him that well deserv'd among the best
Of poets in his time: he knew the rage,
Madness of women cross'd, and for the stage
Fitted their humours; hell-bred malice, strife
Acted in state, presented to the life.
I that have seen't can say, having just cause,
Never came tragedy off with more applause.

NATH. RICHARDS.[1]

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[1] He wrote *The Tragedy of Messalin[a]*, 1640, a poor play; *The Celestiall Publican, a Sacred Poem*, 1630.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Florence.
Lord Cardinal, brother to the Duke.
FABRICIO, *father to Isabella.*
HIPPOLITO, *brother to Fabricio.*
GUARDIANO, *uncle to the Ward.*
The Ward, a rich young heir.
LEANTIO, *a factor, husband to Bianca.*
SORDIDO, *servant to the Ward.*
Cardinals, Knights, States of Florence, Citizens, &c.

LIVIA, *sister to Fabricio and Hippolito.*
ISABELLA, *daughter to Fabricio.*
BIANCA,[1] *wife to Leantio.*
Mother to Leantio.
Ladies.

Scene, FLORENCE.

---

[1] Old ed., here and throughout the play, "Brancha." Wherever the name occurs, a trisyllable is required. It is possible (by inserting a vowel sound before the *r*) to pronounce "Brancha" as a trisyllable; but I have preferred to adopt Dyce's correction. "Her family name, as we learn from act iii. sc. 1, was Capello.—Most readers will recollect the celebrated *Bianca Capello*, second wife of Francis de Medici, grand duke of Tuscany: the earlier events in her history, and in that of the Bianca of the tragedy, have a sort of resemblance; both fled from Venice to Florence, &c."—*Dyce.*

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WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An outer Room in the House of LEANTIO'S Mother.

Enter LEANTIO, BIANCA, *and* Mother.

Moth. Thy sight was never yet more precious to me;
Welcome, with all th' affection of a mother,
That comfort can express from natural love!
Since thy birth-joy—a mother's chiefest gladness,
After sh'as undergone her curse of sorrows—
Thou wast not more dear to me than this hour
Presents thee to my heart: welcome again!

Lean. 'Las, poor affectionate soul, how her joys speak to me!
I have observ'd it often, and I know it is
The fortune commonly of knavish children
To have the loving'st mothers. [*Aside.*

Moth. What's this gentlewoman?

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Lean. O, you have nam'd the most unvalu'dst[1] purchase
That youth of man had ever knowledge of!
As often as I look upon that treasure,
And know it to be mine—there lies the blessing—
It joys me that I ever was ordain'd
To have a being, and to live 'mongst men;
Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,
Let a man truly think on't:
To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years
Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots;
Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers,
When even the very sheets they commit sin in
May prove, for aught they know, all their last garments.
O what a mark were there for women then!
But beauty, able to content a conqueror
Whom earth could scarce content, keeps me in compass:
I find no wish in me bent sinfully
To this man's sister, or to that man's wife;
In love's name let 'em keep their honesties,
And cleave to their own husbands,—'tis their duties:
Now when I go to church I can pray handsomely,
Nor come like gallants only to see faces,
As if lust went to market still on Sundays.
I must confess I'm guilty of one sin, mother,
More than I brought into the world with me,
But that I glory in; 'tis theft, but noble
As ever greatness yet shot up withal.

[1] *Unvalued* = invaluable.

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Moth. How's that?
Lean. Never to be repented, mother,
Though sin be death; I had died, if I had not sinn'd;
And here's my masterpiece; do you now behold her!
Look on her well, she's mine; look on her better;
Now say if't be not the best piece of theft
That ever was committed? and I've my pardon for't,—
'Tis seal'd from heaven by marriage.
Moth. Married to her!
Lean. You must keep counsel, mother, I'm undone else;
If it be known, I've lost her; do but think now
What that loss is,—life's but a trifle to't.
From Venice, her consent and I have brought her
From parents great in wealth, more now in rage;
But let storms spend their furies; now we've got
A shelter o'er our quiet innocent loves,
We are contented: little money sh'as brought me;
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,
Save that which lies lock'd up in hidden virtues,
Like jewels kept in cabinets.
Moth. You're to blame,
If your obedience will give way to a check,
To wrong such a perfection.
Lean. How?
Moth. Such a creature,
To draw her from her fortune, which, no doubt,
At the full time might have prov'd rich and noble;
You know not what you've done; my life can give you
But little helps, and my death lesser hopes;

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And hitherto your own means has but made shift
To keep you single, and that hardly too:
What ableness have you to do her right then
In maintenance fitting her birth and virtues?
Which every woman of necessity looks for,
And most to go above it, not confin'd
By their conditions, virtues, bloods, or births,
But flowing to affections, wills, and humours.

Lean. Speak low, sweet mother; you're able to spoil as many
As come within the hearing; if it be not
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel.
I pray do not you teach her to rebel,
When she is in a good way to obedience;
To rise with other women in commotion
Against their husbands for six gowns a-year,
And so maintain their cause, when they're once up,
In all things else that require cost enough.
They're all of 'em a kind of spirits soon rais'd,
But not so soon laid, mother; as, for example,
A woman's belly is got up in a trice,—
A simple charge ere't be laid down again:
So ever in all their quarrels and their courses;
And I'm a proud man I hear nothing of 'em,
They're very still, I thank my happiness,
And sound asleep, pray let not your tongue wake 'em:
If you can but rest quiet, she's contented
With all conditions that my fortunes bring her to;
To keep close, as a wife that loves her husband;
To go after the rate of my ability,

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Not the licentious swing of her own will,
Like some of her old school-fellows; she intends
To take out other works in a new sampler,
And frame the fashion of an honest love,
Which knows no wants, but, mocking poverty,
Brings forth more children, to make rich men wonder
At divine providence, that feeds mouths of infants,
And sends them none to feed, but stuffs their rooms
With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs.
Good mother, make not you things worse than they are
Out of your too much openness; pray take heed on't,
Nor imitate the envy of old people,
That strive to mar good sport because they're perfect:
I would have you more pitiful to youth,
Especially to your own flesh and blood.
I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,
Lay in provision, follow my business roundly,
And make you a grandmother in forty weeks.
Go, pray salute her, bid her welcome cheerfully.

Moth. [*saluting* BIANCA]. Gentlewoman, thus much is a debt of courtesy,
Which fashionable strangers pay each other
At a kind meeting: then there's more than one
Due to the knowledge I have of your nearness;
I'm bold to come again, and now salute you
By the name of daughter, which may challenge more
Than ordinary respect.

Lean. Why, this is well now,
And I think few mothers of threescore will mend it.
[*Aside.*

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Moth. What I can bid you welcome to, is mean,
But make it all your own; we're full of wants,
And cannot welcome worth.

Lean. Now this is scurvy,
And spoke[1] as if a woman lack'd her teeth;
These old folks talk of nothing but defects,
Because they grow so full of 'em themselves. [*Aside.*

Bian. Kind mother, there is nothing can be wanting
To her that does enjoy all her desires:
Heaven send a quiet peace with this man's love,
And I'm as rich as virtue can be poor,
Which were enough after the rate of mind
To erect temples for content plac'd here.
I have forsook friends, fortunes, and my country,
And hourly I rejoice in't. Here's my friends,
And few is the good number.—Thy successes,
Howe'er they look, I will still name my fortunes;
Hopeful or spiteful, they shall all be welcome:
Who invites many guests has of all sorts,
As he that traffics much drinks of all fortunes,
Yet they must all be welcome, and us'd well.
I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
And rightly too, for here my love was born,
And that's the birthday of a woman's joys.
You have not bid me welcome since I came.

Lean. That I did questionless.

Bian. No, sure—how was't?
I've quite forgot it.

[1] Old ed. "spake."

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Lean. Thus. [*Kisses her.*

Bian. O, sir, 'tis true,
Now I remember well; I've done thee wrong,
Pray take 't again, sir. [*Kisses him.*

Lean. How many of these wrongs
Could I put up in an hour, and turn up the glass
For twice as many more!

Moth. Will't please you to walk in, daughter?

Bian. Thanks, sweet mother;
The voice of her that bare me is not more pleasing.
[*Exit with* Mother.

Lean. Though my own care and my rich master's trust
Lay their commands both on my factorship,
This day and night I'll know no other business
But her and her dear welcome. 'Tis a bitterness
To think upon to-morrow! that I must leave
Her still to the sweet hopes of the week's end;
That pleasure should be so restrain'd and curb'd
After the course of a rich work-master,
That never pays till Saturday night! marry,
It comes together in a round sum then,
And does more good, you'll say. O fair-ey'd Florence,
Didst thou but know what a most matchless jewel
Thou now art mistress of, a pride would take thee,
Able to shoot destruction through the bloods
Of all thy youthful sons! but 'tis great policy
To keep choice treasures in obscurest places;
Should we show thieves our wealth, 'twould make 'em bolder;
Temptation is a devil will not stick

To fasten upon a saint; take heed of that:
The jewel is cas'd up from all men's eyes;
Who could imagine now a gem were kept
Of that great value under this plain roof?
But how in times of absence? what assurance
Of this restraint then? Yes, yes, there's one with her:
Old mothers know the world; and such as these,
When sons lock chests, are good to look to keys. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Garden attached to FABRICIO'S *House.*

Enter GUARDIANO, FABRICIO, *and* LIVIA.

Guar. What, has your daughter seen him yet? know you that?

Fab. No matter, she shall love him.

Guar. Nay, let's have fair play;
He has been now my ward some fifteen year,
And 'tis my purpose, as time calls upon me,
By custom seconded and such moral virtues,
To tender him a wife. Now, sir, this wife
I'd fain elect out of a daughter of yours;
You see my meaning's fair: if now this daughter
So tender'd,—let me come to your own phrase, sir,—
Should offer to refuse him, I were hansell'd.—
Thus am I fain to calculate all my words
For the meridian of a foolish old man,
To take his understanding. [*Aside.*]—What do you answer, sir?

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Fab. I say still, she shall love him.
Guar. Yet again?
And shall she have no reason for this love?
Fab. Why, do you think that women love with reason?
Guar. I perceive fools are not at all hours foolish,
No more than wise men wise. [*Aside.*
Fab. I had a wife,
She ran mad for me; she had no reason for't,
For aught I could perceive.—What think you, lady sister?
Guar. 'Twas a fit match that, being both out of their wits;
A loving wife, it seem'd
She strove to come as near you as she could. [*Aside.*
Fab. And if her daughter prove not mad for love too,
She takes not after her; nor after me,
If she prefer reason before my pleasure.—
You're an experienc'd widow, lady sister,
I pray, let your opinion come amongst us.
Liv. I must offend you then, if truth will do't,
And take my niece's part, and call't injustice
To force her love to one she never saw:
Maids should both see and like, all little enough;
If they love truly after that, 'tis well.
Counting the time, she takes one man till death;
That's a hard task, I tell you; but one may
Inquire at three years' end amongst young wives,
And mark how the game goes.
Fab. Why, is not man

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Tied to the same observance, lady sister,
And in one woman?
Liv. 'Tis enough for him;
Besides, he tastes of many sundry dishes
That we poor wretches never lay our lips to,
As obedience forsooth, subjection, duty, and such kick-shaws,
All of our making, but serv'd in to them;
And if we lick a finger then sometimes,
We're not to blame, your best cooks [often] use it.
Fab. Thou'rt a sweet lady sister and a witty.
Liv. A witty! O the bud of commendation,
Fit for a girl of sixteen! I am blown, man;
I should be wise by this time; and, for instance,
I've buried my two husbands in good fashion,
And never mean more to marry.
Guar. No! why so, lady?
Liv. Because the third shall never bury me:
I think I'm more than witty. How think you, sir?
Fab. I have paid often fees to a counsellor
Has had a weaker brain.
Liv. Then I must tell you
You money was soon parted.
Guar.[1] Light her now, brother.

[1] The text is corrupt. I fear the following emendation is hardly satisfactory:—

"*Liv.* Then I must tell you
Your money was soon parted.
Fab. Like enow.
Liv. Brother, where's my niece?"

The reader will remember that the last syllable of *enow* was frequently

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Liv. Where is my niece? let her be sent for straight,
If you have any hope 'twill prove a wedding;
'Tis fit, i'faith, she should have one sight of him,
And stop upon't, and not be join'd in haste,
As if they went to stock a new-found land.
Fab. Look out her uncle, and you're sure of her,
Those two are ne'er asunder; they've been heard
In argument at midnight; moonshine nights
Are noondays with them; they walk out their sleeps,
Or rather at those hours appear like those
That walk in 'em, for so they did to me.
Look you, I told you truth; they're like a chain,—
Draw but one link, all follows.

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* ISABELLA.

Guar. O affinity,
What piece of excellent workmanship art thou!
'Tis work clean wrought, for there's no lust but love in't,
And that abundantly; when in stranger things
There is no love at all but what lust brings.
Fab. On with your mask! for 'tis your part to see now,
And not be seen: go to, make use of your time;
See what you mean to like; nay, and I charge you,
Like what you see: do you hear me? there's no dallying;
The gentleman's almost twenty, and 'tis time
He were getting lawful heirs, and you a-breeding on 'em.

---

sounded like the adverb *now*. Between *light her now* and *like enow* there is no great difference of pronunciation.

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Isa. Good father——
Fab. Tell not me of tongues and rumours:
You'll say the gentleman is somewhat simple;
The better for a husband, were you wise,
For those that marry fools live ladies' lives.
On with the mask! I'll hear no more: he's rich;
The fool's hid under bushels.
Liv. Not so hid neither
But here's a foul great piece of him, methinks;
What will he be when he comes altogether?

Enter the Ward *with a trap-stick, and* SORDIDO.

Ward. Beat him?
I beat him out o' the field with his own cat-stick,
Yet gave him the first hand.
Sor. O strange!
Ward. I did it;
Then he set jacks[1] on me.
Sor. What, my lady's tailor?
Ward. Ay, and I beat him too.
Sor. Nay, that's no wonder,
He's us'd to beating.
Ward. Nay, I tickled him
When I came once to my tippings.
Sor. Now you talk on 'em,
There was a poulterer's wife made a great complaint
Of you last night to your guardianer, that you struck
A bump in her child's head as big as an egg.

[1] Fellows.

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Ward. An egg may prove a chicken, then in time
The poulterer's wife will get by't: when I am
In game, I'm furious; came my mother's eyes
In my way, I would not lose a fair end; no,
Were she alive, but with one tooth in her head,
I should venture the striking out of that:
I think of nobody when I'm in play,
I am so earnest. Coads me, my guardianer!
Prithee, lay up my cat and cat-stick[1] safe.
Sor. Where, sir? i' the chimney-corner?
Ward. Chimney-corner!
Sor. Yes, sir; your cats are always safe i' the chimney-corner,
Unless they burn their coats.
Ward. Marry, that I am afraid on!
Sor. Why, then, I will bestow your cat i' the gutter,
And there she's safe, I'm sure.
Ward. If I but live
To keep a house, I'll make thee a great man,
If meat and drink can do't. I can stoop gallantly,
And pitch out when I list; I'm dog at a hole:
I mar'l my guardianer does not seek a wife for me;
I protest I'll have a bout with the maids else,
Or contract myself at midnight to the larder-woman,
In presence of a fool[2] or a sack-posset.
Guar. Ward!

[1] Dyce quotes Strutt's description of the game of tip-cat; but most readers are familar with the game.

[2] A play on the words *fool* and *fowl* is intended. Cf. 3 *Henry VI.*, v. 6, ll. 18–20.

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Ward. I feel myself after any exercise
Horribly prone: let me but ride, I'm lusty;
A cock-horse, straight, i'faith!
Guar. Why, Ward, I say!
Ward. I'll forswear eating eggs in moonshine nights;
There's ne'er a one I eat but turns into a cock
In four-and-twenty hours: if my hot blood
Be not took down in time, sure 'twill crow shortly.
Guar. Do you hear, sir? follow me, I must new-school you.
Ward. School me? I scorn that now, I am past schooling:
I'm not so base to learn to write and read;
I was born to better fortunes in my cradle.
[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO, *the* Ward, *and* SORDIDO.
Fab. How do you like him, girl? this is your husband:
Like him, or like him not, wench, you shall have him,
And you shall love him.
Liv. O, soft there, brother! though you be a justice,
Your warrant cannot be serv'd out of your liberty;
You may compel, out of the power of father,
Things merely harsh to a maid's flesh and blood;
But when you come to love, there the soil alters,
You're in another country, where your laws
Are no more set by than the cacklings of geese
In Rome's great Capitol.
Fab. Marry him she shall then,
Let her agree upon love afterwards. [*Exit.*
Liv. You speak now, brother, like an honest mortal
That walks upon th' earth with a staff; you were up

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I' the clouds before; you would command love,
And so do most old folks that go without it.—
My best and dearest brother, I could dwell here;
There is not such another seat on earth,
Where all good parts better express themselves.
Hip. You'll make me blush anon.
Liv. 'Tis but like saying grace before a feast then,
And that's most comely; thou art all a feast,
And she that has thee a most happy guest.
Prithee, cheer up thy [1] niece with special counsel. [*Exit.*
Hip. I would 'twere fit to speak to her what I would; but
'Twas not a thing ordain'd, heaven has forbid it;
And 'tis most meet that I should rather perish
Than the decree divine receive least blemish.
Feed inward, you my sorrows, make no noise,
Consume me silent, let me be stark dead
Ere the world know I'm sick. You see my honesty;
If you befriend me, so. [*Aside.*
Isa. Marry a fool!
Can there be greater misery to a woman
That means to keep her days true to her husband,
And know no other man? so virtue wills it.
Why, how can I obey and honour him,
But I must needs commit idolatry?
A fool is but the image of a man,
And that but ill made neither. O the heartbreakings
Of miserable maids, where love's enforc'd!

[1] Old ed. "that."

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The best condition is but bad enough;
When women have their choices, commonly
They do but buy their thraldoms, and bring great portions
To men to keep 'em in subjection;
As if a fearful prisoner should bribe
The keeper to be good to him, yet lies in still,
And glad of a good usage, a good look sometimes.
Byrlady, no misery surmounts a woman's;
Men buy their slaves, but women buy their masters;
Yet honesty and love makes all this happy,
And, next to angels', the most bless'd estate,
That providence, that has made every poison
Good for some use, and sets four warring elements
At peace in man, can make a harmony
In things that are most strange to human reason.
O, but this marriage! [*Aside.*]—What, are you sad too, uncle?
Faith, then there's a whole household down together:
Where shall I go to seek my comfort now,
When my best friend's distress'd? what is't afflicts you, sir?

Hip. Faith, nothing but one grief, that will not leave me,
And now 'tis welcome; every man has something
To bring him to his end, and this will serve,
Join'd with your father's cruelty to you,—
That helps it forward.

Isa. O, be cheer'd, sweet uncle!

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How long has 't been upon you? I ne'er spied it;
What a dull sight have I! how long, I pray, sir?
Hip. Since I first saw you, niece, and left Bologna.
Isa. And could you deal so unkindly with my heart,
To keep it up so long hid from my pity?
Alas! how shall I trust your love hereafter?
Have we pass'd through so many arguments,
And miss'd of that still, the most needful one?
Walk'd[1] out whole nights together in discourses,
And the main point forgot? we're to blame both;
This is an obstinate, wilful forgetfulness,
And faulty on both parts: let's lose no time now;
Begin, good uncle, you that feel 't; what is it?
Hip. You of all creatures, niece, must never hear on't,
'Tis not a thing ordain'd for you to know.
Isa. Not I, sir? all my joys that word cuts off;
You made profession once you lov'd me best;
'Twas but profession.
Hip. Yes, I do't too truly,
And fear I shall be chid for't. Know the worst then;
I love thee dearlier than an uncle can.
Isa. Why, so you ever said, and I believ'd it.
Hip. So simple is the goodness of her thoughts,
They understand not yet th' unhallow'd language
Of a near sinner; I must yet be forc'd,
Though blushes be my venture, to come nearer.—
[*Aside.*
As a man loves his wife, so love I thee.

[1] The editor of 1618 read "Wak'd;" but compare l. 65.

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Isa. What's that?
Methought I heard ill news come toward me,
Which commonly we understand too soon,
Then over-quick at hearing; I'll prevent it,
Though my joys fare the harder, welcome it:
It shall ne'er come so near mine ear again,
Farewell all friendly solaces and discourses;
I'll learn to live without ye, for your dangers
Are greater than your comforts. What's become
Of truth in love, if such we cannot trust,
When blood, that should be love, is mix'd with lust?
[*Exit.*

Hip The worst can be but death, and let it come;
He that lives joyless, every day's his doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Street before the House of LEANTIO's Mother.

Enter LEANTIO.

Lean. Methinks I'm even as dull now at departure,
As men observe great gallants the next day
After a revel;[1] you shall see 'em look
Much of my fashion, if you mark 'em well.
'Tis even a second hell to part from pleasure
When man has got a smack on't: as many holydays
Coming together makes your poor heads idle
A great while after, and are said to stick

[1] Old ed. "revels."

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Fast in their fingers' ends,—even so does game
In a new-married couple; for the time
It spoils all thrift, and indeed lies a-bed
T' invent all the new ways for great expenses.
[BIANCA *and* Mother *appear above.*
See, and[1] she be not got on purpose now
Into the window to look after me!
I've no power to go now, and[1] I should be hang'd;
Farewell all business; I desire no more
Than I see yonder: let the goods at key
Look to themselves; why should I toil my youth out?
It is but begging two or three year sooner,
And stay with her continually: is't a match?
O, fie, what a religion have I leap'd into!
Get out again, for shame! the man loves best
When his care's most, that shows his zeal to love:
Fondness is but the idiot to[2] affection,
That plays at hot-cockles with rich merchants' wives,
Good to make sport withal when the chest's full,
And the long warehouse cracks. 'Tis time of day
For us to be more wise; 'tis early with us;
And if they lose the morning of their affairs,
They commonly lose the best part of the day:
Those that are wealthy, and have got enough,
'Tis after sunset with 'em; they may rest,
Grow fat with ease, banquet, and toy, and play,
When such as I enter the heat o' the day,
And I'll do't cheerfully.

---

[1] If. [2] Compared with.

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Bian. I perceive, sir,
You're not gone yet; I've good hope you'll stay now.
Lean. Farewell; I must not.
Bian. Come, come, pray return;
To-morrow, adding but a little care more,
Will despatch all as well; believe me 'twill, sir.
Lean. I could well wish myself where you would have me;
But love that's wanton must be rul'd awhile
By that that's careful, or all goes to ruin:
As fitting is a government in love
As in a kingdom; where 'tis all mere lust,
'Tis like an insurrection in the people,
That, rais'd in self-will, wars against all reason;
But love that is respective for increase
Is like a good king, that keeps all in peace.
Once more, farewell.
Bian. But this one night, I prithee!
Lean. Alas, I'm in for twenty, if I stay,
And then for forty more! I've such luck to flesh,
I never bought a horse but he bore double.
If I stay any longer, I shall turn
An everlasting spendthrift: as you love
To be maintain'd well, do not call me again,
For then I shall not care which end goes forward.
Again, farewell to thee.
Bian. Since it must, farewell too. [*Exit* LEANTIO.
Moth. Faith, daughter, you're to blame; you take the course
To make him an ill husband, troth you do;

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And that disease is catching, I can tell you,
Ay, and soon taken by a young man's blood,
And that with little urging. Nay, fie, see now,
What cause have you to weep? would I had no more,
That have liv'd threescore years! there were a cause,
And[1] 'twere well thought on. Trust me, you're to blame;
His absence cannot last five days at utmost:
Why should those tears be fetch'd forth? cannot love
Be even as well express'd in a good look,
But it must see her face still in a fountain?
It shows like a country maid dressing her head
By a dish of water: come, 'tis an old custom
To weep for love.

Enter several Boys, *several* Citizens, *and an* Apprentice.

First Boy. Now they come, now they come!
Sec. Boy. The Duke!
Third Boy. The state[s]!
First Cit. How near, boy?
First Boy. I' the next street, sir, hard at hand.
First Cit. You, sirrah, get a standing for your mistress,
The best in all the city.
Appren. I have't for her, sir;
'Twas a thing I provided for her over-night,
'Tis ready at her pleasure.
First Cit. Fetch her to't then:
Away, sir! [*Exeunt* Boys, Citizens, *and* Apprentice.

[1] If.

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Bian. What's the meaning of this hurry?
Can you tell, mother?
Moth. What a memory
Have I! I see by that years come upon me:
Why, 'tis a yearly custom and solemnity,
Religiously observ'd by the Duke and state[s],
To St. Mark's temple, the fifteenth of April;
See, if my dull brains had not quite forgot it!
'Twas happily question'd of thee; I had gone down else,
Sat like a drone below, and never thought on't.
I would not, to be ten years younger again,
That you had lost the sight: now you shall see
Our Duke, a goodly gentleman of his years.
Bian. Is he old, then?
Moth. About some fifty-five.
Bian. That's no great age in man; he's then at best
For wisdom and for judgment.
Moth. The lord Cardinal,
His noble brother—there's a comely gentleman,
And greater in devotion than in blood.
Bian. He's worthy to be mark'd.
Moth. You shall behold
All our chief states of Florence: you came fortunately
Against this solemn day.
Bian. I hope so always. [*Music within.*
Moth. I hear 'em near us now: do you stand easily?
Bian. Exceeding well, good mother.
Moth. Take this stool.

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Bian. I need it not, I thank you.
Moth. Use your will then.

Enter six Knights *bare-headed, then two* Cardinals, *then the* LORD CARDINAL, *then the* DUKE; *after him the states of* Florence *by two and two, with variety of music and song. They pass over the stage in great pomp, and exeunt.*

Moth. How like you, daughter?
Bian. 'Tis a noble state;
Methinks my soul could dwell upon the reverence
Of such a solemn and most worthy custom.
Did not the Duke look up? methought he saw us.
Moth. That's every one's conceit that sees a duke;
If he look steadfastly, he looks straight at them,
When he, perhaps, good, careful gentleman,
Never minds any, but the look he casts
Is at his own intentions, and his object
Only the public good.
Bian. Most likely so.
Moth. Come, come, we'll end this argument below.
[*Exeunt above.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in LIVIA'S *House.*

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* LIVIA.

Liv. A strange affection, brother! when I think on't,
I wonder how thou cam'st by't.
Hip. Even as easily
As man comes by destruction, which ofttimes
He wears in his own bosom.
Liv. Is the world
So populous in women, and creation
So prodigal in beauty, and so various,
Yet does love turn thy point to thine own blood?
'Tis somewhat too unkindly: must thy eye
Dwell evilly on the fairness of thy kindred,
And seek not where it should? it is confin'd
Now in a narrower prison than was made for't;
It is allow'd a stranger; and where bounty
Is made the great man's honour, 'tis ill husbandry
To spare, and servants shall have small thanks for't;

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So he heaven's bounty seems to scorn and mock
That spares free means, and spends of his own stock.
Hip. Ne'er was man's misery so soon summ'd[1] up,
Counting how truly.
Liv. Nay, I love you so,
That I shall venture much to keep a change from you
So fearful as this grief will bring upon you;
Faith, it even kills me when I see you faint.
Under a reprehension, and I'll leave it,
Though I know nothing can be better for you.
Prithee, sweet brother, let not passion waste
The goodness of thy time and of thy fortune:
Thou keep'st the treasure of that life I love
As dearly as mine own; and if you think
My former words too bitter, which were minister'd
By truth and zeal, 'tis but a hazarding
Of grace and virtue, and I can bring forth
As pleasant fruits as sensuality wishes
In all her teeming longings; this I can do.
Hip. O, nothing that can make my wishes perfect!
Liv. I would that love of yours were pawn'd to't, brother,
And as soon lost that way as I could win!
Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity
As any she that wears a tongue in Florence;
Sh'ad need be a good horsewoman, and sit fast,
Whom my strong argument could not fling at last.
Prithee, take courage, man; though I should counsel

[1] Old ed. "sow'd."

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Another to despair, yet I am pitiful
To thy afflictions, and will venture hard—
I will not name for what, it is not handsome;
Find you the proof and praise me.
Hip. Then I fear me
I shall not praise you in haste.
Liv. This is the comfort,
You are not the first, brother, has attempted
Things more forbidden than this seems to be.
I'll minister all cordials now to you,
Because I'll cheer you up, sir.
Hip. I'm past hope.
Liv. Love, thou shalt see me do a strange cure then,
As e'er was wrought on a disease so mortal
And near akin to shame. When shall you see her?
Hip. Never in comfort more.
Liv. You're so impatient too!
Hip. Will you believe? death, sh'as forsworn my company,
And seal'd it with a blush.
Liv. So, I perceive
All lies upon my hands then; well, the more glory
When the work's finish'd.

Enter Servant.

How now, sir? the news?
Ser. Madam, your niece, the virtuous Isabella,
Is lighted now to see you.

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Liv. That's great fortune;
Sir, your stars bless[1] you simply.—Lead her in.
[*Exit* Servant.

Hip. What's this to me?

Liv. Your absence, gentle brother;
I must bestir my wits for you.

Hip. Ay, to great purpose. [*Exit.*

Liv. Beshrew you, would I lov'd you not so well!
I'll go to bed, and leave this deed undone:
I am the fondest where I once affect;
The carefull'st of their healths and of their ease, forsooth,
That I look still but slenderly to mine own:
I take a course to pity him so much now,
That I've none left for modesty and myself.
This 'tis to grow so liberal: you've few sisters
That love their brothers' ease 'bove their own honesties;
But if you question my affections,
That will be found my fault.

Enter ISABELLA.

Niece, your love's welcome.
Alas! what draws that paleness to thy cheeks?
This enforc'd marriage towards?

Isa. It helps, good aunt,
Amongst some other griefs; but those I'll keep
Lock'd up in modest silence, for they're sorrows

[1] Dyce suggested this reading, but printed "Sir, your stars bless you. —Simple, lead her in."—Old ed. "bless; you simple, lead," &c.

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Would shame the tongue more than they grieve the thought.

Liv. Indeed, the Ward is simple.

Isa. Simple! that were well;
Why, one might make good shift with such a husband,
But he's a fool entail'd, he halts downright in't.

Liv. And knowing this, I hope 'tis at your choice
To take or refuse, niece.

Isa. You see it is not.
I loathe him more than beauty can hate death,
Or age her spiteful neighbour.

Liv. Let 't appear then.

Isa. How can I, being born with that obedience
That must submit unto a father's ~~will?~~
If he command, I ~~must of force consent.~~

Liv. Alas, poor soul! be not offended, prithee,
If I set by the name of niece awhile,
And bring in pity in a stranger fashion;
It lies here in this breast would cross this match.

Isa. How! cross it, aunt?

Liv. Ay, and give thee more liberty
Than thou hast reason yet to apprehend.

Isa. Sweet aunt, in goodness keep not hid from me
What may befriend my life!

Liv. Yes, yes, I must;
When I return to reputation,
And think upon the solemn vow I made
To your dead mother, my most loving sister;
As long as I've her memory 'twixt mine eyelids,
Look for no pity now.

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Isa. Kind, sweet, dear aunt——
Liv. No, 'twas a secret I've took special care of,
Deliver'd by your mother on her death-bed,
That's nine years now, and I'll not part from't yet,
Though ne'er was fitter time, nor greater cause for't.
Isa. As you desire the praises of a virgin——
Liv. Good sorrow, I would do thee any kindness
Not wronging secrecy or reputation.
Isa. Neither of which, as I have hope of fruit[ful]ness,
Shall receive wrong from me.
Liv. Nay, 'twould be your own wrong
As much as any's, should it come to that once.
Isa. I need no better means to work persuasion then.
Liv. Let it suffice, you may refuse this fool,
Or you may take him as you see occasion,
For your advantage; the best wits will do't;
You've liberty enough in your own will,
You cannot be enforc'd; there grows the flower,
If you could pick it out, makes whole life sweet to you.
That which you call your father's command 's nothing,
Then your obedience must needs be as little:
If you can make shift here to taste your happiness,
Or pick out aught that likes you, much good do you;
You see your cheer, I'll make you no set dinner.
Isa. And, trust me, I may starve for all the good
I can find yet in this: sweet aunt, deal plainlier.
Liv. Say I should trust you now upon an oath,
And give you, in a secret, that would start you,
How am I sure of you in faith and silence?

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Isa. Equal assurance may I find in mercy
As you for that in me!
Liv. It shall suffice:
Then know, however custom has made good,
For reputation's sake, the names of niece
And aunt 'twixt you and I, we're nothing less.
Isa. How's that?
Liv. I told you I should start your blood;
You are no more allied to any of us,
Save what the courtesy of opinion casts
Upon your mother's memory and your name,
Than the merest stranger is, or one begot
At Naples when the husband lies at Rome;
There's so much odds betwixt us. Since your knowledge
Wish'd more instruction, and I have your oath
In pledge for silence, it makes me talk the freelier.
Did never the report of that fam'd Spaniard,
Marquis of Coria, since your time was ripe
For understanding, fill your ear with wonder?
Isa. Yes; what of him? I've heard his deeds of honour
Often related when we liv'd in Naples.
Liv. You heard the praises of your father then.
Isa. My father!
Liv. That was he; but all the business
So carefully and so discreetly carried,
That fame receiv'd no spot by't, not a blemish;
Your mother was so wary to her end,
None knew it but her conscience and her friend,

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Till penitent confession made it mine,
And now my pity yours, it had been long else;
And I hope care and love alike in you,
Made good by oath, will see it take no wrong now.
How weak his commands now whom you call father!
How vain all his enforcements, your obedience!
And what a largeness in your will and liberty,
To take, or to reject, or to do both!
For fools will serve to father wise men's children:
All this you've time to think on. O my wench,
Nothing o'erthrows our sex but indiscretion!
We might do well else of a brittle people
As any under the great canopy:
I pray, forget not but to call me aunt still;
Take heed of that; it may be mark'd in time else:
But keep your thoughts to yourself, from all the world,
Kindred, or dearest friend; nay, I entreat you,
From him that all this while you have call'd uncle;
And though you love him dearly, as I know
His deserts claim as much even from a stranger,
Yet let not him know this, I prithee, do not;
As ever thou hast hope of second pity,
If thou shouldst stand in need on't, do not do't.

Isa. Believe my oath, I will not.

Liv. Why, well said.—
Who shows more craft t' undo a maidenhead,
I'll resign my part to her. [*Aside.*

Enter HIPPOLITO.

She's thine own; go.

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Hip. Alas, fair flattery cannot cure my sorrows! [*Exit* LIVIA.

Isa. Have I past so much time in ignorance,
And never had the means to know myself
Till this bless'd hour? thanks to her virtuous pity
That brought it now to light; would I had known it
But one day sooner! he had then receiv'd
In favours, what, poor gentleman, he took
In bitter words; a slight and harsh reward
For one of his deserts. [*Aside.*

Hip. There seems to me now
More anger and distraction in her looks:
I'm gone; I'll not endure a second storm,
The memory of the first is not past yet. [*Aside.*

Isa. Are you return'd, you comforts of my life,
In this man's presence? I will keep you fast now,
And sooner part eternally from the world
Than my good joys in you. [*Aside.*]—Prithee, forgive me,
I did but chide in jest; the best loves use it
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection:
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite
And make 'em taste their wine well; so, methinks,
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape;
How think'st thou? does't not? [*Kisses him.*

Hip. 'Tis so excellent,
I know not how to praise it, what to say to't!

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Isa. This marriage shall go forward.
Hip. With the Ward?
Are you in earnest?
Isa. 'Twould be ill for us else.
Hip. For us! how means she that? [*Aside.*
Isa. Troth, I begin
To be so well, methinks, within this hour,
For all this match able to kill one's heart,
Nothing can pull me down now; should my father
Provide a worse fool yet—which I should think
Were a hard thing to compass—I'd have him either;
The worse the better, none can come amiss now,
If he want wit enough; so discretion love me,
Desert and judgment, I've content sufficient.
She that comes once to be a housekeeper
Must not look every day to fare well, sir,
Like a young waiting-gentlewoman in service,
For she feeds commonly as her lady does,
No good bit passes her but she gets a taste on't;
But when she comes to keep house for herself,
She's glad of some choice cates then once a-week,
Or twice at most, and glad if she can get 'em;
So must affection ~~learn to fare with thankfulness~~:
Pray, make your love no stranger, sir, that's all,
Though you be one yourself, and know not on't,
And I have sworn you must not. [*Aside, and exit.*
Hip. This is beyond me!
Never came joys so unexpectedly
To meet desires in man: how came she thus?
What has she done to her, can any tell?

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'Tis beyond sorcery this, drugs, or love-powders;
Some art that has no name, sure; strange to me
Of all the wonders I e'er met withal
Throughout my ten years' travels; but I'm thankful for't.
This marriage now must of necessity forward;
It is the only veil wit can devise
To keep our acts hid from sin-piercing eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in LIVIA'S *House: a chess-board set out.*

Enter LIVIA *and* GUARDIANO.

Liv. How, sir? a gentlewoman so young, so fair,
As you set forth, spied from the widow's window?
Guar. She.
Liv. Our Sunday-dinner woman?
Guar. And Thursday-supper woman, the same still:
I know not how she came by her, but I'll swear
She's the prime gallant for a face in Florence,
And no doubt other parts follow their leader.
The Duke himself first spied her at the window,
Then, in a rapture—as if admiration
Were poor when it were single—beckon'd me,
And pointed to the wonder warily,
As one that fear'd she would draw in her splendour
Too soon, if too much gaz'd at: I ne'er knew him
So infinitely taken with a woman;—

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Nor can I blame his appetite, or tax
His raptures of slight folly; she's a creature
Able to draw a state from serious business,
And make it their best piece to do her service.
What course shall we devise? has spoke twice now.
Liv. Twice?
Guar. 'Tis beyond your apprehension
How strangely that one look has catch'd his heart:
'Twould prove but too much worth in wealth and favour
To those should work his peace.
Liv. And if I do't not,
Or at least come as near it—if your art
Will take a little pains and second me—
As any wench in Florence of my standing,
I'll quite give o'er, and shut up shop in cunning.
Guar. 'Tis for the Duke; and if I fail your purpose,
All means to come by riches or advancement
Miss me, and skip me over!
Liv. Let the old woman then
Be sent for with all speed, then I'll begin.
Guar. A good conclusion follow, and a sweet one,
After this stale beginning with old ware!
Within there!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, do you call?
Guar. Come near, list hither. [*Whispers.*
Liv. I long myself to see this absolute creature,
That wins the heart of love and praise so much.
Guar. Go, sir, make haste.

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Liv. Say I entreat her company:
Do you hear, sir?
Ser. Yes, madam. [*Exit.*
Liv. That brings her quickly.
Guar. I would 'twere done! the Duke waits the good hour,
And I wait the good fortune that may spring from't.
I've had a lucky hand these fifteen year
At such court-passage[1] with three dice in a dish.—

Enter FABRICIO.

Signor Fabricio!
Fab. O sir,
I bring an alteration in my mouth now.
Guar. An alteration?—No wise speech, I hope;
He means not to talk wisely, does he, trow?[2]— [*Aside.*
Good; what's the change, I pray, sir?
Fab. A new change.
Guar. Another yet? faith, there's enough already.
Fab. My daughter loves him now.
Guar. What, does she, sir?
Fab. Affects him beyond thought: who but the Ward, forsooth?
No talk but of the Ward; she would have him

[1] "Passage is a game at dice, to be played at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The caster throws continually till he hath thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth; or doublets above ten, and then he *passeth* and wins." *Complete Gamester*, 1680, p. 119.
[2] Think you?

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To choose 'bove all the men she ever saw:
My will goes not so fast as her consent now;
Her duty gets before my command still.
Guar. Why, then, sir, if you'll have me speak my thoughts,
I smell 'twill be a match.
Fab. Ay, and a sweet young couple,
If I have any judgment.
Guar. Faith, that's little.— [*Aside.*
Let her be sent to-morrow, before noon,
And handsomely trick'd up, for 'bout that time
I mean to bring her in, and tender her to him.
Fab. I warrant you for handsome; I will see
Her things laid ready, every one in order,
And have some part of her trick'd up to-night.
Guar. Why, well said.
Fab. 'Twas a use her mother had;
When she was invited to an early wedding,
She'd dress her head o'er night, sponge up herself,
And give her neck three lathers.
Guar. Ne'er a halter? [*Aside.*
Fab. On with her chain of pearl, her ruby bracelets,
Lay ready all her tricks and jiggembobs.
Guar. So must your daughter.
Fab. I'll about it straight, sir. [*Exit.*
Liv. How he sweats in the foolish zeal of fatherhood,
After six ounces an hour, and seems
To toil as much as if his cares were wise ones!
Guar. You've let his folly blood in the right vein, lady.

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Liv. And here comes his sweet son-in-law that shall be;
They're both allied in wit before the marriage;
What will they be hereafter, when they're nearer!
Yet they can go no further than the fool;
There's the world's end in both of 'em.

Enter the Ward *and* SORDIDO, *one with a shittlecock, the other with a battledoor.*

Guar. Now, young heir.
Ward. What's the next business after shittlecock now?
Guar. To-morrow you shall see the gentlewoman
Must be your wife.
Ward. There's even another thing too,
Must be kept up with a pair of battledoors:
My wife! what can she do?
Guar. Nay, that's a question you should ask yourself, Ward,
When you're alone together.
Ward. That's as I list;
A wife's to be ask['d] anywhere, I hope;
I'll ask her in a congregation,
If I've a mind to't, and so save a license.
My guardianer has no more wit than an herb-woman,
That sells away all her sweet herbs and nosegays,
And keeps a stinking breath for her own pottage.
Sor. Let me be at the choosing of your belov'd,
If you desire a woman of good parts.
Ward. Thou shalt, sweet Sordido.
Sor. I have a plaguy guess; let me alone to see what

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she is: if I but look upon her—'way! I know all the faults to a hair that you may refuse her for.

Ward. Dost thou? I prithee, let me hear 'em, Sordido.

Sor. Well, mark 'em then; I have 'em all in rhyme:

The wife your guardianer ought to tender
Should be pretty, straight, and slender;
Her hair not short, her foot not long,
Her hand not huge, nor too, too loud her tongue;
No pearl in eye,[1] nor ruby in her nose,
No burn or cut but what the catalogue shows;
She must have teeth, and that no black ones,
And kiss most sweet when she does smack once;
Her skin must be both white and plump['d],
Her body straight, not hopper-rump'd,
Or wriggle sideways like a crab;
She must be neither slut nor drab,
Nor go too splay-foot with her shoes,
To make her smock lick up the dews;
And two things more, which I forgot to tell ye,
She neither must have bump in back nor belly:
These are the faults that will not make her pass.

Ward. And if I spy not these, I'm a rank ass.

Sor. Nay, more; by right, sir, you should see her naked,
For that's the ancient order.

Ward. See her naked?

---

[1] See note 2, p. 142.

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That were good sport, i'faith: I'll have the books turn'd o'er,
And if I find her naked on record,
She shall not have a rag on: but stay, stay;
How if she should desire to see me so too?
I were in a sweet case then; such a foul skin!

Sor. But you've a clean shirt, and that makes amends, sir.

Ward. I will not see her naked for that trick though. [*Exit.*

Sor. Then take her with all faults with her clothes on,
And they may hide a number with a bum-roll.[1]
Faith, choosing of a wench in a huge farthingale
Is like the buying of ware under a great pent-house;
What with the deceit of one,
And the false light[2] of th' other, mark my speeches,
He may have a diseas'd wench in's bed,
And rotten stuff in's breeches. [*Exit.*

Guar. It may take handsomely.

Liv. I see small hindrance.—

Re-enter[3] Servant, *showing in* Mother.

How now? so soon return'd?

Guar. She's come.

Liv. That's well.— [*Exit* Servant.
Widow, come, come, I've a great quarrel to you;

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[1] See note 2, vol. i. p. 233.
[2] See note 4, vol. i. p. 247.
[3] Old ed. "*Enter Mother.*"

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Faith, I must chide you, that you must be sent for;
You make yourself so strange, never come at us,
And yet so near a neighbour, and so unkind;
Troth, you're to blame; you cannot be more welcome
To any house in Florence, that I'll tell you.

Moth. My thanks must needs acknowledge so much, madam.

Liv. How can you be so strange then? I sit here
Sometime whole days together without company,
When business draws this gentleman from home,
And should be happy in society
Which I so well affect as that of yours:
I know you're alone too; why should not we,
Like two kind neighbours, then, supply the wants
Of one another, having tongue-discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kind helps
To laugh down time, and meet age merrily?[1]

Moth. Age, madam! you speak mirth; 'tis at my door,
But a long journey from your ladyship yet.

Liv. My faith, I'm nine-and-thirty, every stroke, wench;
And 'tis a general observation
'Mongst knights—wives or widows we account ourselves
Then old, when young men's eyes leave looking at's;
'Tis a true rule amongst us, and ne'er fail'd yet
In any but in one, that I remember;
Indeed, she had a friend at nine-and-forty;
Marry, she paid well for him, and in th' end

[1] Old ed. "meerly."

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He kept a quean or two with her own money,
That robb'd her of her plate and cut her throat.
Moth. She had her punishment in this world, madam,
And a fair warning to all other women
That they live chaste at fifty.
Liv. Ay, or never, wench.
Come, now I have thy company, I'll not part with't
Till after supper.
Moth. Yes, I must crave pardon, madam.
Liv. I swear you shall stay supper; we've no strangers, woman,
None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman
And the young heir his ward; you know our company.
Moth. Some other time I'll make bold with you, madam.
Guar. Nay, pray stay, widow.
Liv. Faith, she shall not go:
Do you think I'll be forsworn?
Moth. 'Tis a great while
Till supper-time; I'll take my leave then now, madam,
And come again i' th' evening, since your ladyship
Will have it so.
Liv. I' th' evening? by my troth, wench,
I'll keep you while I have you: you've great business, sure,
To sit alone at home; I wonder strangely
What pleasure you take in't; were't to me now,
I should be ever at one neighbour's house
Or other all day long: having no charge,
Or none to chide you, if you go or stay,

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Who may live merrier, ay, or more at heart's ease?
Come, we'll to chess or draughts; there are an hundred tricks
To drive out time till supper, never fear't, wench.
Moth. I'll but make one step home, and return straight, madam.
Liv. Come, I'll not trust you; you use more excuses
To your kind friends than ever I knew any.
What business can you have, if you be sure
You've lock'd the doors? and, that being all you have,
I know you're careful on't. One afternoon
So much to spend here! say I should entreat you now
To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,
Or leave your own house for a month together;
It were a kindness that long neighbourhood
And friendship might well hope to prevail in;
Would you deny such a request? i'faith,
Speak truth, and freely.
Moth. I were then uncivil, madam.
Liv. Go to then; set your men; we'll have whole nights
Of mirth together, ere we be much older, wench.
[LIVIA *and* Mother *sit down to the chess-board.*
Moth. As good now tell her then, for she will know't;
I've always found her a most friendly lady. [*Aside.*
Liv. Why, widow, where's your mind?
Moth. Troth, even at home, madam:
To tell you truth, I left a gentlewoman
Even sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
Especially to young bloods.

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Liv. Another excuse!

Moth. No; as I hope for health, madam, that's a truth:

Please you to send and see.

Liv. What gentlewoman? pish!

Moth. Wife to my son, indeed; but not known, madam,

To any but yourself.

Liv. Now I beshrew you;

Could you be so unkind to her and me,

To come and not bring her? faith, 'tis not friendly.

Moth. I fear'd to be too bold.

Liv. Too bold! O, what's become

Of the true hearty love was wont to be

'Mongst neighbours in old time!

Moth. And she's a stranger, madam.

Liv. The more should be her welcome: when is courtesy

In better practice than when 'tis employ'd

In entertaining strangers? I could chide, i'faith:

Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman! alone too!

Make some amends, and send for her betimes, go.

Moth. Please you, command one of your servants, madam.

Liv. Within there!

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Madam.

Liv. Attend the gentlewoman.[1]

[1] Lamb quotes part of the present scene in his *Specimens*, and

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Moth. It must be carried wondrous privately
From my son's knowledge, he'll break out in storms else.—
Hark you, sir. [*Whispers the* Servant, *who then goes out.*
Liv. [*to Guar.*] Now comes in the heat of your part.
Guar. True, I know't, lady; and if I be out,
May the Duke banish me from all employments,
Wanton or serious!
Liv. So, have you sent, widow?
Moth. Yes, madam, he's almost at home by this.
Liv. And, faith, let me entreat you that henceforward
All such unkind faults may be swept from friendship,
Which does but dim the lustre; and think thus much,
It is a wrong to me, that have ability
To bid friends welcome, when you keep 'em from me;
You cannot set greater dishonour near me;
For bounty is the credit and the glory
Of those that have enough. I see you're sorry,
And the good 'mends is made by't.

Re-enter Servant, *showing in* BIANCA.

Moth. Here she is, madam. [*Exit* Servant.
Bian. I wonder how she comes to send for me now. [*Aside.*
Liv. Gentlewoman, you're most welcome; trust me, you are,

---

observes:—"This is one of those scenes which has the air of being an immediate transcript from life. Livia, the 'good neighbour,' is as real a creature as one of Chaucer's characters. She is such another jolly Housewife as the Wife of Bath."

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As courtesy can make one, or respect
Due to the presence of you.
Bian. I give you thanks, lady.
Liv. I heard you were alone, and 't had appear'd
An ill condition[1] in me, though I knew you not,
Nor ever saw you—yet humanity
Thinks every case her own—t' have kept your company
Here from you, and left you all solitary:
I rather ventur'd upon boldness then,
As the least fault, and wish'd your presence here;
A thing most happily motion'd of that gentleman,
Whom I request you, for his care and pity,
To honour and reward with your acquaintance;
A gentleman that ladies' rights stands for,
That's his profession.
Bian. 'Tis a noble one,
And honours my acquaintance.
Guar. All my intentions
Are servants to such mistresses.
Bian. 'Tis your modesty,
It seems, that makes your deserts speak so low, sir.
Liv. Come, widow.—Look you, lady, here's our business; [*Pointing to the chess-board.*
Are we not well employ'd, think you? an old quarrel
Between us, that will ne'er be at an end.
Bian. No? and, methinks, there's men enough to part you, lady.
Liv. Ho, but they set us on, let us come off

[1] Disposition.

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As well as we can, poor souls; men care no farther.
I pray, sit down, forsooth, if you've the patience
To look upon two weak and tedious gamesters.
Guar. Faith, madam, set these by till evening,
You'll have enough on't then; the gentlewoman,
Being a stranger, would take more delight
To see your rooms and pictures.
Liv. Marry, good sir,
And well remember'd; I beseech you, show 'em her,
That will beguile time well; pray heartily, do, sir,
I'll do as much for you: here, take these keys;
[*Gives keys to* GUARDIANO.
Show her the monument too, and that's a thing
Every one sees not; you can witness that, widow.
Moth. And that's worth sight indeed, madam.
Bian. Kind lady,
I fear I came to be a trouble to you.
Liv. O, nothing less, forsooth!
Bian. And to this courteous gentleman,
That wears a kindness in his breast so noble
And bounteous to the welcome of a stranger.
Guar. If you but give acceptance to my service,
You do the greatest grace and honour to me
That courtesy can merit.
Bian. I were to blame else,
And out of fashion much. I pray you, lead, sir.
Liv. After a game or two, we're for you, gentlefolks.
Guar. We wish no better seconds in society
Than your discourses, madam, and your partner's there.

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Moth. I thank your praise; I listen'd to you, sir,
Though, when you spoke, there came a paltry rook
Full in my way, and chokes up all my game.

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO *and* BIANCA.

Liv. Alas, poor widow, I shall be too hard for thee!

Moth. You're cunning at the game, I'll be sworn, madam.

Liv. It will be found so, ere I give you over.—

[*Aside.*

She that can place her man well——

Moth. As you do, madam.

Liv. As I shall, wench, can never lose her game:
Nay, nay, the black king's mine.

Moth. Cry you mercy, madam!

Liv. And this my queen.

Moth. I see't now.

Liv. Here's a duke[1]
Will strike a sure stroke for the game anon;
Your pawn cannot come back to relieve itself.

Moth. I know that, madam.

Liv. You play well the whilst:
How she belies her skill! I hold two ducats,
I give you check and mate to your white king,
Simplicity itself, your saintish king there.

Moth. Well, ere now, lady,
I've seen the fall of subtlety; jest on.

[1] Rook.—Cf. *Induction* to *A Game at Chess*:—

"Dukes? they're called Rooks by some."

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Liv. Ay, but simplicity receives two for one.
Moth. What remedy but patience!

Enter GUARDIANO *and* BIANCA *above.*

Bian. Trust me, sir,
Mine eye ne'er met with fairer ornaments.
Guar. Nay, livelier, I'm persuaded, neither Florence
Nor Venice can produce.
Bian. Sir, my opinion
Takes your part highly.
Guar. There's a better piece
Yet than all these.
Bian. Not possible, sir!
Guar. Believe it,
You'll say so when you see't: turn but your eye now,
You're upon't presently.
[*Draws*[1] *a curtain, and discovers the* DUKE; *then exit.*
Bian. O sir!
Duke. He's gone, beauty:
Pish, look not after him; he's but a vapour,
That, when the sun appears, is seen no more.
Bian. O, treachery to honour!
Duke. Prithee, tremble not;
I feel thy breast shake like a turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on't:
Why art so fearful? as I'm friend to brightness,

[1] The stage-direction in old ed. is "*Duke above.*"

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There's nothing but respect and honour near thee:
You know me, you have seen me; here's a heart
Can witness I have seen thee.
Bian. The more's my danger.
Duke. The more's thy happiness. Pish, strive not, sweet;
This strength were excellent employ'd in love now,
But here[1] 'tis spent amiss: strive not to seek
Thy liberty, and keep me still in prison;
I'faith, you shall not out till I'm ~~releas'd now~~;
We'll be both freed together, or stay still by't,
So is captivity pleasant.
Bian. O my lord!
Duke. I am not here in vain; have but the leisure
To think on that, and thou'lt be soon resolv'd:
The lifting of thy voice is but like one
That does exalt his enemy, who, proving high,
Lays all the plots to confound him that rais'd him.
Take warning, I beseech thee; thou seem'st to me
A creature so compos'd of gentleness,
And delicate meekness—such as bless the faces
Of figures that are drawn for goddesses,
And makes art proud to look upon her work—
I should be sorry the least force should lay
An unkind touch upon thee.
Bian. O my extremity!
My lord, what seek you?
Duke. Love.

[1] Old ed. "here's."

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Bian. 'Tis gone already;
I have a husband.
Duke. That's a single comfort;
Take a friend to him.
Bian. That's a double mischief,
Or else there's no religion.
Duke. Do not tremble
At fears of thine own making.
Bian. Nor, great lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruin,
Because they fear not you; me they must fright;
Then am I best in health: should thunder speak,
And none regard it, it had lost the name,
And were as good be still. I'm not like those
That take their soundest sleeps in greatest tempests;
Then wake I most, the weather fearfullest,
And call for strength to virtue.
Duke. Sure, I think
Thou know'st the way to please me: I affect
A passionate pleading 'bove an easy yielding;
But never pitied any,—they deserve none,—
That will not pity me. I can command,
Think upon that; yet if thou truly knewest
The infinite pleasure my affection takes
In gentle, fair entreatings, when love's businesses
Are carried courteously 'twixt heart and heart,
You'd make more haste to please me.
Bian. Why should you seek, sir,
To take away that you can never give?
Duke. But I give better in exchange,—wealth, honour;

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She that is fortunate in a duke's favour
'Lights on a tree that bears all women's wishes:
If your own mother saw you pluck fruit there,
She would commend your wit, and praise the time
Of your nativity; take hold of glory.
Do not I know you've cast away your life
Upon necessities, means merely doubtful
To keep you in indifferent health and fashion—
A thing I heard too lately, and soon pitied—
And can you be so much your beauty's enemy,
To kiss away a month or two in wedlock,
And weep whole years in wants for ever after?
Come, play the wise wench, and provide for ever;
Let storms come when they list, they find thee shelter'd.
Should any doubt arise, let nothing trouble thee;
Put trust in our love for the managing
Of all to thy heart's peace: we'll walk together,
And show a thankful joy for both our fortunes.

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* BIANCA *above.*

Liv. Did not I say my duke would fetch you o'er, widow?

Moth. I think you spoke in earnest when you said it, madam.

Liv. And my black king makes all the haste he can too.

Moth. Well, madam, we may meet with him in time yet.

Liv. I've given thee blind mate twice.

Moth. You may see, madam,
My eyes begin to fail.

Liv. I'll swear they do, wench.

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Re-enter GUARDIANO.

Guar. I can but smile as often as I think on't:
How prettily the poor fool was beguil'd!
How unexpectedly! it's a witty age;
Never were finer snares for women's honesties
Than are devis'd in these days; no spider's web
Made of a daintier thread than are now practis'd
To catch love's flesh-fly by the silver wing:
Yet, to prepare her stomach by degrees
To Cupid's feast, because I saw 'twas queasy,
I show'd her naked pictures by the way,
A bit to stay the appetite. Well, advancement,
I venture hard to find thee; if thou com'st
With a greater title set upon thy crest,
I'll take that first cross patiently, and wait
Until some other comes greater than that;
I'll endure all. [*Aside.*

Liv. The game's even at the best now: you may see, widow,
How all things draw to an end.

Moth. Even so do I, madam.

Liv. I pray, take some of your neighbours along with you.

Moth. They must be those are almost twice your years then,
If they be chose fit matches for my time, madam.

Liv. Has not my duke bestirr'd himself?

Moth. Yes, faith, madam;
Has done me all the mischief in this game.

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Liv. Has show'd himself in's kind.
Moth. In's kind, call you it?
I may swear that.
Liv. Yes, faith, and keep your oath.
Guar. Hark, list! there's somebody coming down: 'tis she. [*Aside.*

Re-enter BIANCA.

Bian. Now bless me from a blasting! I saw that now,
Fearful for any woman's eye to look on;
Infectious mists and mildews hang at's eyes,
The weather of a doomsday dwells upon him:
Yet since mine honour's leprous, why[1] should I
Preserve that fair that caus'd the leprosy?
Come, poison all at once. [*Aside.*]—Thou in whose baseness
The bane of virtue broods, I'm bound in soul
Eternally to curse thy smooth-brow'd treachery,
That wore the fair veil of a friendly welcome,
And I a stranger; think upon't, 'tis worth it;
Murders pil'd up upon a guilty spirit,
At his last breath will not lie heavier
Than this betraying act upon thy conscience:
Beware of offering the first-fruits to sin;
His weight is deadly who commits with strumpets,
After they've been abas'd, and made for use;

[1] Old ed. "who."

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If they offend to the death, as wise men know,
How much more they, then, that first make 'em so!
I give thee that to feed on. I'm made bold now,
I thank thy treachery; sin and I'm acquainted,
No couple greater; and I'm like that great one,
Who, making politic use of a base villain,
He likes the treason well, but hates the traitor;
So I hate thee, slave!

Guar. Well, so the Duke love me,
I fare not much amiss then; two great feasts
Do seldom come together in one day,
We must not look for 'em.

Bian. What, at it still, mother?

Moth. You see we sit by't: are you so soon return'd?

Liv. So lively and so cheerful! a good sign that. [*Aside.*

Moth. You have not seen all since, sure?

Bian. That have I, mother,
The monument and all: I'm so beholding
To this kind, honest, courteous gentleman,
You'd little think it, mother; show'd me all,
Had me from place to place so fashionably;
The kindness of some people, how 't exceeds!
Faith, I've seen that I little thought to see
I' the morning when I rose.

Moth. Nay, so I told you
Before you saw't, it would prove worth your sight.—
I give you great thanks for my daughter, sir,
And all your kindness towards her.

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Guar. O, good widow,
Much good may['t] do her!—forty weeks hence, i'faith.
[*Aside.*

Re-enter Servant.

Liv. Now, sir?
Ser. May't please you, madam, to walk in;
Supper's upon the table.
Liv. Yes, we come.— [*Exit* Servant.
Will't please you, gentlewoman?
Bian. Thanks, virtuous lady.—
You're a damn'd bawd. [*Aside to* LIVIA.]—I'll follow you, forsooth;
Pray, take my mother in;—an old ass go with you!—
[*Aside.*
This gentleman and I vow not to part.
Liv. Then get you both before.
Bian. There lies his art.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* GUARDIANO.
Liv. Widow, I'll follow you. [*Exit* Mother.] Is't so? *damn'd bawd!*
Are you so bitter? 'tis but want of use:
Her tender modesty is sea-sick a little,
Being not accustom'd to the breaking billow.
Of woman's wavering faith blown with temptations:
'Tis but a qualm of honour, 'twill away;
A little bitter for the time, but lasts not:
Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood-water,
But drunk again, 'tis nectar ever after. [*Exit.*

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ACT III.

— SCENE I. —

A Room in the House of LEANTIO'S Mother.

Enter Mother.

Moth. I would my son would either keep at home,
Or I were in my grave!
She was but one day abroad, but ever since
She's grown so cutted,[1] there's no speaking to her:
Whether the sight of great cheer at my lady's,
And such mean fare at home, work discontent in her,
I know not; but I'm sure she's strangely alter'd.
I'll ne'er keep daughter-in-law i' th' house with me
Again, if I had an hundred: when read I of any
That agreed long together, but she and her mother
Fell out in the first quarter? nay, sometime
A grudging or[2] a scolding the first week, byrlady!
So takes the new[3] disease, methinks, in my house:

[1] Querulous.

[2] Old ed. "of."

[3] The *new disease* was the name of a malady that made its appearance in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Its symptoms are described in *Every Man in his Humour*, ii. 1: see Gifford's *Jonson*, 1875, i. 48.

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I'm weary of my part; there's nothing likes her;
I know not how to please her here a' late:
And here she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. This is the strangest house
For all defects as ever gentlewoman
Made shift withal to pass away her love in:
Why is there not a cushion-cloth of drawn-work,
Or some fair cut-work pinn'd up in my bed-chamber,
A silver and gilt casting-bottle[1] hung by't?—
Nay, since I am content to be so kind to you,
To spare you for a silver basin and ewer,
Which one of my fashion looks for of duty;
She's never offer'd under where she sleeps.

Moth. She talks of things here my whole state's not worth.

Bian. Never a green silk quilt is there i' th' house, mother,
To cast upon my bed?

Moth. No, by troth, is there,
Nor orange-tawny neither.

Bian. Here's a house
For a young gentlewoman to be got with child in!

Moth. Yes, simple though you make it, there has been three
Got in a year in't, since you move me to't,

[1] A bottle for sprinkling perfumes.

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And all as sweet-fac'd children and as lovely
As you'll be mother of: I will not spare you:
What, cannot children be begot, think you,
Without gilt casting-bottles? yes, and as sweet ones:
The miller's daughter brings forth as white[1] boys
As she that bathes herself with milk and bean-flour![2]
'Tis an old saying, One may keep good cheer
In a mean house; so may true love affect
After the rate of princes in a cottage.

Bian. Troth, you speak wondrous well for your old house here;
'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank you,
Or stoop, when you go to bed, like a good child,
To ask you blessing. Must I live in want
Because my fortune match'd me with your son?
Wives do not give away themselves to husbands
To the end to be quite cast away; they look
To be the better us'd and tender'd rather,
Highlier respected, and maintain'd the richer;
They're well rewarded else for the free gift
Of their whole life to a husband! I ask less now
Than what I had at home when I was a maid,
And at my father's house; kept short of that
Which a wife knows she must have, nay, and will—
Will, mother, if she be not a fool born;
And report went of me, that I could wrangle
For what I wanted when I was two hours old:

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[1] *White boy* was a term of endearment for a favourite son.
[2] Cf. *The Old Law*, ii. 2, l. 12 (vol. ii. p. 157).

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And, by that copy, this land still I hold:
You hear me, mother. [*Exit.*
Moth. Ay, too plain, methinks;
And were I somewhat deafer when you spake,
'Twere ne'er a whit the worse for my quietness.
'Tis the most sudden'st, strangest alteration,
And the most subtlest, that e'er wit at threescore
Was puzzled to find out: I know no cause for't; but
She's no more like the gentlewoman at first,
Than I'm like her that never lay with man yet,—
And she's a very young thing, where'er she be.
When she first lighted here, I told her then
How mean she should find all things; she was pleas'd, forsooth,
None better: I laid open all defects to her,
She was contented still; but the devil's in her,
Nothing contents her now. To-night my son
Promis'd to be at home; would he were come once,
For I am weary of my charge, and life too!
She'd be serv'd all in silver, by her good will,
By night and day; she hates the name of pewterer
More than sick men the noise, or diseas'd bones
That quake at fall o' th' hammer, seeming to have
A fellow-feeling with't at every blow.
What course shall I think on? she frets me so! [*Exit.*

Enter LEANTIO.

Lean. How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:

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The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house:
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side.
When I behold a glorious dangerous strumpet,
Sparkling in beauty and destruction too,
Both at a twinkling, I do liken straight
Her beautified body to a goodly temple
That's built on vaults where carcasses lie rotting;
And so, by little and little, I shrink back again,
And quench desire with a cool meditation;
And I'm as well, methinks. Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,
And full as long; after a five-days' fast
She'll be so greedy now, and cling about me,
I take care how I shall be rid of her:
And here't begins.

Re-enter BIANCA *and* Mother.

Bian. O sir, you're welcome home!
Moth. O, is he come? I'm glad on't.

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Lean. Is that all?
Why, this is[1] dreadful now as sudden death
To some rich man, that flatters all his sins
With promise of repentance when he's old,
And dies in the midway before he comes to't.— [*Aside.*
Sure you're not well, Bianca; how dost, prithee?
Bian. I have been better than I am at this time.
Lean. Alas, I thought so!
Bian. Nay, I've been worse too
Than now you see me, sir.
Lean. I'm glad thou mend'st yet,
I feel my heart mend too: how came it to thee?
Has anything dislik'd thee in my absence?
Bian. No, certain; I have had the best content
That Florence can afford.
Lean. Thou mak'st the best on't.—
Speak, mother; what's the cause? you must needs know.
Moth. Troth, I know none, son; let her speak herself;
Unless it be the same gave Lucifer
A tumbling cast,—that's pride.
Bian. Methinks this house stands nothing to my mind;
I'd have some pleasant lodging i' th' high street, sir;
Or if 'twere near the court, sir, that were much better:
'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
To stand in a bay-window and see gallants.
Lean. Now I've another temper, a mere stranger

[1] Old ed. "as."

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To that of yours, it seems ; I should delight
To see none but yourself.
Bian. I praise not that ;
Too fond is as unseemly as too churlish :
I would not have a husband of that proneness
To kiss me before company for a world ;
Beside, 'tis tedious to see one thing still, sir,
Be it the best that ever heart affected ;
Nay, were't yourself, whose love had power, you know,
To bring me from my friends, I'd not stand thus
And gaze upon you always, troth, I could not, sir ;
As good be blind and have no use of sight,
As look on one thing still : what's the eye's treasure
But change of objects? you are learnèd, sir,
And know I speak not ill ; 'tis[1] full as virtuous
For woman's eye to look on several men,
As for her heart, sir, to be fix'd on one.
Lean. Now thou com'st home to me ; a kiss for that word.
Bian. No matter for a kiss, sir ; let it pass ;
'Tis but a toy, we'll not so much as mind it ;
Let's talk of other business, and forget it.
What news now of the pirates? any stirring?
Prithee, discourse a little.
Moth. I'm glad he's here yet,
To see her tricks himself ; I had lied monstrously
If I had told 'em first. [*Aside.*

[1] Old ed. "'till."

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Lean. Speak, what's the humour, sweet,
You make your lip so strange? this was not wont.
Bian. Is there no kindness betwixt man and wife,
Unless they make a pigeon-house of friendship,
And be still billing? 'tis the idlest fondness
That ever was invented, and 'tis pity
It's grown a fashion for poor gentlewomen;
There's many a disease kiss'd in a year by't,
And a French cur[t]sy made to't: alas, sir!
Think of the world, how we shall live; grow serious;
We have been married a whole fortnight now.
Lean. How? a whole fortnight! why, is that so long?
Bian. 'Tis time to leave off dalliance; 'tis a doctrine
Of your own teaching, if you be remember'd;
And I was bound to obey it.
Moth. Here's one fits him;
This was well catch'd, i'faith, son; like a fellow
That rids another country of a plague,
And brings it home with him to his own house.
[*Aside.—Knocking within.*
Who knocks?
Lean. Who's there now?—Withdraw you, Bianca;
Thou art a gem no stranger's eye must see,
Howe'er thou['rt] pleas'd now to look dull on me.—
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Enter Messenger.

You're welcome, sir; to whom your business, pray?
Mess. To one I see not here now.
Lean. Who should that be, sir?

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Mess. A young gentlewoman I was sent to.
Lean. A young gentlewoman?
Mess. Ay, sir, about sixteen: why look you wildly, sir?
Lean. At your strange error; you've mistook the house, sir?
There's none such here, I assure you.
Mess. I assure you too
The man that sent me cannot be mistook.
Lean. Why, who is't sent you, sir?
Mess. The Duke.
Lean. The Duke?
Mess. Yes; he entreats her company at a banquet
At lady Livia's house.
Lean. Troth, shall I tell you, sir,
It is the most erroneous business
That e'er your honest pains was abus'd with;
I pray, forgive me if I smile a little,
I cannot choose, i'faith, sir, at an error
So comical as this,—I mean no harm though:
His grace has been most wondrous ill inform'd:
Pray, so return it, sir. What should her name be?
Mess. That I shall tell you straight too—Bianca Capello.[1]
Lean. How, sir? Bianca? what do you call th' other?
Mess. Capello. Sir, it seems you know no such then?
Lean. Who should this be? I never heard o' the name.
Mess. Then 'tis a sure mistake.
Lean. What if you inquir'd

[1] Old ed. "Brancha Capella:" see note, p. 326.

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In the next street, sir? I saw gallants there
In the new houses that are built of late;
Ten to one there you find her.
Mess. Nay, no matter;
I will return the mistake, and seek no further.
Lean. Use your own will and pleasure, sir, you're welcome. [*Exit* Messenger.
What shall I think of first?—Come forth, Bianca!

Re-enter BIANCA.

Thou art betray'd, I fear me.
Bian. Betray'd! how, sir?
Lean. The Duke knows thee.
Bian. Knows me! how know you that, sir?
Lean. Has got thy name.
Bian. Ay, and my good name too,
That's worse o' the twain. [*Aside.*
Lean. How comes this work about?
Bian. How should the Duke know me? can you guess, mother?
Moth. Not I, with all my wits; sure we kept house close.
Lean. Kept close! not all the locks in Italy
Can keep you women so; you have been gadding,
And ventur'd out at twilight to the court-green yonder,
And met the gallant bowlers coming home;
Without your masks too, both of you, I'll be hang'd else:
Thou hast been seen, Bianca, by some stranger;
Never excuse it.

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Bian. I'll not seek the way, sir;
Do you think you've married me to mew me up,
Not to be seen? what would you make of me?
Lean. A good wife, nothing else.
Bian. Why, so are some
That are seen every day, else the devil take 'em.
Lean. No more, then; I believe all virtuous in thee,
Without an argument; 'twas but thy hard chance
To be seen somewhere, there lies all the mischief:
But I've devis'd a riddance.
Moth. Now I can tell you, son,
The time and place.
Lean. When? where?
Moth. What wits have I!
When you last took your leave, if you remember,
You left us both at window.
Lean. Right, I know that.
Moth. And not the third part of an hour after,
The Duke pass'd by, in a great solemnity,
To St. Mark's temple, and, to my apprehension,
He look'd up twice to the window.
Lean. O, there quicken'd
The mischief of this hour!
Bian. If you call't mischief,
It is a thing I fear I am conceiv'd with. [*Aside.*
Lean. Look'd he up twice, and could you take no warning?
Moth. Why, once may do as much harm, son, as a thousand;

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Do not you know one spark has fir'd an house
As well as a whole furnace?
Lean. My heart flames for't:
Yet let's be wise, and keep all smother'd closely;
I have bethought a means: is the door fast?
Moth. I lock'd it myself after him.
Lean. You know, mother,
At the end of the dark parlour there's a place
So artificially contriv'd for a conveyance,
No search could ever find it; when my father
Kept in for manslaughter, it was his sanctuary;
There will I lock my life's best treasure up,
Bianca.
Bian. Would you keep me closer yet?
Have you the conscience? you're best e'en choke me up, sir:
You make me fearful of your health and wits,
You cleave to such wild courses; what's the matter?
Lean. Why, are you so insensible of your danger
To ask that now? the Duke himself has sent for you
To lady Livia's to a banquet, forsooth.
Bian. Now I beshrew you heartily, has he so!
And you the man would never yet vouchsafe
To tell me on't till now? you show your loyalty
And honesty at once; and so farewell, sir.
Lean. Bianca, whither now?
Bian. Why, to the Duke, sir;
You say he sent for me.
Lean. But thou dost not mean
To go, I hope?

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Bian. No? I shall prove unmannerly,
Rude, and uncivil, mad, and imitate you!—
Come, mother, come, follow his humour no longer;
We shall be all executed for treason shortly.
Moth. Not I, i'faith; I'll first obey the Duke,
And taste of a good banquet; I'm of thy mind:
I'll step but up and fetch two handkerchiefs
To pocket up some sweetmeats, and o'ertake thee.
[*Exit.*
Bian. Why, here's an old wench would trot into a bawd now
For some dry sucket,[1] or a colt in march-pane.[2]
[*Aside, and exit.*
Lean. O thou, the ripe time of man's misery, wedlock,
When all his thoughts, like overladen trees,
Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jealousies!
O, that's a fruit that ripens hastily,
After 'tis knit to marriage! it begins,
As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
A little to show colour. Blessèd powers,
Whence comes this alteration? the distractions,
The fears and doubts it brings, are numberless;
And yet the cause I know not. What a peace
Has he that never marries! if he knew
The benefit he enjoy'd, or had the fortune
To come and speak with me, he should know then

[1] Sweetmeat.
[2] See note 2, vol. v. p. 377.

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Th' infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly
The greatness of his treasure by my loss:
Nay, what a quietness has he 'bove mine
That wears his youth out in a strumpet's arms,
And never spends more care upon a woman
Than at the time of lust; but walks away;
And if he find her dead at his return,
His pity is soon done,—he breaks a sigh
In many parts, and gives her but a piece on't:
But all the fears, shames, jealousies, costs and troubles,
And still renew'd cares of a marriage-bed,
Live in the issue, when the wife is dead.

Re-enter Messenger.

Mess. A good perfection to your thoughts!
Lean. The news, sir?
Mess. Though you were pleas'd of late to pin an error on me,
You must not shift another in your stead too:
The Duke has sent me for you.
Lean. How! for me, sir?—
I see then 'tis my theft; we're both betray'd:
Well, I'm not the first has stol'n away a maid;
My countrymen have us'd it. [*Aside.*]—I'll along with you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

An Apartment in LIVIA'S *House: a Banquet set out.*

Enter GUARDIANO *and the* Ward.

Guar. Take you especial note of such a gentlewoman,
She's here on purpose; I've invited her,
Her father, and her uncle, to this banquet;
Mark her behaviour well, it does concern you;
And what her good parts are, as far as time
And place can modestly require a knowledge of,
Shall be laid open to your understanding.
You know I'm both your guardian and your uncle;
My care of you is double, ward and nephew,
And I'll express it here.
Ward. Faith, I should know her
Now by her mark among a thousand women;
A little pretty deft and tidy thing, you say?
Guar. Right.
Ward. With a lusty sprouting sprig in her hair?
Guar. Thou goest the right way still; take one mark more,—
Thou shalt ne'er find her hand out of her uncle's,
Or else his out of hers, if she be near him;
The love of kindred never yet stuck closer
Than theirs to one another; he that weds her,
Marries her uncle's heart too.

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Ward. Say you so, sir?
Then I'll be ask'd i' the church to both of them.
[*Cornets within.*
Guar. Fall back; here comes the Duke.
Ward. He brings a gentlewoman,
I should fall forward rather.

Enter the DUKE *leading in* BIANCA, FABRICIO, HIPPOLITO, LIVIA, Mother, ISABELLA, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Come, Bianca,
Of purpose sent into the world to show
Perfection once in woman; I'll believe
Henceforward they have every one a soul too,
'Gainst all the uncourteous opinions
That man's uncivil rudeness ever held of 'em:
Glory of Florence, light into mine arms!
Bian. Yon comes a grudging man will chide you, sir;

Enter LEANTIO.

The storm is now in's heart, and would get nearer,
And fall here, if it durst; it pours down yonder.
Duke. If that be he, the weather shall soon clear;
List, and I'll tell thee how. [*Whispers* BIANCA.
Lean. A kissing too!
I see 'tis plain lust now, adultery 'bolden'd;

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What will it prove anon, when 'tis stuff'd full
Of wine and sweetmeats, being so impudent fasting?
[*Aside.*
Duke. We've heard of your good parts, sir, which we honour
With our embrace and love.—Is not the captainship
Of Rouans'[1] citadel, since the late deceas'd,
Suppli[ed] by any yet?
Gentleman. By none, my lord.
Duke. Take it, the place is yours then; and as faithfulness
And desert grows, our favour shall grow with 't:
[LEANTIO *kneels.*
Rise now, the captain of our fort at Rouans.
Lean. [*rising.*] The service of whole life give your grace thanks!
Duke. Come, sit, Bianca.
[DUKE, BIANCA, *&c.*, *seat themselves.*
Lean. This is some good yet,
And more than e'er I look'd for; a fine bit
To stay a cuckold's stomach: all preferment
That springs from sin and lust it shoots up quickly,
As gardeners' crops do in the rotten'st grounds;
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution
Even like a salad growing upon a dunghill.
I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of,
Half merry and half mad; much like a fellow
That eats his meat with a good appetite,

[1] "A misprint, I presume; but qy. for what?"—*Dyce.*

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And wears a plague-sore that would fright a country;
Or rather like the barren, harden'd ass,
That feeds on thistles till he bleeds again;
And such is the condition of my misery. [*Aside.*
Liv. Is that your son, widow?
Moth. Yes; did your ladyship
Never know that till now?
Liv. No, trust me, did I,—
Nor ever truly felt the power of love
And pity to a man, till now I knew him.
I have enough to buy me my desires,
And yet to spare, that's one good comfort. [*Aside.*]—
Hark you,
Pray, let me speak with you, sir, before you go.
Lean. With me, lady? you shall, I'm at your service.—
What will she say now, trow?[1] more goodness yet?
[*Aside.*
Ward. I see her now, I'm sure; the ape's so little,
I shall scarce feel her; I have seen almost
As tall as she sold in the fair for tenpence:
See how she simpers it, as if marmalade
Would not melt in her mouth! she might have the kindness, i'faith,
To send me a gilded bull from her own trencher,
A ram, a goat, or somewhat to be nibbling:
These women, when they come to sweet things once,

[1] *i.e.* think you?

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They forget all their friends, they grow so greedy,
Nay, oftentimes their husbands.
Duke. Here's a health now, gallants,
To the best beauty at this day in Florence.
Bian. Whoe'er she be, she shall not go unpledg'd, sir.
Duke. Nay, you're excus'd for this.
Bian. Who, I, my lord?
Duke. Yes, by the law of Bacchus; plead your benefit,
You are not bound to pledge your own health, lady.
Bian. That's a good way, my lord, to keep me dry.
Duke. Nay, then, I'll not offend Venus so much,
Let Bacchus seek his 'mends in another court;
Here's to thyself, Bianca. [DUKE *and others drink.*
Bian. Nothing comes
More welcome to that name than your grace.
Lean. So, so;
Here stands the poor thief now that stole the treasure,
And he's not thought on. Ours is near kin now
To a twin-misery born into the world;
First the hard-conscienc'd worldling, he hoards wealth up,
Then comes the next, and he feasts all upon't;
One's damn'd for getting, th' other for spending on't.
O equal justice, thou hast met my sin
With a full weight! I'm rightly now opprest,
All her friends' heavy hearts lie in my breast. [*Aside.*
Duke. Methinks there is no spirit 'mongst us, gallants,
But what divinely sparkles from the eyes
Of bright Bianca; we sat all in darkness

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But for that splendour. Who was't told us lately
Of a match-making right, a marriage-tender?
Guar. 'Twas I, my lord.
Duke. 'Twas you indeed. Where is she?
Guar. This is the gentlewoman.
Fab. My lord, my daughter.
Duke. Why, here's some stirring yet.
Fab. She's a dear child to me.
Duke. That must needs be, you say she is your daughter.
Fab. Nay, my good lord, dear to my purse, I mean,
Beside my person, I ne'er reckon'd that.
Sh'as the full qualities of a gentlewoman;
I've brought her up to music, dancing, what not,
That may commend her sex, and stir her husband.
Duke. And which is he now?
Guar. This young heir, my lord.
Duke. What is he brought up to?
Hip. To cat and trap. [*Aside.*
Guar. My lord, he's a great ward, wealthy, but simple;
His parts consist in acres.
Duke. O, wise-acres.
Guar. You've spoke him in a word, sir.
Bian. 'Las, poor gentlewoman!
She's ill-bestead, unless sh'as dealt the wiselier,
And laid in more provision for her youth;
Fools will not keep in summer.
Lean. No, nor such wives
From whores in winter. [*Aside.*
Duke. Yea, the voice too, sir?

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Fab. Ay, and a sweet breast[1] too, my lord, I hope,
Or I have cast away my money wisely;
She took her pricksong[2] earlier, my lord,
Than any of her kindred ever did;
A rare child, though I say't: but I'd not have
The baggage hear so much, 'twould make her swell straight,
And maids of all things must not be puff'd up.
Duke. Let's turn us to a better banquet, then;
For music bids the soul of[3] man to a feast,
And that's indeed a noble entertainment,
Worthy Bianca's self: you shall perceive, beauty,
Our Florentine damsels are not brought up idly.
Bian. They're wiser of themselves it seems, my lord,
And can take gifts when goodness offers 'em.
Lean. True, and damnation has taught you that wisdom; [*Music.*
You can take gifts too. O, that music mocks me!
[*Aside.*
Liv. I am as dumb to any language now
But love's, as one that never learn'd to speak.
I am not yet so old but he may think of me;
My own fault, I've been idle a long time;
But I'll begin the week, and paint to-morrow,

---

[1] Voice.

[2] "Harmony written or pricked down, in opposition to plain-song, where the descant rested with the will of the singer."—Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 51.

[3] Old ed. "of a."

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So follow my true labour day by day;
I never thriv'd so well as when I us'd it. [*Aside.*

Isa. [*sings.*]

What harder chance can fall to woman,
Who was born to cleave to some man,
Than to bestow her time, youth, beauty,
Life's observance, honour, duty,
On a thing for no use good
But to make physic work, or blood
Force fresh in an old lady's cheek?
She that would be
Mother of fools, let her compound with me.

Ward. Here's a tune indeed! pish,
I had rather hear one ballad sung i' the nose now
Of the lamentable drowning of fat sheep and oxen,
Than all these simpering tunes play'd upon cat's-guts,
And sung by little kitlings. [*Aside.*

Fab. How like you her breast now, my lord?

Bian. Her breast?
He talks as if his daughter had given suck
Before she were married, as her betters have;
The next he praises sure will be her nipples. [*Aside.*

Duke. Methinks now such a voice to such a husband
Is like a jewel of unvalu'd[1] worth
Hung at a fool's ear. [*Aside to* BIANCA.

Fab. May it please your grace
To give her leave to show another quality?

---

[1] Invaluable.

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Duke. Marry, as many good ones as you will, sir;
The more the better welcome.
Lean. But the less
The better practis'd: that soul's black indeed
That cannot commend virtue; but who keeps it?
Th' extortioner will say to a sick beggar,
Heaven comfort thee! though he give none himself;
This good is common. [*Aside.*
Fab. Will it please you now, sir,
To entreat your Ward to take her by the hand,
And lead her in a dance before the Duke?
Guar. That will I, sir; 'tis needful.—Hark you, nephew. [*Whispers* Ward.
Fab. Nay, you shall see, young heir, what you've for your money,
Without fraud or imposture.
Ward. Dance with her?
Not I, sweet guardianer, do not urge my heart to't,
'Tis clean against my blood; dance with a stranger?
Let who s' will do't, I'll not begin first with her.
Hip. No, fear't not, fool; sh'as took a better order. [*Aside.*
Guar. Why, who shall take her then?
Ward. Some other gentleman:
Look, there's her uncle, a fine-timber'd reveller,
Perhaps he knows the manner of her dancing too;
I'll have him do't before me—I've sworn, guardianer—
Then may I learn the better.
Guar. Thou'lt be an ass still!

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Ward. Ay, all that, uncle, shall not fool me out:
Pish, I stick closer to myself than so.
Guar. I must entreat you, sir, to take your niece
And dance with her; my Ward's a little wilful,
He'd have you show him the way.
Hip. Me, sir? he shall
Command it at all hours; pray, tell him so.
Guar. I thank you for him; he has not wit himself, sir.
Hip. Come, my life's peace—I've a strange office on't here:
'Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes
Conceal'd for his own bosom, but my fortune
To set 'em out now for another's liking;
Like the mad misery of necessitous man,
That parts from his good horse with many praises,
And goes on foot himself: need must be obey'd
In every action; it mars man and maid. [*Aside.*
[*Music.* HIPPOLITO *and* ISABELLA *dance, making obeisance to the* DUKE, *and to each other, both before and after the dance.*
Duke. Signor Fabricio, you're a happy father;
Your cares and pains are fortunate you see,
Your cost bears noble fruits.—Hippolito, thanks.
Fab. Here's some amends for all my charges yet;
She wins both prick and praise[1] where'er she comes.
Duke. How lik'st, Bianca?
Bian. All things well, my lord,

[1] "Prick and praise."—See note 3, vol. iii. p. 36.

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But this poor gentlewoman's fortune, that's the worst.

Duke. There is no doubt, Bianca, she'll find leisure
To make that good enough; he's rich and simple.

Bian. She has the better hope o' th' upper hand, indeed,
Which women strive for most.

Guar. Do't when I bid you, sir.

Ward. I'll venture but a hornpipe with her, guardianer,
Or some such married man's dance.

Guar. Well, venture something, sir.

Ward. I have rhyme for what I do.

Guar. But little reason, I think.

Ward. Plain men dance the measures,[1] the sinquapace[2] the gay;
Cuckolds dance the hornpipe, and farmers dance the hay;[3]
Your soldiers dance the round,[4] and maidens that grow big;
You[r] drunkards, the canaries;[5] you[r] whore and bawd, the jig.
Here's your eight kind of dancers; he that finds
The ninth let him pay the minstrels.

[1] A grave, stately dance.

[2] *Cinque-pace* (or *galliard*), a lively French dance. Dyce seems to take the word "gay" as the name of a dance; but "the gay" are surely contrasted with "plain men," the meaning being—"Staid people dance the solemn measures, gay people prefer the lively galliard."

[3] A rustic dance.

[4] See note 3, vol. iii. p. 99.

[5] A quick and lively dance.

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Duke. O, here he appears once in his own person ;
I thought he would have married her by attorney,
And lain with her so too.
Bian. Nay, my kind lord,
There's very seldom any found so foolish
To give away his part there.
Lean. Bitter scoff!
Yet I must do't! with what a cruel pride
The glory of her sin strikes by my afflictions! [*Aside.*
[*The* Ward *and* ISABELLA *dance ; he ridiculously imitating* HIPPOLITO.
Duke. This thing will make shift, sirs, to make a husband,
For aught I see in him.—How think'st, Bianca?
Bian. Faith, an ill-favour'd shift, my lord, methinks ;
If he would take some voyage when he's married,
Dangerous, or long enough, and scarce be seen
Once in nine year together, a wife then
Might make indifferent shift to be content with him.
Duke. A kiss [*kisses her*] ; that wit deserves to be made much on.—
Come, our caroch!
Guar. Stands ready for your grace.
Duke. My thanks to all your loves.—Come, fair Bianca,
We have took special care of you, and provided
Your lodging near us now.
Bian. Your love is great, my lord.
Duke. Once more, our thanks to all.

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Omnes. All blest honours guard you!

[*Cornets flourishing, exeunt all but* LEANTIO *and* LIVIA.

Lean. O hast thou left me then, Bianca, utterly?
Bianca, now I miss thee! O, return,
And save the faith of woman! I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now; 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear;
As if a punishment of after-life
Were faln upon man here, so new it is
To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable;
A torment even mistook, as if a body
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore suffer it
In scalding oil. [*Aside.*

Liv. Sweet sir——

Lean. As long as mine eye saw thee,
I half enjoy'd thee. [*Aside.*

Liv. Sir——

Lean. Canst thou forget
The dear pains my love took? how it has watch'd
Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears,—like dangerous flatterers,
That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes,—
And then receiv'd thee, from thy father's window,
Into these arms at midnight: when we embrac'd
As if we had been statues only made for't,
To show art's life, so silent were our comforts,
And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together? [*Aside.*

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Liv. This makes me madder to enjoy him now.
[*Aside.*

Lean. Canst thou forget all this, and better joys
That we met after this, which then new kisses
Took pride to praise? [*Aside.*

Liv. I shall grow madder yet. [*Aside.*]—Sir——

Lean. This cannot be but of some close bawd's working.— [*Aside.*

Cry mercy, lady! what would you say to me?
My sorrow makes me so unmannerly,
So comfort bless me, I had quite forgot you.

Liv. Nothing, but even, in pity to that passion,[1]
Would give your grief good counsel.

Lean. Marry, and welcome, lady;
It never could come better.

Liv. Then first, sir,
To make away all your good thoughts at once of her,
Know most assuredly she is a strumpet.

Lean. Ha! *most assuredly?* speak not a thing
So vild[2] so certainly, leave it more doubtful.

Liv. Then I must leave all truth, and spare my knowledge
A sin which I too lately found and wept for.

Lean. Found you it?

Liv. Ay, with wet eyes.

Lean. O perjurious friendship!

Liv. You miss'd your fortunes when you met with her, sir.

---

[1] Sorrow. [2] Vile.

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Young gentlemen that only love for beauty,
They love not wisely; such a marriage rather
Proves the destruction of affection;
It brings on want, and want 's the key of whoredom.
I think y'had small means with her?
Lean. O, not any, lady.
Liv. Alas, poor gentleman! what meant'st thou, sir,
Quite to undo thyself with thine own kind heart?
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman:
Marry, sir, thank thy stars for this blest fortune,
That rids the summer of thy youth so well
From many beggars, that had lain a-sunning
In thy beams only else, till thou hadst wasted
The whole days of thy life in heat and labour.
What would you say now to a creature found
As pitiful to you, and, as it were,
Even sent on purpose from the whole sex general,
To requite all that kindness you have shown to't?
Lean. What's that, madam?
Liv. Nay, a gentlewoman, and one able
To reward good things, ay, and bears a conscience to't:
Couldst thou love such a one, that, blow all fortunes,
Would never see thee want?
Nay, more, maintain thee to thine enemy's envy,
And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought,
Nor break a sleep? unless love's music wak'd thee,
No storm of fortune should: look upon me,
And know that woman.
Lean. O my life's wealth, Bianca!

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Liv. Still with her name? will nothing wear it out?
[*Aside.*
That deep sigh went but for a strumpet, sir.
Lean. It can go for no other that loves me.
Liv. He's vex'd in mind: I came too soon to him;
Where's my discretion now, my skill, my judgment?
I'm cunning in all arts but my own love.
'Tis as unseasonable to tempt him now
So soon, as [for] a widow to be courted
Following her husband's corse, or to make bargain
By the grave-side, and take a young man there:
Her strange departure stands like a hearse[1] yet
Before his eyes, which time will take down shortly.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Lean. Is she my wife till death, yet no more mine?
That's a hard measure: then what's marriage good for?
Methinks, by right I should not now be living,
And then 'twere all well. What a happiness
Had I been made of, had I never seen her!
For nothing makes man's loss grievous to him
But knowledge of the worth of what he loses;
For what he never had, he never misses.
She's gone for ever, utterly; there is
As much redemption of a soul from hell,
As a fair woman's body from his palace.
Why should my love last longer than her truth?

[1] "'In imitation of which [cenotaph] our *hearses* here in England are set up in churches, during the continuance of a yeare, or the space of certaine monthes.' Weever—cited in Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* v. *Hearse.*" —*Dyce.*

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What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
When only that which makes her so has left her?
I cannot love her now, but I must like
Her sin and my own shame too, and be guilty
Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing;
All which were monstrous; then my safest course,
For health of mind and body, is to turn
My heart and hate her, most extremely hate her;
I have no other way: those virtuous powers,
Which were chaste witnesses of both our troths,
Can witness she breaks first. And I'm rewarded
With captainship o' the fort; a place of credit,
I must confess, but poor; my factorship
Shall not exchange means with't: he that died last in't,
He was no drunkard, yet he died a beggar
For all his thrift: besides, the place not fits me;
It suits my resolution, not my breeding.

Re-enter LIVIA.

Liv. I've tried all ways I can, and have not power
To keep from sight of him. [*Aside.*]—How are you now, sir?

Lean. I feel a better ease, madam.

Liv. Thanks to blessedness!
You will do well, I warrant you, fear't not, sir,
Join but your own good will to't: he's not wise
That loves his pain or sickness, or grows fond
Of a disease whose property is to vex him,
And spitefully drink his blood up: out upon't, sir!

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Youth knows no greater loss. I pray, let's walk, sir;
You never saw the beauty of my house yet,
Nor how abundantly fortune has blest me
In worldly treasure; trust me, I've enough, sir,
To make my friend a rich man in my life,
A great man at my death; yourself will say so.
If you want anything, and spare to speak,
Troth, I'll condemn you for a wilful man, sir.
Lean. Why, sure,
This can be but the flattery of some dream.
Liv. Now, by this kiss, my love, my soul, and riches,
'Tis all true substance! [*Kisses him.*
Come, you shall see my wealth; take what you list;
The gallanter you go, the more you please me:
I will allow you too your page and footman,
Your race-horses, or any various pleasure
Exercis'd youth delights in; but to me
Only, sir, wear your heart of constant stuff;
Do but you love enough, I'll give enough.
Lean. Troth, then, I'll love enough, and take enough.
Liv. Then we are both pleas'd enough. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

A Room in FABRICIO'S *House.*

Enter on one side GUARDIANO *and* ISABELLA, *on the other the* Ward *and* SORDIDO.

Guar. Now, nephew, here's the gentlewoman again.
Ward. Mass, here she's come again! mark her now, Sordido.
Guar. This is the maid my love and care has chose
Out for your wife, and so I tender her to you;
Yourself has been eye-witness of some qualities
That speak a courtly breeding, and are costly:
I bring you both to talk together now;
'Tis time you grew familiar in your tongues,
To-morrow you join hands, and one ring ties you,
And one bed holds you; if you like the choice,
Her father and her friends are i' the next room,
And stay to see the contract ere they part:
Therefore, despatch, good Ward, be sweet and short;
Like her, or like her not, there's but two ways,
And one your body, th' other your purse pays.
Ward. I warrant you, guardianer, I'll not stand all day thrumming,
But quickly shoot my bolt at your next coming.
Guar. Well said: good fortune to your birding then! [*Exit.*
Ward. I never miss'd mark yet.
Sor. Troth, I think, master, if the truth were known,

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You never shot at any but the kitchen wench,
And that was a she-woodcock,[1] a mere innocent,[2]
That was oft lost and cried[3] at eight-and-twenty.

Ward. No more of that meat, Sordido, here's eggs o' the spit now;
We must turn gingerly: draw out the catalogue
Of all the faults of women.

Sor. How? all the faults? have you so little reason to think so much paper will lie in my breeches; why, ten carts will not carry it, if you set down but the bawds. All the faults? pray, let's be content with a few of 'em; and if they were less, you would find 'em enough, I warrant you: look you, sir.

Isa. But that I have th' advantage of the fool,
As much as woman's heart can wish and joy at,
What an infernal torment 'twere to be
Thus bought and sold, and turn'd and pry'd into,
When, alas,
The worst bit's too good for him! and the comfort is,
Has but a cater's[4] place on't, and provides
All for another's table: yet how curious
The ass is! like some nice professor on't,
That buys up all the daintiest food i' the markets,
And seldom licks his lips after a taste on't. [*Aside.*

Sor. Now to her, now you've scann'd all her parts over.

Ward. But at [which] end shall I begin now, Sordido?

---

[1] Simpleton.
[2] Fool.
[3] *i.e.* by the public crier.
[4] Caterer's.

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Sor. O, ever at a woman's lip, while you live, sir: do you ask that question?

Ward. Methinks, Sordido, sh'as but a crabbed face to begin with.

Sor. A crabbed face? that will save money.

Ward. How? save money, Sordido?

Sor. Ay, sir; for, having a crabbed face of her own, she'll eat the less verjuice[1] with her mutton; 'twill save verjuice at year's end, sir.

Ward. Nay, and your jests begin to be saucy once, I'll make you eat your meat without mustard.

Sor. And that in some kind is a punishment.

Ward. Gentlewoman, they say 'tis your pleasure to be my wife, and you shall know shortly whether it be mine or no to be your husband; and thereupon thus I first enter upon you. [*Kisses her.*]—O most delicious scent! methinks it tasted as if a man had stept into a comfit-maker's shop to let a cart go by, all the while I kissed her.—It is reported, gentlewoman, you'll run mad for me, if you have me not.

Isa. I should be in great danger of my wits, sir,
For being so forward.—Should this ass kick backward now! [*Aside.*

Ward. Alas, poor soul! and is that hair your own?

Isa. Mine own? yes, sure, sir; I owe nothing for't.

Ward. 'Tis a good hearing; I shall have the less to pay when I have married you.—Look, does her eyes stand well?

[1] "Crabbed face . . . verjuice."—Verjuice was made of crushed crab-apples.

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Sor. They cannot stand better than in her head, I think: where would you have them? and for her nose, 'tis of a very good last.

Ward. I have known as good as that has not lasted a year though.

Sor. That's in the using of a thing; will not any strong bridge fall down in time, if we do nothing but beat at the bottom? a nose of buff would not last always, sir, especially if it came into the camp once.

Ward. But, Sordido, how shall we do to make her laugh, that I may see what teeth she has? for I'll not bate her a tooth, nor take a black one into the bargain.

Sor. Why, do but you fall in talk with her, you cannot choose but, one time or other, make her laugh, sir.

Ward. It shall go hard but I will. — Pray, what qualities have you beside singing and dancing? can you play at shittlecock, forsooth?

Isa. Ay, and at stool-ball[1] too, sir; I've great luck at it.

Ward. Why, can you catch a ball well?

Isa. I have catch'd two in my lap at one game.

Ward. What! have you, woman? I must have you learn
To play at trap too, then you're full and whole.

Isa. Anything that you please to bring me up to,
I shall take pains to practise.

[1] An old game at ball, usually played by women. Strutt gives a description of it. Herrick has a pretty copy of verses challenging Lucia to play with him at stool-ball "for sugar-cakes and wine."

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Ward. 'Twill not do, Sordido;
We shall ne'er get her mouth open'd wide enough.
Sor. No, sir? that's strange: then here's a trick for your learning.
[SORDIDO *yawns*, ISABELLA *yawns also, but covers her mouth with a handkerchief.*
Look now, look now! quick, quick there!
Ward. Pox of that scurvy mannerly trick with handkerchief!
It hinder'd me a little, but I'm satisfied:
When a fair woman gapes, and stops her mouth so,
It shows like a cloth-stopple in a cream-pot:
I have fair hope of her teeth now, Sordido.
Sor. Why, then, you've all well, sir; for aught I see,
She's right and straight enough now as she stands;
They'll commonly lie crooked, that's no matter;
Wise gamesters
Never find fault with that, let 'em lie still so.
Ward. I'd fain mark how she goes, and then I have all; for of all creatures I cannot abide a splay-footed woman; she's an unlucky thing to meet in a morning; her heels keep together so, as if she were beginning an Irish dance still, and [t]he wriggling of her bum playing the tune to't: but I have bethought a cleanly shift to find it; dab down as you see me, and peep of one side when her back's toward you—I'll show you the way.
Sor. And you shall find me apt enough to peeping;
I have been one of them has seen mad sights
Under your scaffolds.
Ward. Will't please you walk, forsooth,

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A turn or two by yourself? you're so pleasing to me,
I take delight to view you on both sides.

Isa. I shall be glad to fetch a walk to your love, sir;
'Twill get affection a good stomach, sir,—
Which I had need have to fall to such coarse victuals.
[*Aside.*

[ISABELLA *walks while the* Ward *and* SORDIDO *stoop down to look at her.*

Ward. Now go thy ways for a clean-treading wench,
As ever man in modesty peep'd under!

Sor. I see the sweetest sight to please my master!
Never went Frenchman righter upon ropes,
Than she on Florentine rushes.

Ward. 'Tis enough, forsooth. 130

Isa. And how do you like me now, sir?

Ward. Faith, so well,
I never mean to part with thee, sweetheart,
Under some sixteen children, and all boys.

Isa. You'll be at simple pains, if you prove kind,
And breed 'em all in your teeth.[1]

Ward. Nay, by my faith,
What serves your belly for? 'twould make my cheeks
Look like blown bagpipes.

Re-enter GUARDIANO.

Guar. How now, ward and nephew,
Gentlewoman and niece! speak, is it so or not?

---

[1] "In allusion to a superstitious idea, that an affectionate husband had the toothache while his wife was breeding."—Editor of 1816.

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Ward. 'Tis so; we're both agreed, sir.
Guar. In to your kindred then;
There's friends, and wine, and music waits to welcome you.
Ward. Then I'll be drunk for joy.
Sor. And I for company;
I cannot break my nose in a better action. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

BIANCA'S *Lodging at Court.*

Enter BIANCA, *attended by two* Ladies.

Bian. How goes your watches, ladies? what's a'clock now?
First L. By mine, full nine.
Sec. L. By mine, a quarter past.
First L. I set mine by St. Mark's.
Sec. L. St. Anthony's, they say,
Goes truer.
First L. That's but your opinion, madam,
Because you love a gentleman o' the name.
Sec. L. He's a true gentleman then.
First L. So may he be
That comes to me to-night, for aught you know.
Bian. I'll end this strife straight: I set mine by the sun;
I love to set by the best, one shall not then
Be troubled to set often.
Sec. L. You do wisely in't.

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Bian. If I should set my watch, as some girls do,
By every clock i' the town, 'twould ne'er go true;
And too much turning of the dial's point,
Or tampering with the spring, might in small time
Spoil the whole work too; here it wants of nine now.
First L. It does indeed, forsooth; mine's nearest truth yet.
Sec. L. Yet I've found her lying with an advocate, which show'd
Like two false clocks together in one parish.
Bian. So now I thank you, ladies; I desire
Awhile to be alone.
First L. And I am nobody,
Methinks, unless I've one or other with me.—
Faith, my desire and hers will ne'er be sisters.
[*Aside.—Exeunt* Ladies.
Bian. How strangely woman's fortune comes about!
This was the farthest way to come to me,
All would have judg'd that knew me born in Venice,
And there with many jealous eyes brought up,
That never thought they had me sure enough
But when they were upon me; yet my hap
To meet it here, so far off from my birth-place,
My friends, or kindred! 'tis not good, in sadness,[1]
To keep a maid so strict in her young days;
Restraint
Breeds wandering thoughts, as many fasting days
A great desire to see flesh stirring again:

[1] "In sadness"=seriously.

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I'll ne'er use any girl of mine so strictly;
Howe'er they're kept, their fortunes find 'em out;
I see't in me: if they be got in court,
I'll ne'er forbid 'em the country; nor the court,
Though they be born i' the country: they will come to't,
And fetch their falls a thousand mile about,
Where one would little think on't.

Enter LEANTIO, *richly dressed.*

Lean. I long to see how my despiser looks
Now she's come here to court: these are her lodgings;
She's simply now advanc'd: I took her out
Of no such window, I remember, first;
That was a great deal lower, and less carv'd. [*Aside.*

Bian. How now! what silkworm's this, i' the name of pride?
What, is it he?

Lean. A bow i' th' ham to your greatness;
You must have now three legs[1] I take it, must you not?

Bian. Then I must take another, I shall want else
The service I should have; you have but two there.

Lean. You're richly plac'd.

Bian. Methinks you're wondrous brave,[2] sir.

Lean. A sumptuous lodging.

Bian. You've an excellent suit there.

Lean. A chair of velvet.

Bian. Is your cloak lin'd through, sir?

---

[1] Three bows.

[2] Finely dressed.

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Lean. You're very stately here.
Bian. Faith, something proud, sir.
Lean. Stay, stay, let's see your cloth-of-silver slippers.
Bian. Who's your shoemaker? has made you a neat boot.
Lean. Will you have a pair? the Duke will lend you spurs.
Bian. Yes, when I ride.
Lean. 'Tis a brave life you lead.
Bian. I could ne'er see you in such good clothes
In my time.
Lean. In your time?
Bian. Sure I think, sir,
We both thrive best asunder.
Lean. You're a whore!
Bian. Fear nothing, sir.
Lean. An impudent, spiteful strumpet!
Bian. O, sir, you give me thanks for your captainship! I thought you had forgot all your good manners.
Lean. And, to spite thee as much, look there; there read, [*Giving letter.*
Vex, gnaw; thou shalt find there I'm not love-starv'd.
The world was never yet so cold or pitiless,
But there was ever still more charity found out
Than at one proud fool's door; and 'twere hard, faith,
If I could not pass that. Read to thy shame there;
A cheerful and a beauteous benefactor too,
As e'er erected the good works of love.
Bian. Lady Livia!
Is't possible? her worship was my pandress;

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She dote, and send, and give, and all to him!
Why, here's a bawd plagu'd home! [*Aside.*]—You're simply happy, sir;
Yet I'll not envy you.

Lean. No, court-saint, not thou!
You keep some friend of a new fashion:
There's no harm in your devil, he's a suckling,
But he will breed teeth shortly, will he not?

Bian. Take heed you play not then too long with him.

Lean. Yes, and the great one too: I shall find time
To play a hot religious bout with some of you,
And, perhaps, drive you and your course of sins
To their eternal kennels. I speak softly now,
'Tis manners in a noble woman's lodgings,
And I well know[1] all my degrees of duty;
But come I to your everlasting parting once,
Thunder shall seem soft music to that tempest.

Bian. 'Twas said last week there would be change of weather,
When the moon hung so, and belike you heard it.

Lean. Why, here's sin made, and ne'er a conscience put to't,—
A monster with all forehead and no eyes!
Why do I talk to thee of sense or virtue,
That art as dark as death? and as much madness
To set light before thee, as to lead blind folks
To see the monuments, which they may smell as soon
As they behold,—marry, ofttimes their heads,

[1] Old ed. "knew."

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For want of light may feel the hardness of 'em;
So shall thy blind pride my revenge and anger,
That canst not see it now; and it may fall
At such an hour when thou least seest of all:
So, to an ignorance darker than thy womb
I leave thy perjur'd soul; a plague will come! [*Exit.*

Bian. Get you gone first, and then I fear no greater;
Nor thee will I fear long; I'll have this sauciness
Soon banish'd from these lodgings, and the rooms
Perfum'd well after the corrupt air it leaves:
His breath has made me almost sick, in troth;
A poor, base start-up! life, because has got
Fair clothes by foul means, comes to rail and show 'em!

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Who's that?

Bian. Cry you mercy, sir!

Duke. Prithee, who's that?

Bian. The former thing, my lord, to whom you gave
The captainship; he eats his meat with grudging still.

Duke. Still?

Bian. He comes vaunting here of his new love,
And the new clothes she gave him, lady Livia;
Who but she now his mistress!

Duke. Lady Livia?
Be sure of what you say.

Bian. He show'd me her name, sir,
In perfum'd paper, her vows, her letter,

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With an intent to spite me; so his heart said,
And his threats made it good; they were as spiteful
As ever malice utter'd, and as dangerous,
Should his hand follow the copy.

Duke. But that must not:
Do not you vex your mind; prithee, to bed, go;
All shall be well and quiet.

Bian. I love peace, sir.

Duke. And so do all that love; take you no care for't,
It shall be still provided to your hand.—
[*Exit* BIANCA.
Who's near us there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord?

Duke. Seek out Hippolito,
Brother to lady Livia, with all speed.

Ser. He was the last man I saw, my lord.

Duke. Make haste.— [*Exit* Servant.
He is a blood soon stirr'd; and as he's quick
To apprehend a wrong, he's bold and sudden
In bringing forth a ruin: I know, likewise,
The reputation of his sister's honour's
As dear to him as life-blood to his heart;
Beside, I'll flatter him with a goodness to her,—
Which I now thought on, but ne'er meant to practise,
Because I know her base,—and that wind drives him:
The ulcerous reputation feels the poise
Of lightest wrongs, as sores are vex'd with flies.
He comes.—

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Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hippolito, welcome.

Hip. My lov'd lord!

Duke. How does that lusty widow, thy kind sister?
Is she not sped yet of a second husband?
A bed-fellow she has, I ask not that,
I know she's sped of him.

Hip. Of him, my lord?

Duke. Yes, of a bed-fellow: is the news so strange to you?

Hip. I hope 'tis so to all.

Duke. I wish it were, sir,
But 'tis confess'd too fast; her ignorant pleasures,
Only by lust instructed, have receiv'd
Into their services an impudent boaster,
One that does raise his glory from her shame,
And tells the mid-day sun what's done in darkness;
Yet, blinded with her appetite, wastes her wealth,
Buys her disgraces at a dearer rate
Than bounteous housekeepers purchase their honour.
Nothing sads me so much, as that, in love
To thee and to thy blood, I had pick'd out
A worthy match for her, the great Vincentio,
High in our favour and in all men's thoughts.

Hip. O thou destruction of all happy fortunes,
Unsated blood! Know you the name, my lord,
Of her abuser?

Duke. One Leantio.

Hip. He's a factor.

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Duke. He ne'er made so brave a voyage,
By his own talk.
Hip. The poor old widow's son.
I humbly take my leave.
Duke. I see 'tis done.— [*Aside.*
Give her good counsel, make her see her error;
I know she'll hearken to you.
Hip. Yes, my lord,
I make no doubt, as I shall take the course
Which she shall never know till it be acted,
And when she wakes to honour, then she'll thank me for't:
I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb, who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part;
So, out of love to her I pity most,
She shall not feel him going till he's lost;
Then she'll commend the cure. [*Exit.*
Duke. The great cure's[1] past;
I count this done already; his wrath's sure,
And speaks an injury deep: farewell, Leantio,
This place will never hear thee murmur more.—

Enter the Cardinal *and* Servants.

Our noble brother, welcome!
Car. Set those lights down:
Depart till you be call'd. [*Exeunt* Servants.

[1] "Qy. 'care's'?"—*Dyce.* But *cure* and *care* were used indiscriminately (as Dyce elsewhere notes: see his *Beaumont and Fletcher*, xi. 56).

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Duke. There's serious business
Fix'd in his look; nay, it inclines a little
To the dark colour of a discontentment.— [*Aside.*
Brother, what is't commands your eye so powerfully?
Speak, you seem lost.
Car. The thing I look on seems so,
To my eyes lost for ever.
Duke. You look on me.
Car. What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother,
And all this certainly damn'd!
Duke. How:
Car. 'Tis no wonder,
If your great sin can do't: dare you look up
For thinking of a vengeance? dare you sleep
For fear of never waking but to death?
And dedicate unto a strumpet's love
The strength of your affections, zeal, and health?
Here you stand now, can you assure your pleasures
You shall once more enjoy her, but once more?
Alas, you cannot! what a misery 'tis then,
To be more certain of eternal death
Than of a next embrace! nay, shall I show you
How more unfortunate you stand in sin
Than the low,[1] private man: all his offences,
Like enclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds;

[1] Old ed. "love."

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And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no further charg'd than with himself,
'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness; but, great man,
Every sin thou committ'st shows like a flame
Upon a mountain, 'tis seen far about,
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles fly through cities, here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time
Waste all to cinders; but remember still,
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill:
Every offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane.
The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels
Of an unperfect bill; but when such fall,
Then comes example, and that sums up all;
And this your reason grants; if men of good lives,
Who by their virtuous actions stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As sin must needs confess, what may they feel
In height of torments and in weight of vengeance,
Not only they themselves not doing well,
But sets a light up to show men to hell?

Duke. If you have done, I have; no more, sweet brother!

Car. I know time spent in goodness is too tedious;
This had not been a moment's space in lust now:
How dare you venture on eternal pain,
That cannot bear a minute's reprehension?
Methinks you should endure to hear that talk'd of

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Which you so strive to suffer. O, my brother,
What were you, if [that] you were taken now!
My heart weeps blood to think on't; 'tis a work
Of infinite mercy, you can never merit,
That yet you are not death-struck, no, not yet;
I dare not stay you long, for fear you should not
Have time enough allow'd you to repent in:
There's but this wall [*pointing to his body*] betwixt you and destruction,
When you're at strongest, and but poor thin clay:
Think upon't, brother; can you come so near it
For a fair strumpet's love, and fall into
A torment that knows neither end nor bottom
For beauty but the deepness of a skin,
And that not of their own neither? Is she a thing
Whom sickness dare not visit, or age look on,
Or death resist? does the worm shun her grave?
If not, as your soul knows it, why should lust
Bring man to lasting pain for rotten dust?

Duke. Brother of spotless honour, let me weep
The first of my repentance in thy bosom,
And show the blest fruits of a thankful spirit:
And if I e'er keep woman more, unlawfully,
May I want penitence at my greatest need!
And wise men know there is no barren place
Threatens more famine than a dearth in grace.

Car. Why, here's a conversion is at this time, brother,
Sung for a hymn in heaven,[1] and at this instant

[1] "It is needless to say that our poet here alludes to a passage in the 15th chapter of St. Luke."—Editor of 1816.

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The powers of darkness groan, makes all hell sorry:
First I praise heaven, then in my work I glory.
Who's there attends without?

Re-enter Servants.

First Ser. My lord?

Car. Take up those lights; there was a thicker darkness
When they came first.—The peace of a fair soul
Keep with my noble brother!

Duke. Joys be with you, sir!

[*Exeunt* Cardinal *and* Servants.

She lies alone to-night for't, and must still,
Though it be hard to conquer; but I've vow'd
Never to know her as a strumpet more,
And I must save my oath: if fury fail not,
Her husband dies to-night, or, at the most,
Lives not to see the morning spent to-morrow;
Then will I make her lawfully mine own,
Without this sin and horror. Now I'm chidden,
For what I shall enjoy then unforbidden;
And I'll not freeze in stoves: 'tis but a while;
Live like a hopeful bridegroom, chaste from flesh,
And pleasure then will seem new, fair, and fresh.

[*Exit.*

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SCENE II.

A Hall in LIVIA'S *House.*

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. The morning so far wasted, yet his baseness
So impudent! see if the very sun
Do not blush at him!
Dare he do thus much, and know me alive?
Put case one must be vicious, as I know myself
Monstrously guilty, there's a blind time made for't,
He might use only that,—'twere conscionable;
Art, silence, closeness, subtlety, and darkness,
Are fit for such a business; but there's no pity
To be bestow'd on an apparent sinner,
An impudent daylight lecher. The great zeal
I bear to her advancement in this match
With lord Vincentio, as the Duke has wrought it,
To the perpetual honour of our house,
Puts fire into my blood to purge the air
Of this corruption, fear it spread too far,
And poison the whole hopes of this fair fortune.
I love her good so dearly, that no brother
Shall venture farther for a sister's glory
Than I for her preferment.

Enter LEANTIO *and a* Page.

Lean. Once again

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I'll see that glistering whore, shines like a serpent
Now the court sun's upon her. [*Aside.*]—Page.
Page. Anon, sir.
Lean. I'll go in state too. [*Aside.*]—See the coach be ready. [*Exit* Page.
I'll hurry away presently.
Hip. Yes, you shall hurry,
And the devil after you: take that at setting forth:
[*Strikes him.*
Now, and you'll draw, we're upon equal terms, sir.
Thou took'st advantage of my name in honour
Upon my sister; I ne'er saw the stroke
Come, till I found my reputation bleeding;
And therefore count it I no sin to valour
To serve thy lust so: now we're of even hand,
Take your best course against me. You must die.
Lean. How close sticks envy to man's happiness!
When I was poor, and little car'd for life,
I had no such means offer'd me to die,
No man's wrath minded me.—Slave, I turn this to thee,
[*Draws.*
To call thee to account for a wound lately
Of a base stamp upon me.
Hip. 'Twas most fit
For a base metal: come and fetch one now
More noble then, for I will use thee fairer
Than thou hast done thine [own] soul, or our honour;
[*They fight.*
And there I think 'tis for thee. [LEANTIO *falls.*
[*Voices within.*] Help, help! O, part 'em!

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Lean. False wife, I feel now thou'st pray'd heartily
for me:
Rise, strumpet, by my fall! thy lust may reign now:
My heart-string and the marriage-knot that tied thee,
Breaks both together. [*Dies.*
Hip. There I heard the sound on't,
And never lik'd string better.

Enter GUARDIANO, LIVIA, ISABELLA, *the* Ward, *and* SORDIDO.

Liv. 'Tis my brother!
Are you hurt, sir?
Hip. Not anything.
Liv. Blest fortune!
Shift for thyself: what is he thou hast kill'd?
Hip. Our honour's enemy.
Guar. Know you this man, lady?
Liv. Leantio! my love's joy!—Wounds stick upon
thee
As deadly as thy sins! art thou not hurt—
The devil take that fortune!—and he dead?
Drop plagues into thy bowels without voice,
Secret and fearful!—Run for officers;
Let him be apprehended with all speed,
For fear he 'scape away; lay hands on him,
We cannot be too sure, 'tis wilful murder:
You do heaven's vengeance and the law just service:
You know him not as I do; he's a villain
As monstrous as a prodigy and as dreadful.

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Hip. Will you but entertain a noble patience
Till you but hear the reason, worthy sister?
Liv. The reason! that's a jest hell falls a-laughing at:
Is there a reason found for the destruction
Of our more lawful loves, and was there none
To kill the black lust 'twixt thy niece and thee,
That has kept close so long?
Guar. How's that, good madam?
Liv. Too true, sir; there she stands, let her deny't:
The deed cries shortly in the midwife's arms,
Unless the parents' sins strike it still-born;
And if you be not deaf and ignorant,
You'll hear strange notes ere long.—Look upon me, wench;
'Twas I betray'd thy honour subtlely to him,
Under a false tale; it lights upon me now.—
His arm has paid me home upon thy breast,
My sweet, belov'd Leantio!
Guar. Was my judgment
And care in choice so devilishly abus'd,
So beyond shamefully? all the world will grin at me.
Ward. O Sordido, Sordido, I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd!
Sor. Damn'd? why, sir?
Ward. One of the wicked; dost not see't? a cuckold, a plain reprobate cuckold!
Sor. Nay, and you be damned for that, be of good cheer, sir, you've gallant company of all professions; I'll have a wife next Sunday too, because I'll along with you myself.
Ward. That will be some comfort yet.

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Liv. You, sir, that bear your load of injuries,
As I of sorrows, lend me your griev'd strength
To this sad burden [*pointing to the body of* LEANTIO], who in life wore actions,
Flames were not nimbler: we will talk of things
May have the luck to break our hearts together.

Guar. I'll list to nothing but revenge and anger,
Whose counsels I will follow.

[*Exeunt* LIVIA *and* GUARDIANO, *with the body of* LEANTIO.

Sor. A wife, quoth 'a?
Here's a sweet plum-tree of your guardianer's graffing!

Ward. Nay, there's a worse name belongs to this fruit yet, and you could hit on't, a more open one; for he that marries a whore looks like a fellow bound all his lifetime to a medlar-tree, and that's good stuff; 'tis no sooner ripe but it looks rotten, and so do some queans at nineteen. A pox on't! I thought there was some knavery a-broach, for something stirred in her belly the first night I lay with her.

Sor. What, what, sir?

Ward. This is she brought up so courtly, can sing, and dance!—and tumble too, methinks: I'll never marry wife again that has so many qualities.

Sor. Indeed, they are seldom good, master; for likely when they are taught so many, they will have one trick more of their own finding out. Well, give me a wench but with one good quality, to lie with none but her husband, and that's bringing up enough for any woman breathing.

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Ward. This was the fault when she was tendered to me; you never looked to this.

Sor. Alas, how would you have me see through a great farthingale, sir? I cannot peep through a mill-stone, or in the going, to see what's done i' the bottom.

Ward. Her father praised her breast;[1] sh'ad the voice, forsooth! I marvelled she sung so small indeed, being no maid: now I perceive there's a young quirister in her belly, this breeds a singing in my head, I'm sure.

Sor. 'Tis but the tune of your wife's sinquapace[2] danced in a feather-bed: faith, go lie down, master; but take heed your horns do not make holes in the pillow-beers.[3]—I would not batter brows with him for a hogs-head of angels; he would prick my skull as full of holes as a scrivener's sand-box. 129

[*Aside.*—*Exeunt* Ward *and* SORDIDO.

Isa. Was ever maid so cruelly beguil'd,
To the confusion of life, soul, and honour,
All of one woman's murdering! I'd fain bring
Her name no nearer to my blood than woman,
And 'tis too much of that. O, shame and horror!
In that small distance from yon man to me
Lies sin enough to make a whole world perish.—

[*Aside.*

'Tis time we parted, sir, and left the sight

---

[1] Voice.

[2] Cinquepace (or galliard),—a lively French dance.

[3] Pillow-cases. It is an old word; Chaucer uses it in the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*, l. 694:—

"For in his male he hadde a *pilwebeer*."

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f one another; nothing can be worse
o hurt repentance, for our very eyes
re far more poisonous to religion
han basilisks to them: if any goodness
est in you, hope of comforts, fear of judgments,
y request is, I ne'er may see you more;
nd so I turn me from you everlastingly,
o is my hope to miss you: but for her
That durst so dally with a sin so dangerous,
And lay a snare so spitefully for my youth,
If the least means but favour my revenge,
That I may practise the like cruel cunning
Upon her life as she has on mine honour,
I'll act it without pity.

Hip. Here's a care
Of reputation and a sister's fortune
Sweetly rewarded by her! would a silence,
As great as that which keeps among the graves,
Had everlastingly chain'd up her tongue!
My love to her has made mine miserable.

Re-enter GUARDIANO *and* LIVIA.

Guar. If you can but dissemble your heart's griefs now,—
Be but a woman so far.

Liv. Peace; I'll strive, sir.

Guar. As I can wear my injuries in a smile:
Here's an occasion offer'd, that gives anger
Both liberty and safety to perform

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Things worth the fire it holds, without the fear
Of danger or of law; for mischiefs acted
Under the privilege of a marriage-triumph,
At the Duke's hasty nuptials, will be thought
Things merely accidental, all's[1] by chance,
Not got of their own natures.

Liv. I conceive you, sir,
Even to a longing for performance on't;
And here behold some fruits.—[*Kneels to* HIPPOLITO *and* ISABELLA.] Forgive me both:
What I am now, return'd to sense and judgment,
Is not the same rage and distraction
Presented lately to you,—that rude form
Is gone for ever; I am now myself,
That speaks all peace and friendship, and these tears
Are the true springs of hearty, penitent sorrow
For those foul wrongs which my forgetful fury
Slander'd your virtues with: this gentleman
Is well resolv'd[2] now.

Guar. I was never otherways;
I knew, alas, 'twas but your anger spake it,
And I ne'er thought on't more.

Hip. [*raising* LIVIA.] Pray, rise, good sister.

Isa. Here's even as sweet amends made for a wrong now,
As one that gives a wound, and pays the surgeon;
All the smart's nothing, the great loss of blood,

---

[1] A contraction for "all as."
[2] Satisfied.

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)r time of hindrance: well, I had a mother,
can dissemble too. [*Aside.*]—What wrongs have slipt
Through anger's ignorance, aunt, my heart forgives.
Guar. Why, thus[1] tuneful now!
Hip. And what I did, sister,
Was all for honour's cause, which time to come
Will approve to you.
Liv. Being awak'd to goodness,
I understand so much, sir, and praise now
The fortune of your arm and of your safety;
For by his death you've rid me of a sin
As costly as e'er woman doated on?
'T has pleas'd the Duke so well too, that, behold, sir,
[*Giving paper.*
Has sent you here your pardon, which I kiss'd
With most affectionate comfort: when 'twas brought,
Then was my fit just past; it came so well, methought,
To glad my heart.
Hip. I see his grace thinks on me.
Liv. There's no talk now but of the preparation
For the great marriage.
Hip. Does he marry her, then?
Liv. With all speed, suddenly, as fast as cost
Can be laid on with many thousand hands.
This gentleman and I had once a purpose
To have honour'd the first marriage of the Duke
With an invention of his own; 'twas ready,
The pains well past, most of the charge bestow'd on't,

[1] Perhaps we should read with the editor of 1816 "that's."

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Then came the death of your good mother, niece,
And turn'd the glory of it all to black:
'Tis a device would fit these times so well too,
Art's treasury not better: if you'll join,
It shall be done; the cost shall all be mine.
Hip. You've my voice first; 'twill well approve my thankfulness
For the Duke's love and favour.
Liv. What say you, niece?
Isa. I am content to make one.
Guar. The plot's full then;
Your pages, madam, will make shift for Cupids.
Liv. That will they, sir.
Guar. You'll play your old part still.
Liv. What is it? good troth, I have even forgot it.
Guar. Why, Juno Pronuba, the marriage-goddess.
Liv. 'Tis right indeed.
Guar. And you shall play the Nymph,
That offers sacrifice to appease her wrath.
Isa. Sacrifice, good sir?
Liv. Must I be appeas'd then?
Guar. That's as you list yourself, as you see cause.
Liv. Methinks 'twould show the more state in her deity
To be incens'd.
Isa. 'Twould; but my sacrifice
Shall take a course to appease you;—or I'll fail in't,
And teach a sinful bawd to play a goddess.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Guar. For our parts, we'll not be ambitious, sir:

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Please you, walk in and see the project drawn,
Then take your choice.

Hip. I weigh not, so I have one.

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO *and* HIPPOLITO.

Liv. How much ado have I to restrain fury
From breaking into curses! O, how painful 'tis
To keep great sorrow smother'd! sure, I think
'Tis harder to dissemble grief than love.
Leantio, here the weight of thy loss lies,
Which nothing but destruction can suffice. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Before the DUKE's Palace.

Hautboys. Enter the DUKE *and* BIANCA *richly attired, attended by* Lords, Cardinals, Ladies, *and others: as they are passing in great state over the stage, enter the* Cardinal *meeting them.*

Car. Cease, cease! ~~religious~~ honours done to sin
Disparage ~~virtue's reverence~~, and will pull
Heaven's thunder upon Florence: holy ceremonies
Were made for sacred uses, not for sinful.
Are these the fruits of your repentance, brother?
Better it had been you had never sorrow'd,
Than to abuse the benefit, and return
To worse than where sin left you.
Vow'd you then never to keep strumpet more,
And are you now so swift in your desires

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To knit your honours and your life fast to her?
Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
But he must bind himself in chains to't! worse;
Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,
That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful
To her great master, be now made the garment
Of leprosy and foulness? Is this penitence
To sanctify hot lust? what is it otherwise
Than worship done to devils? Is this the best
Amends that sin can make after her riots?
As if a drunkard, to appease heaven's wrath,
Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice:
If that be comely, then lust's offerings are
On wedlock's sacred altar.

Duke. Here you're bitter
Without cause, brother; what I vow'd I keep,
As safe as you your conscience; and this needs not;
I taste more wrath in't than I do religion,
And envy more than goodness: the path now
I tread is honest, leads to lawful love,
Which virtue in her strictness would not check:
I vow'd no more to keep a sensual woman;
'Tis done, I mean to make a lawful wife of her.

Car. He that taught you that craft,
Call him not master long, he will undo you;
Grow not too cunning for your soul, good brother:
Is it enough to use adulterous thefts,
And then take sanctuary in marriage?
I grant, so long as an offender keeps
Close in a privileg'd temple, his life's safe;

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But if he ever venture to come out,
And so be taken, then he surely dies for't:
So now you're safe; but when you leave this body,
Man's only privileg'd temple upon earth,
In which the guilty soul takes sanctuary,
Then you'll perceive what wrongs chaste vows endure
When lust usurps the bed that should be pure.
Bian. Sir, I have read you over all this while
In silence, and I find great knowledge in you
And severe learning; yet, 'mongst all your virtues
I see not charity written, which some call
The first-born of religion, and I wonder
I cannot see't in yours: believe it, sir,
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,
Or later welcom'd; it begins the rest,
And sets 'em all in order: [1] heaven and angels
Take great delight in a converted sinner;
Why should you then, a servant and professor,
Differ so much from them? If every woman
That commits evil should be therefore kept
Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue
Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind,
To take a burning taper 'tis no wrong,
He never misses it; but to take light
From one that sees, that's injury and spite.
Pray, whether is religion better serv'd,
When lives that are licentious are made honest,

[1] "Brancha [Bianca] here evidently alludes to the 13th chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians."—Editor of 1816.

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Than when they still run through a sinful blood?
'Tis nothing virtue's temples to deface;
But build the ruins, there's a work of grace!

Duke. I kiss thee for that spirit; thou'st prais'd thy wit

A modest way.—On, on, there!

[*Hautboys. Exeunt all except the* Cardinal.

Car. Lust is bold,
And will have vengeance speak ere't be controll'd.

[*Exit.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A great Hall in the DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter GUARDIANO *and the* Ward.

Guar. Speak, hast thou any sense of thy abuse?
Dost thou know what wrong's done thee?

Ward. I were an ass else;
I cannot wash my face but I am feeling on't.

Guar. Here, take this caltrop[1] then [*giving caltrop*],
convey it secretly
Into the place I show'd you: look you, sir,
This is the trap-door to't.

Ward. I know't of old, uncle, since the last triumph;[2] here rose up a devil ~~with one eye~~, I remember, with a company of fireworks at's tail.

Guar. Prithee, leave squibbing now; mark me, and fail not;

[1] "'A Caltrop; or iron engine of warre, made with foure pricks, or sharp points, whereof one, howsoeuer it is cast, euer stands upward.' —Cotgrave's *Dict.* in v. *Chaussetrape.*"—*Dyce.*

[2] Show, spectacle.

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But when thou hear'st me give a stamp, down with't,
The villain's caught then.

Ward. If I miss you, hang me: I love to catch a villain, and your stamp[1] shall go current I warrant you. But how shall I rise up and let him down too all at one hole? that will be a horrible puzzle. You know I have a part in't, I play Slander.

Guar. True, but never make you ready for't.

Ward. No? my clothes are bought and all, and a foul fiend's head, with a long, contumelious tongue i' the chaps on't, a very fit shape for Slander i' th' out-parishes.

Guar. It shall not come so far; thou understand'st it not.

Ward. O, O!

Guar. He shall lie deep enough ere that time,
And stick first upon those.

Ward. Now I conceive you, guardianer.

Guar. Away!
List to the privy stamp, that's all thy part.

Ward. Stamp my horns in a mortar, if I miss you, and give the powder in white wine to sick cuckolds, a very present remedy for the headache. [*Exit.*

Guar. If this should any way miscarry now—
As, if the fool be nimble enough, 'tis certain—
The pages, that present the swift-wing'd Cupids,
Are taught to hit him with their shafts of love,
Fitting his part, which I have cunningly poison'd:

[1] See note, vol. v. p. 151.

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He cannot 'scape my fury; and those ills
Will be laid all on fortune, not our wills;
That's all the sport on't: for who will imagine
That, at the celebration of this night,
Any mischance that haps can flow from spite? [*Exit.* 40

Flourish. Enter above DUKE, BIANCA, Lord Cardinal, FABRICIO, *other* Cardinals, *and* Lords *and* Ladies *in state.*

Duke. Now, our fair duchess, your delight shall witness
How you're belov'd and honour'd; all the glories
Bestow'd upon the gladness of this night
Are done for your bright sake.
Bian. I am the more
In debt, my lord, to love and courtesies
That offer up themselves so bounteously
To do me honour'd grace, without my merit.
Duke. A goodness set in greatness; how it sparkles
Afar off, like pure diamonds set in gold!
How perfect my desires were, might I witness 50
But a fair noble peace 'twixt your two spirits!
The reconcilement would be more sweet to me
Than longer life to him that fears to die.—
Good sir—
Car. I profess peace, and am content.
Duke. I'll see the seal upon't, and then 'tis firm.
Car. You shall have all you wish. [*Kisses* BIANCA.
Duke. I've all indeed now.

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Bian. But I've made surer work; this shall not blind me;
He that begins so early to reprove,
Quickly rid him, or look for little love:
Beware a brother's envy; he's next heir too.
Cardinal, you die this night; the plot's laid surely;
In time of sports death may steal in securely,
Then 'tis least thought on;
For he that's most religious, holy friend,
Does not at all hours think upon his end;
He has his times of frailty, and his thoughts
Their transportations too through flesh and blood,
For all his zeal, his learning, and his light,
As well as we, poor soul, that sin by night. [*Aside.*

Duke [*looking at a paper.*] What's this, Fabricio?

Fab. Marry, my lord, the model
Of what's presented.

Duke. O, we thank their loves.—
Sweet duchess, take your seat; list to the argument.
[*Reads.*

There is a Nymph that haunts the woods and springs,
In love with two at once, and they with her;
Equal it runs; but, to decide these things,
The cause to mighty Juno they refer,
She being the marriage-goddess: the two lovers
They offer sighs, the Nymph a sacrifice,
All to please Juno, who by signs discovers
How the event shall be; so that strife dies:
Then springs a second; for the man refus'd
Grows discontent, and, out of love abus'd,

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He raises Slander up, like a black fiend,
To disgrace th' other, which pays him i' th' end.

Bian. In troth, my lord, a pretty, pleasing argument,
And fits th' occasion well: envy and slander
Are things soon rais'd against two faithful lovers;
But comfort is, they're not long unrewarded. [*Music.*

Duke. This music shows they're upon entrance now.

Bian. Then enter all my wishes. [*Aside.* 90

Enter HYMEN *in a yellow robe,*[1] GANYMEDE *in a blue robe powdered with stars, and* HEBE *in a white robe with golden stars, each bearing a covered cup: they dance a short dance, and then make obeisance to the* DUKE, *&c.*

Hym. To thee, fair bride, Hymen offers up
Of nuptial joys this the celestial cup;
Taste it, and thou shalt ever find
Love in thy bed, peace in thy mind.

Bian. We'll taste you, sure; 'twere pity to disgrace
So pretty a beginning.
[*Takes cup from* HYMEN, *and drinks.*

Duke. 'Twas spoke nobly.

Gan. Two cups of nectar have we begg'd from Jove;
Hebe, give that to innocence, I this to love:

---

[1] In masques and pageants it was usual for Hymen to appear in a saffron-coloured robe. Cf. *L'Allegro*—

"There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe."

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Take heed of stumbling more, look to your way;
Remember still the Via Lactea.

[GANYMEDE *and* HEBE *respectively offer their cups to the* DUKE *and* Cardinal, *who drink.*

Hebe. Well, Ganymede, you've more faults, though not so known;
I spill'd one cup, but you've filch'd many a one.
Hym. No more; forbear for Hymen's sake:
In love we met, and so let's part.[1]

[*Exeunt* HYMEN, GANYMEDE, *and* HEBE.

Duke. But, soft; here's no such persons in the argument
As these three, Hymen, Hebe, Ganymede;
The actors that this model here discovers
Are only four,—Juno, a Nymph, two lovers.
Bian. This is some antimasque[2] belike, my lord,
To entertain time.—Now my peace is perfect,
Let sports come on apace. [*Aside.*]—Now is there time, my lord: [*Music.*
Hark you! you hear from 'em.
Duke. The Nymph indeed!

Enter two Nymphs, *bearing tapers lighted; then* ISABELLA *as a* Nymph, *dressed with flowers and garlands, carrying a censer with fire in it: they set the censer*

---

[1] By reading "leave take" for let's part," we should procure a rhyme.

[2] A ridiculous interlude introduced during the masque. See Bacon's essay on Masques.

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and tapers on JUNO'S *altar with much reverence, singing this ditty in parts :*

Juno, nuptial goddess,
Thou that rul'st o'er coupled bodies,
Tiest man to woman, never to forsake her,
Thou only powerful marriage-maker,
Pity this amaz'd affection!
I love both, and both love me ;
Nor know I where to give rejection,
My heart likes so equally,
Till thou sett'st right my peace of life,
And with thy power conclude this strife.

Isa. Now, with my thanks, depart you to the springs, I to these wells of love. [*Exeunt the two* Nymphs.]—
Thou sacred goddess
And queen of nuptials, daughter to great Saturn,
Sister and wife to Jove, imperial Juno,
Pity this passionate conflict in my breast,
This tedious war 'twixt two affections ;
Crown me with victory, and my heart's at peace!

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* GUARDIANO *as* Shepherds.

Hip. Make me that happy man, thou mighty goddess!
Guar. But I live most in hope, if truest love
Merit the greatest comfort.
Isa. I love both
With such an even and fair affection,
I know not which to speak for, which to wish for,

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Till thou, great arbitress 'twixt lovers' hearts,
By thy auspicious grace design the man;
Which pity I implore!
Hip. } *We all implore it!*
Guar. }
Isa. And after sighs—contrition's truest odours—
I offer to thy powerful deity
This precious incense [*waving the censer*]*; may it ascend*
peacefully!—
And if it keep true touch, my good aunt Juno,
'Twill try your immortality ere't be long:
I fear you'll ne'er get so nigh heaven again,
When you're once down. [*Aside.*

[LIVIA *descends as* JUNO, *attended by* Pages *as* Cupids.

Liv. Though you and your affections
Seem all as dark to our illustrious brightness
As night's inheritance, hell, we pity you,
And your requests are granted. You ask signs,
They shall be given you; we'll be gracious to you:
He of those twain which we determine for you,
Love's arrows shall wound twice; the latter wound
Betokens love in age; for so are all
Whose love continues firmly all their lifetime
Twice wounded at their marriage, else affection
Dies when youth ends.—This savour overcomes me! [*Aside.*
Now, for a sign of wealth and golden days,
Bright-ey'd prosperity—which all couples love,

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Ay, and makes love—take that;[1] *our brother Jove*
Never denies us of his burning treasure
To express bounty. [ISABELLA *falls down and dies.*

Duke. She falls down upon't;
What's the conceit of that?

Fab. As o'erjoy'd belike:
Too much prosperity o'erjoys us all,
And she has her lapful, it seems, my lord.

Duke. This swerves a little from the argument though:
Look you, my lords. [*Showing paper.*

Guar. All's fast: now comes my part to tole him hither;
Then, with a stamp given, he's despatch'd as cunningly.
[*Aside.*

Hip. [*raising the body of* ISA.] Stark dead! O treachery! cruelly made away!
[GUARDIANO *stamps, and falls through a trap-door.*
How's that?

Fab. Look, there's one of the lovers dropt away too!

Duke. Why, sure, this plot's drawn false; here's no such thing.

Liv. O, I am sick to the death! let me down quickly,
This fume is deadly; O, 't has poison'd me!
My subtlety is sped, her art has quitted me;
My own ambition pulls me down to ruin.
[*Falls down and dies.*

---

[1] "The editor of 1816 follows the pointing of the old ed., 'Ay, and makes love take that,' remarking, in a note, 'I confess I have no very clear understanding of this passage.' The difficulty lies in knowing what 'that' is by which Livia destroys Isabella."—*Dyce.*

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Hip. Nay, then, I kiss thy cold lips, and applaud
This thy revenge in death. [*Kisses the body of* ISABELLA.
Fab. Look, Juno's down too!
[Cupids *shoot at* HIPPOLITO.
What makes she there? her pride should keep aloft:
She was wont to scorn the earth in other shows;
Methinks her peacocks' feathers are much pull'd.
Hip. O, death runs through my blood, in a wild flame too!
Plague of those Cupids! some lay hold on 'em,
Let 'em not scape; they've spoil'd me, the shaft's deadly.
Duke. I've lost myself in this quite.
Hip. My great lords,
We're all confounded.
Duke. How?
Hip. Dead; and I worse.
Fab. Dead! my girl dead? I hope
My sister Juno has not serv'd me so.
Hip. Lust and forgetfulness has been amongst us,
And we are brought to nothing: some blest charity
Lend me the speeding pity of his sword,
To quench this fire in blood! Leantio's death
Has brought all this upon us—now I taste it—
And made us lay plots to confound each other;
Th' event so proves it; and man's understanding
Is riper at his fall than all his lifetime.
She, in a madness for her lover's death,
Reveal'd a fearful lust in our near bloods,
For which I'm punish'd dreadfully and unlook'd for;
Prov'd her own ruin too; vengeance met vengeance,

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like a set match, as if the plague[s] of sin
Had been agreed to meet here altogether:
But how her fawning partner fell I reach not,
Unless caught by some springe of his own setting,—
For, on my pain, he never dream'd of dying;
The plot was all his own, and he had cunning
Enough to save himself: but 'tis the property
Of guilty deeds to draw your wise men downward:
Therefore the wonder ceases. O, this torment!

Duke. Our guard below there!

Enter a Lord *with a* Guard.

Lord. My lord?

Hip. Run and meet death then,
And cut off time and pain! [*Runs on a sword and dies.*

Lord. Behold, my lord,
Has run his breast upon a weapon's point!

Duke. Upon the first night of our nuptial honours
Destruction play her triumph, and great mischiefs
Mask in expected pleasures! 'tis prodigious!
They're things most fearfully ominous; I like 'em not.—
Remove these ruin'd bodies from our eyes.
[*The* Guard *removes the bodies of* ISABELLA, LIVIA, *and* HIPPOLITO.

Bian. Not yet, no change? when falls he to the earth? [*Aside.*

Lord. Please but your excellence to peruse that paper,
[*Giving paper to the* DUKE.
Which is a brief confession from the heart

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Of him that fell first, ere his soul departed;
And there the darkness of these deeds speaks plainly,
'Tis the full scope, the manner, and intent:
His ward, that ignorantly let him down,
Fear put to present flight at the voice of him.
Bian. Not yet? [*Aside.*
Duke. Read, read, for I am lost in sight and strength!
[*Falls.*
Car. My noble brother!
Bian. O, the curse of wretchedness!
My deadly hand is faln upon my lord:
Destruction, take me to thee! give me way;
The pains and plagues of a lost soul upon him
That hinders me a moment!
Duke. My heart swells bigger yet; help here, break't ope!
My breast flies open next. [*Dies.*
Bian. O, with the poison
That was prepar'd for thee! thee, Cardinal,
'Twas meant for thee.
Car. Poor prince!
Bian. Accursèd error!
Give me thy last breath, thou infected bosom,
And wrap two spirits in one poison'd vapour!
Thus, thus, reward thy murderer, and turn death
[*Kisses the dead body of the* DUKE.
Into a parting kiss! my soul stands ready at my lips,
Even vex'd to stay one minute after thee.
Car. The greatest sorrow and astonishment

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That ever struck the general peace of Florence
Dwells in this hour.
Bian. So, my desires are satisfied,
I feel death's power within me:
Thou hast prevail'd in something, cursed poison!
Though thy chief force was spent in my lord's bosom;
But my deformity in spirit's more foul,
A blemish'd face best fits a leprous soul.
What make I here? these are all strangers to me,
Not known but by their malice now thou'rt gone,
Nor do I seek their pities.
[*Drinks from the poisoned cup.*
Car. O restrain
Her ignorant, wilful hand!
Bian. Now do; 'tis done.
Leantio, now I feel the breach of marriage
At my heart-breaking. O, the deadly snares
That women set for women, without pity
Either to soul or honour! learn by me.
To know your foes: in this belief I die,—
Like our own sex we have no enemy.[1]
Lord. See, my lord,
What shift sh'as made to be her own destruction!
Bian. Pride, greatness, honours, beauty, youth, ambition,
You must all down together, there's no help for't:
Yet this my gladness is, that I remove
Tasting the same death in a cup of love. [*Dies.*

[1] Old ed. "no Enemy, no Enemy."

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Car. Sin, what thou art, these ruins show too piteously:
Two kings on one throne cannot sit together,
But one must needs down, for his title's wrong;
So where lust reigns, that prince cannot reign long.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN.

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Car. Sin, wh-
Two kings
But one
So

More Dissemblers Besides Women. A Comedy. By Tho. Middleton, Gent. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, 1657. This play was issued together with *Women Beware Women*, in an 8vo. volume (see p. 233).

In Sir Henry Herbert's Diary (see Chalmers' *Supplem. Apol.*, p. 215) is the entry :—" 17 October [1623] For the King's Company, *An Old Play, called, More Dissemblers besides Women:* allowed by Sir George Bucke; and being free from alterations was allowed by me, for a new play, called *The Devil of Dowgate, or Usury put to use.* Written by Fletcher." *Old play* merely means a play that had been previously licensed for acting. Sir George Buc resigned the post of Master of the Revels in May, 1622.

More Dissemblers is included in vol. iv. of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Lord Cardinal of Milan.
LACTANTIO, *his nephew.*
ANDRUGIO, *general of Milan.*
Father to Aurelia.
Governor of the Fort.
DONDOLO, *servant to Lactantio.*
CROTCHET, *a singing-master.*
SINQUAPACE, *a dancing-master.*
NICHOLAS, *his usher.*
Captain of the Gipsies.
Lords, Gipsies, Servants, and Guards.

Duchess of Milan.
CELIA, *her waiting-woman.*
AURELIA.
Page, Lactantio's mistress in disguise.

SCENE: MILAN and the neighbourhood.

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MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter LACTANTIO, AURELIA, *and* Servant.

Song within.

To be chaste is woman's glory,
'Tis her fame and honour's story:
Here sits she in funeral weeds,
Only bright in virtuous deeds;
Come and read her life and praise,
That singing weeps, and sighing plays.

Lac. Welcome, soul's music! I've been listening here
To melancholy strains from the duchess' lodgings;
That strange great widow, that has vow'd so stiffly
Ne'er to know love's heat in a second husband:

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And she has kept the fort most valiantly,
To th' wonder of her sex, this seven year's day,
And that's no sorry trial. A month's constancy
Is held a virtue in a city-widow;
And are they excell'd by so much more i' th' court?
My faith, a rare example for our wives!
Heaven's blessing of her heart for it! poor soul,
She had need have somewhat to comfort her.
What wouldst thou do, faith, now,
If I were dead, suppose I were thy husband,
As shortly I will be, and that's as good?
Speak freely, and thou lov'st me.
Aur. Alas, sir,
I should not have the leisure to make vows;
For dying presently, I should be dead
Before you were laid out!
Lac. Now fie upon thee for a hasty dier!
Wouldst thou not see me buried?
Aur. Talk not on't, sir,
These many years, unless you take delight
To see me swoon, or make a ghost of me.
Lac. Alas, poor soul! I'll kiss thee into colour:
Canst thou paint pale so quickly? I perceive then
Thou'dst go beyond the duchess in her vow,
Thou'dst die indeed. What's he?
Aur. Be settled, sir;
Spend neither doubt nor fear upon that fellow:
Health cannot be more trusty to man's life
Than he to my necessities in love.
Lac. I take him of thy word, and praise his face,

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Though he look scurvily; I'll think hereafter
That honesty may walk with fire in's nose,
As well as brave desert in broken clothes:
But for thy further safety, I've provided
A shape, that at first sight will start thy modesty,
And make thee blush perhaps, but 'twill away
After a qualm or two. Virginity
Has been put often to those shifts before thee
Upon extremities; a little boldness
Cannot be call'd immodesty, especially
When there's no means without it for our safeties.
Thou know'st my uncle, the lord cardinal,
Wears so severe an eye, so strict and holy,
It not endures the sight of womankind
About his lodgings:
Hardly a matron of fourscore's admitted;
Though she be worn to gums, she comes not there
To mumble matins; all his admiration
Is plac'd upon the duchess; he likes her,
Because she keeps her vow and likes not any;
So does he love that man above his book
That loves no woman: for my fortune's sake then,
For I am like to be his only heir,
I must dissemble, and appear as fair
To his opinion as the brow of piety;
As void of all impureness as an altar:
Thine ear [*whispers*]; that, and we're safe.

Aur. You make me blush, sir.

Lac. 'Tis but a star shot from a beauteous cheek,
It blazes beauty's bounty, and hurts nothing.

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Aur. The power of love commands me.
Lac. I shall wither
In comforts, till I see thee. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Cardinal's *Closet.*

Enter Cardinal *and* Lords.

Car. My lords, I've work for you: when you have hours
Free from the cares of state, bestow your eyes
Upon those abstracts of the duchess' virtues,
My study's ornaments. I make her constancy
The holy mistress of my contemplation;
Whole volumes have I writ in zealous praise
Of her eternal vow: I have no power
To suffer virtue to go thinly clad.
I that have ever been in youth an old man
To pleasures and to women, and could never
Love, but pity 'em,
And all their momentary frantic follies,
Here I stand up in admiration,
And bow to the chaste health of our great duchess
Kissing her constant name. O my fair lords,
When we find grace confirm'd, especially
In a creature that's so doubtful as a woman,
We're spirit-ravish'd; men of our probation
Feel the sphere's music playing in their souls.

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So long, unto th' eternising of her sex,
Sh'as kept her vow so strictly, and as chaste
As everlasting life is kept for virtue,
Even from the sight of men; to make her oath
As uncorrupt as th' honour of a virgin,
That must be strict in thought, or else that title,
Like one of frailty's ruins, shrinks to dust:
No longer she's a virgin than she's just.

First Lord. Chaste, sir? the truth and justice of her vow
To her deceas'd lord's able to make poor
Man's treasury of praises. But, methinks,
She that has no temptation set before her,
Her virtue has no conquest: then would her constancy
Shine in the brightest goodness of her glory,
If she would give admittance, see and be seen,
And yet resist, and conquer: there were argument
For angels; 'twould outreach the life of praise
Set in mortality's shortness. I speak this
Not for religion, but for love of her,
Whom I wish less religious, and more loving:
But I fear she's too constant, that's her fault;
But 'tis so rare, few of her sex are took with't,
And that makes some amends.

Car. You've put my zeal into a way, my lord,
I shall not be at peace till I make perfect:
I'll make her victory harder; 'tis my crown
When I bring grace to great'st perfection;
And I dare trust that daughter with a world,
None but her vow and she. I know she wears

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A constancy will not deceive my praises,
A faith so noble; she that once knows heaven
Need put in no security for her truth;
I dare believe her. Face,[1] use all the art,
Temptation, witcheries, slights,[2] and subtleties,
You temporal lords and all your means can practise——
Sec. Lord. My lord, not any we.
Car. Her resolute goodness
Shall as a rock stand firm, and send the sin
That beat[s] against it
Into the bosom of the owners weeping.
Third Lord. We wish[3] her virtues so.
Car. O give me pardon!
I've lost myself in her upon my friends.
Your charitable censures[4] I beseech:
So dear her white fame is to my soul's love,
'Tis an affliction but to hear it question'd;
She's my religious triumph:
If you desire a belief rightly to her,
Think she can never waver, then you're sure:
She has a fixed heart, it cannot err;
He kills my hopes of woman that doubts her.
First Lord. No more, my lord, 'tis fix'd.
Car. Believe my judgment;
I never praise in vain, nor ever spent

---

[1] "Was altered by the editor of 1816 to '*I dare believe her* faith. Compare Shakespeare, *First P. of Henry VI.*, act v. sc. 3:—
'That Suffolk doth not flatter, *face*, or feign.'"—*Dyce.*
[2] Tricks. [3] Old. ed. "with." [4] Judgments.

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Opinion idly, or lost hopes of any
Where I once plac'd it; welcome as my joys,
Now you all part believers of her virtue!
Lords. We are the same most firmly.
Car. Good opinion
In others reward you and all your actions!
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Who's near us?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord?
Car. Call our nephew. [*Exit* Servant.]—There's a work too
That for blood's sake I labour to make perfect,
And it comes on with joy. He's but a youth,
To speak of years, yet I dare venture him
To old men's goodnesses and gravities
For his strict manners, and win glory by him;
And for the chasteness of his continence,
Which is a rare grace in the spring of man,
He does excel the youth of all our time;
Which gift of his, more than affinity,
Draws my affection in great plenty to him:
The company of a woman's as fearful to him
As death to guilty men; I've seen him blush
When but a maid was nam'd: I'm proud of him,
Heaven be not angry for't! he's near of kin
In disposition to me. I shall do much for him
In life-time, but in death I shall do all;
There he will find my love: he's yet too young

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In years to rise in state, but his good parts
Will bring him in the sooner. Here he comes.

Enter LACTANTIO *with a book.*

What, at thy meditation? half in heaven?

Lac. The better half, my lord, my mind's there still;
And when the heart's above, the body walks here
But like an idle serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his master's coming.

Car. What man in age could bring forth graver thoughts?

Lac. He that lives fourscore years is but like one
That stays here for a friend; when death comes, then
Away he goes, and is ne'er seen agen.
I wonder at the young men of our days,
That they can doat on pleasure, or what 'tis
They give that title to, unless in mockage:
There's nothing I can find upon the earth
Worthy the name of pleasure, unless 't be
To laugh at folly, which indeed good charity
Should rather pity; but of all the frenzies
That follow flesh and blood, O reverend uncle,
The most ridiculous is to fawn on women;
There's no excuse for that; 'tis such a madness,
There is no cure set down for't; no physician
Ever spent hour about it, for they guess'd
'Twas all in vain when they first lov'd themselves,
And never since durst practise; cry *Heu mihi*,[1]

1 "*Hei* mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis," Ovid, *Md.* i. 523.

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That's all the help they've for't. I had rather meet
A witch far north, than a fine fool in love,
The sight would less afflict me: but for modesty,
And your grave presence that learns men respect,
I should fall foul in words upon fond man,
That can forget his excellence and honour,
His serious meditations, being the end
Of his creation to learn well to die,
And live a prisoner to a woman's eye:
Can there be greater thraldom, greater folly?
Car. In making him my heir, I make good works,
And they give wealth a blessing; where,[1] on the contrary,
What curses does he heap upon his soul
That leaves his riches to a riotous young man,
To be consum'd on surfeits, pride, and harlots!
Peace be upon that spirit, whose life provides
A quiet rest for mine! [*Aside.*

Enter Page.[2]

Lac. How now? the news?
Page. A letter, sir [*gives letter to* LACTANTIO], brought by a gentleman
That lately came from Rome.
Lac. That's she; she's come;
I fear not to admit her in his presence,
There is the like already: I'm writ chaste
In my grave uncle's thoughts, and honest meanings

[1] Whereas.
[2] Lactantio's mistress disguised as a page.

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Think all men's like their own. [*Aside.*]—Thou look'st
so pale!
What ail'st thou here a' late?
Page. I doubt I've cause, sir.
Lac. Why, what's the news?
Page. I fear, sir, I'm with child.
Lac. With child? peace, peace; speak low.
Page. 'Twill prove, I fear, so.
Lac. Beshrew my heart for that!—Desire the gentle-
man
To walk a turn or two.
Car. What gentleman?
Lac. One lately come from Rome, my lord, in credit
With Lord Vincentio; so the letter speaks him.
Car. Admit him, my kind boy. [*Exit* Page.]—The
prettiest servant
That ever man was bless'd with! 'tis so meek,
So good and gentle; 'twas the best alm's-deed
That e'er you did to keep him: I've oft took him
Weeping alone, poor boy, at the remembrance
Of his lost friends, which, as he says, the sea
Swallow'd, with all their substance.
Lac. 'Tis a truth, sir,
Has cost the poor boy many a feeling tear,
And me some too, for company: in such pity
I always spend my part. Here comes the gentleman.

Enter AURELIA, *disguised as a man.*

Car. Welcome to Milan, sir: how is the health
Of Lord Vincentio?

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Aur. May it please your grace,
I left it well and happy, and I hope
The same bless'd fortune keeps it.
Car. I hear you're near him.
Aur. One of his chamber, my lord.
Lac. I'd ne'er wish one of her condition nearer
Than to be one of mine. [*Aside.*
Car. Your news is pleasing:
Whilst you remain in Milan, I request you
To know the welcome of no house but ours.
Aur. Thanks to your grace.
Car. I'll leave you to confer;
I'll to the duchess, and labour her perfection. [*Exit.*
Lac. Then thus begins our conference: I arrest thee
In Cupid's name; deliver up your weapon,
[*Takes her sword.*
It is not for your wearing, Venus knows it:
Here's a fit thing indeed! nay, hangers[1] and all;
Away with 'em, out upon 'em! things of trouble,
And out of use with you. Now you're my prisoner;
And till you swear you love me, all and only,
You part not from mine arms.
Aur. I swear it willingly.
Lac. And that you do renounce the general's love,
That heretofore laid claim to you.
Aur. My heart bids me,
You need not teach me that; my eye ne'er knew
A perfect choice till it stood bless'd with you.

[1] See note 4, vol. iii. p. 138.

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There's yet a rival whom you little dream of,
Tax me with him, and I'll swear too I hate him;
I'll thrust 'em both together in one oath,
And send 'em to some pair of waiting-women,
To solder up their credits.

Lac. Prithee, what's he?
Another yet? for laughter' sake, discover him.

Aur. The governor of the fort.

Lac. That old dried neat's tongue!

Aur. A gentleman after my father's relish.

Enter AURELIA'S Father and Governor.

Fath. By your kind favours, gentlemen.

Aur. O, my father!
We're both betray'd.

Lac. Peace; you may prove too fearful.—
To whom your business, sir?

Fath. To the Lord Cardinal,
If it would please yourself, or that young gentleman,
To grace me with admittance.

Lac. I will see, sir;
The gentleman's a stranger, new come o'er;
He understands you not.—
Loff tro veen, tantumbro, hoff tuffiee locumber shaw.

Aur. Quisquimken, sapadlaman, fool-urchin old astrata.

Fath. Nay, and that be the language, we can speak it too:
Strumpettikin, bold harlottum, queaninisma, whore-mongeria!
Shame to thy sex, and sorrow to thy father!

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Is this a shape for reputation
And modesty to masque in? Thou too cunning
For credulous goodness,
Did not a reverent respect and honour,
That's due unto the sanctimonious peace
Of this lord's house, restrain my voice and anger,
And teach it soft humility, I would lift
Both your disgraces to the height of grief
That you have rais'd in me; but to shame you
I will not cast a blemish upon virtue:
Call that your happiness, and the dearest too
That such a bold attempt could ever boast of.
We'll see if a strong fort can hold you now.—
Take her, sir, to you.

Gov. How have I deserv'd
The strangeness of this hour?

Fath. Talk not so tamely.—
For you, sir, thank the reverence of this place,
Or your hypocrisy I'd put out of grace,
I had, i'faith; if ever I can fit you,
Expect to hear from me.

[*Exeunt* Father, Governor, *and* AURELIA.

Lac. I thank you, sir;
The cough o' th' lungs requite you! I could curse him
Into diseases by whole dozens now;
But one's enough to beggar him, if he light
Upon a wise physician. 'Tis a labour
To keep those little wits I have about me.
Still did I dream that villain would betray her:
I'll never trust slave with a parboil'd nose again.

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I must devise some trick t' excuse her absence
Now to my uncle too; there is no mischief
But brings one villain[y] or other still
Even close at heels on't. I am pain'd at heart;
If ever there were hope of me to die
For love, 'tis now; I never felt such gripings:
If I can 'scape this climacterical year,
Women ne'er trust me, though you hear me swear.
Kept with him in the fort? why, there's no hope
Of ever meeting now, my way's not thither;
Love bless us with some means to get together,
And I'll pay all the old reckonings. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Street before the Duchess's *House.*

Enter on a balcony Duchess *and* CELIA.

Duch. What a contented rest rewards my mind
For faithfulness! I give it constancy,
And it returns me peace. How happily
Might woman live, methinks, confin'd within
The knowledge of one husband!
What comes of more rather proclaims desire
Prince of affections than religious love,
Brings frailty and our weakness into question
'Mongst our male enemies, makes widows' tears
Rather the cup of laughter than of pity:
What credit can our sorrows have with men,

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When in some months' space they turn light agen,
Feast, dance, and go in colours? If my vow
Were yet to make, I would not sleep without it,
Or make a faith as perfect to myself
In resolution, as a vow would come to,
And do as much right so to constancy
As strictness could require; for 'tis our goodness
And not our strength that does it. I am arm'd now
'Gainst all deserts in man, be't valour, wisdom,
Courtesy, comeliness, nay, truth itself,
Which seldom keeps him company. I commend
The virtues highly, as I do an instrument
When the case hangs by th' wall; but man himself
Never comes near my heart.

Enter Cardinal *above.*

Car. The blessing of perfection to your thoughts, lady!
For I'm resolv'd they're good ones.
Duch. Honour of greatness,
Friend to my vow, and father to my fame,
Welcome as peace to temples!
Car. I bring war.
Duch. How, sir?
Car. A harder fight: if now you conquer,
You crown my praises double.
Duch. What's your aim, sir?
Car. T' astonish sin and all her tempting evils,
And make your goodness shine more glorious.
When your fair noble vow show'd you the way

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To excellence in virtue, to keep back
The fears that might discourage you at first,
Pitying your strength, it show'd you not the worst:
Tis not enough for tapers to burn bright,
But to be seen, so to lend others light,
Yet not impair themselves, their flame as pure
As when it shin'd in secret; so t' abide
Temptations is the soul's flame truly tried.
I've an ambition, but a virtuous one;
I'd have nothing want to your perfection.

Duch. Is there a doubt found yet? is it so hard
For woman to recover, with all diligence,
And a true fasting faith from sensual pleasure,
What many of her sex has so long lost?
Can you believe that any sight of man,
Held he the worth of millions in one spirit,
Had power to alter me?

Car. No; there's my hope,
My credit, and my triumph.

Duch. I'll no more
Keep strictly private, since the glory on't
Is but a virtue question'd; I'll come forth
And show myself to all; the world shall witness,
That, like the sun, my constancy can look
On earth's corruptions, and shine clear itself.

Car. Hold conquest now, and I have all my wishes.
[*Cornets, and a shout within.*

Duch. The meaning of that sudden shout, my lord?

Car. Signor Andrugio, general of the field,
Successful in his fortunes, is arriv'd,

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And met by all the gallant hopes of Milan,
Welcom'd with laurel-wreaths and hymns of praises:
Vouchsafe but you to give him the first grace, madam,
Of your so long-hid presence, he has then
All honours that can bless victorious man.

Duch. You shall prevail, grave sir.

[*Exit* Cardinal *above.*

Enter ANDRUGIO, *attended by the nobility, senators, and masquers.*

Song.

Laurel is a victor's due,
I give it you,
I give it you;
Thy name with praise,
Thy brow with bays
We circle round:
All men rejoice
With cheerful voice,
To see thee like a conqueror crown'd.
[*A Cupid descending, sings:*
I am a little conqueror too;
For wreaths of bays
There's arms of cross,[1]

---

[1] "Arms of cross" = arms crossed on the breast (the attitude of a moody lover). Cf. *Love's Labour Lost*, iii. 1,—

"Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms."

Philaster, ii. 3,—

"If it be love
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day."

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And that's my due:
I give the flaming heart,
It is my crest;
And by the mother's side,
The weeping eye,
The sighing breast.
It is not power in you, fair beauties;
If I command love, 'tis your duties. [*Ascends.*

[*During the preceding songs* ANDRUGIO *peruses a letter delivered to him by a Lord: the masque then closes with the following*

Song.

Welcome, welcome, son of fame,
Honour triumphs in thy name!

[*Exeunt all except* Lord.

Lord. Alas, poor gentleman! I brought him news
That like a cloud spread over all his glories:
When he miss'd her whom his eye greedily sought for,
His welcome seem'd so poor, he took no joy in't;
But when he found her by her father forc'd
To the old governor's love, and kept so strictly,
A coldness strook his heart. There is no state
So firmly happy but feels envy's might.
I know Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal,
Hates him as deeply as a rich man death;
And yet his welcome show'd as fair and friendly
As his that wore the truest love to him;

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When in his wishes he could drink his blood,
And make his heart the sweetness of his food. [*Exit.*

Celia. Madam! madam!

Duch. Beshrew thy heart, dost thou not see me busy?
You show your manners!

Celia. In the name of goodness,
What ails my lady?

Duch. I confess I'm mortal;
There's no defending on't; 'tis cruel flattery
To make a lady believe otherwise.
Is not this flesh? can you drive heat from fire?
So may you love from this; for love and death
Are brothers in this kingdom, only death
Comes by the mother's side, and that's the surest.
That general is wondrous fortunate,
Has won another field since, and a victory
That credits all the rest; he may more boast on't
Than of a thousand conquests. I am lost,
Utterly lost! where are my women now?
Alas, what help's in them, what strength have they?
I call to a weak guard when I call them;
In rescuing me they'd be themselves o'ercome:
When I, that profess'd war, am overthrown,
What hope's in them, then, that ne'er stirr'd from home?
My faith is gone for ever;
My reputation with the cardinal,
My fame, my praise, my liberty, my peace,
Chang'd for a restless passion: O hard spite,
To lose my seven years' victory at one sight! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

LACTANTIO'S *Lodging in the* Cardinal's *Mansion.*

Enter DONDOLO, *and* Page[1] *carrying a shirt.*

Page. I prithee, Dondolo, take this shirt and air it a little against my master rises; I had rather do anything than do't, i'faith.

Don. O monstrous, horrible, terrible, intolerable! are not you big enough to air a shirt? were it a smock now, you liquorish page, you'd be hanged ere you'd part from't. If thou dost not prove as arrant a smell-smock[2] as any the town affords in a term-time, I'll lose my judgment in wenching.

Page. Pish; here, Dondolo, prithee, take it.

Don. It's no more but up and ride[3] with you then! all my generation were beadles and officers, and do you think I'm so easily entreated? you shall find a harder piece of work, boy, than you imagine, to get anything from my hands; I will not disgenerate so much from the nature of my kindred; you must bribe me one way or other, if you look to have anything done, or else you may do't yourself: 'twas just my father's humour when

---

[1] Lactantio's mistress.

[2] "*Brigaille*, a noteable *smelsmocke* or muttonmungar, a cunning solicitor of a wench."—*Cotgrave.*

[3] Cf. vol. iv. p. 67:—

"*Mis. G.* Then *up and ride*, i'faith!

"*Gal. Up and ride?* nay, my pretty Pru, that's far from my thought, duck: why, mouse, thy mind is nibbling at something."

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he bore office. You know my mind, page; the song! the song! I must either have the song you sung to my master last night when he went to bed, or I'll not do a stitch of service for you from one week's end to the other. As I am a gentleman, you shall brush cloaks, make clean spurs, nay, pull off strait boots, although in the tugging you chance to fall and hazard the breaking of your little buttocks; I'll take no more pity of your marrow-bones than a butcher's dog of a rump of beef; nay, ka me, ka thee;[1] if you will ease the melancholy of my mind with singing, I will deliver you from the calamity of boots-haling.

Page. Alas, you know I cannot sing!

Don. Take heed; you may speak at such an hour that your voice may be clean taken away from you: I have known many a good gentlewoman say so much as you say now, and have presently gone to bed and lay speechless: 'tis not good to jest, as old Chaucer was wont to say, that broad famous English poet. Cannot you sing, say you? O that a boy should so keep cut with[2] his mother, and be given to dissembling!

Page. Faith, to your knowledge in't, ill may seem well;
But as I hope in comforts, I've no skill.

Don. A pox of skill! give me plain simple cunning: why should not singing be as well got without skill as

[1] An old proverbial expression, equivalent to *One good turn deserves another.* See Nares' *Glossary.*

[2] "*i.e.* follow the example of. The word is used by Sterne, in the same sense, in the fifth vol. of his *Tristram Shandy.*"—Editor of 1816.

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the getting of children? You shall have the arrantest fool do as much there as the wisest coxcomb of 'em all, let 'em have all the help of doctors put to 'em, both the directions of physicians, and the erections of pothecaries; you shall have a plain hobnailed country fellow, marrying some dairy-wench, tumble out two of a year, and sometimes three, byrlady, as the crop falls out; and your nice paling physicking gentlefolks some one in nine years, and hardly then a whole one as it should be; the wanting of some apricock or something loses a member on him, or quite spoils it. Come, will you sing, that I may warm the shirt? by this light, he shall put it on cold for me else.

Page. A song or two I learnt with hearing gentlewomen practise themselves.

Don. Come, you are so modest now, 'tis pity that thou wast ever bred to be thrust through a pair of canions;[1] thou wouldst have made a pretty foolish waiting-woman but for one thing. Wilt sing?

Page. As well as I can, Dondolo.

Don. Give me the shirt then, I'll warm't as well['s] I can too.

Why, look, you whoreson coxcomb, this is a smock!

Page. No, 'tis my master's shirt.

Don. Why, that's true too;

Who knows not that? why, 'tis the fashion, fool;
All your young gallants here of late wear smocks,
Those without beards especially.

[1] Rolls of stuff at the bottom of the breeches below the knee.

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Page. Why, what's the reason, sir?

Don. Marry, very great reason in't: a young gallant lying a-bed with his wench, if the constable should chance to come up and search, being both in smocks, they'd be taken for sisters, and I hope a constable dare go no further; and as for the knowing of their heads, that's well enough too, for I know many young gentlemen wear longer hair than their mistresses.

Page. 'Tis a hot world the whilst.

Don. Nay, that's most certain; and a most witty age of a bald one, for all languages; you've many daughters so well brought up, they speak French naturally at fifteen, and they are turned to the Spanish and Italian half a year after.

Page. That's like learning the grammar first, and the accidence after, they go backward so.

Don. The fitter for th' Italian: thou'st no wit, boy; Hadst had a tutor, he'd have taught thee that. Come, come, that I may be gone, boy!

Page. [*sings.*]

Cupid[1] *is Venus' only joy,*
But he is a wanton boy,
A very, very wanton boy;
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,
He is the cause of most men's crests,
I mean upon the forehead,
Invisible, but horrid;

[1] This song (with the omission of ll. 96–7) forms part of a song in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside:* see vol. v. pp. 80–1.

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Of the short velvet mask he was deviser,
That wives may kiss, the husbands ne'er the wiser;
'Twas he first thought upon the way
To keep a lady's lips in play.

Don. O rich, ravishing, rare, and enticing! Well, go thy ways for as sweet a breasted[1] page as ever lay at his master's feet in a truckle-bed.[2] 102

Page. You'll hie you in straight, Dondolo?

Don. I'll not miss you. [*Exit* Page.

This smockified shirt, or shirted smock,
I will go toast. Let me see what's a'clock:
I must to th' castle straight to see his love,
Either by hook or crook: my master storming
Sent me last night, but I'll be gone this morning. [*Exit.*

---

[1] See note 1, p. 350.

[2] A small bed fitted with castors, so that it could be wheeled under the chief or *standing* bed. At night it was drawn out to the foot of the larger bed. In the truckle-bed slept the master's attendant.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess *and* CELIA.

Duch. Seek out the lightest colours can be got,
The youthfull'st dressings; tawny is too sad,
I am not thirty yet; I've wrong'd my time
To go so long in black, like a petitioner:
See that the powder that I use about me
Be rich in cassia.

Celia. Here's a sudden change! [*Aside.*

Duch. O, I'm undone in faith! Stay, art thou certain
Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal, was present
In the late entertainment of the general?

Celia. Upon my reputation with your excellence,
These eyes beheld him: he came foremost, madam;
'Twas he in black and yellow.

Duch. Nay, 'tis no matter, either for himself
Or for the affection of his colours,
So you be sure he was there.

Celia. As sure as sight
Can discern man from man, madam.

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Duch. It suffices. [*Exit* CELIA.
O, an ill cause had need of many helps,
Much art, and many friends, ay, and those mighty,
Or else it sets in shame! A faith once lost
Requires great cunning ere't be entertain'd
Into the breast of a belief again;
There's no condition so unfortunate,
Poor, miserable, to any creature given,
As hers that breaks in vow; she breaks with heaven.

Enter Cardinal.

Car. Increase of health and a redoubled courage
To chastity's great soldier! what, so sad, madam?—
The memory of her seven-years-deceas'd lord
Springs yet into her eyes as fresh and full
As at the seventh hour after his departure:
What a perpetual fountain is her virtue!— [*Aside.*
Too much t' afflict yourself with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength requir'd;
Your vow is charge enough, believe me 'tis, madam,
You need no weightier task.
Duch. Religious sir,
You heard the last words of my dying lord.
Car. Which I shall ne'er forget.
Duch. May I entreat
Your goodness but to speak 'em over to me,
As near as memory can befriend your utterance,
That I may think awhile I stand in presence
Of my departing husband.

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Car. What's your meaning
In this, most virtuous madam?
Duch. 'Tis a courtesy
I stand in need of, sir, at this time specially;
Urge it no further yet; as it proves to me,
You shall hear from me; only I desire it
Effectually from you, sir, that's my request.
Car. I wonder, yet I'll spare to question farther.—
[*Aside.*
You shall have your desire.
Duch. I thank you, sir;
A blessing come along with't!
Car. *You see, my lords, what all earth's glory is,*
Rightly defin'd in me, uncertain breath;
A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
To most not half the time: beware ambition:
Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with submission.
And you, Lord Cardinal, labour to perfect
Good purposes begun; be what you seem,
Steadfast and uncorrupt; your actions noble,
Your goodness simple, without gain[1] *or art,*
And not in vesture holier than in heart.
But 'tis a pain, more than the pangs of death,
To think that we must part, fellow[2] *of life.*
Thou richness of my joys, kind and dear princess;
Death had no sting but for our separation;
It would come more calm than an evening's peace
That brings on rest to labours: thou'rt so precious,
I should depart in everlasting envy

[1] "'Qy. guile?'"—*Dyce.*
[2] Old ed. "fellows."

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Unto the man that ever should enjoy thee:
O, a new torment strikes his force into me
When I but think on't! I am rack'd and torn;
Pity me in thy virtues.
Duch. My lov'd lord,
Let you[r] confirm'd opinion of my life,
My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
Can cast a sleep so deadly on my senses,
To draw my affections to a second liking.
Car. 'T has ever been thy[1] *promise, and the spring*
Of my great love to thee. For once to marry
Is honourable in woman, and her ignorance
Stands for a virtue, coming new and fresh;
But second marriage shows desire in flesh;
Thence lust, and heat, and common custom grows;
But she's part virgin who but one man knows.
I here expect a work of thy great faith
At my last parting; I can crave no more,
And with thy vow I rest myself for ever;
My soul and it shall fly to heaven together:
Seal to my spirit that quiet satisfaction,
And I go hence in peace.
Duch. Then here I vow never——
Car. Why, madam!
Duch. I can go no further.
Car. What,
Have you forgot your vow?

[1] Old ed. "the."

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Duch. I have, too certainly.
Car. Your vow? that cannot be; it follows now
Just where I left.
Duch. My frailty gets before it;
Nothing prevails but ill.
Car. What ail you, madam?
Duch. Sir, I'm in love.
Car. O, all you powers of chastity,
Look to this woman! let her not faint now,
For honour of yourselves! If she be lost,
I know not where to seek my hope in woman.
Madam, O madam!
Duch. My desires are sicken'd
Beyond recovery of good counsel, sir.
Car. What mischief ow'd a malice to the sex,
To work this spiteful ill! better the man
Had never known creation, than to live
Th' unlucky ruin of so fair a temple.
Yet think upon your vow, revive in faith;
Those are eternal things: what are all pleasures,
Flatteries of men, and follies upon earth,
To your most excellent goodness? O she's dead,
Stark cold to any virtuous claim within her!
What now is heat is sin's. Have I approv'd
Your constancy for this, call'd your faith noble,
Writ volumes of your victories and virtues?
I have undone my judgment, lost my praises,
Blemish'd the truth of my opinion.
Give me the man, that I may pour him out
To all contempt and curses.

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Duch. The man's innocent,
Full of desert and grace; his name Lactantio.
Car. How?
Duch. Your nephew.
Car. My nephew?
Duch. Beshrew the sight of him! he lives not, sir,
That could have conquer'd me, himself excepted.
Car. He that I lov'd so dearly, does he wear
Such killing poison in his eye to sanctity?
He has undone himself for ever by't;
Has lost a friend of me, and a more sure one.
Farewell all natural pity! though my affection
Could hardly spare him from my sight an hour,
I'll lose him now eternally, and strive
To live without him; he shall straight to Rome.
Duch. Not if you love my health or life, my lord.
Car. This day he shall set forth.
Duch. Despatch me rather.
Car. I'll send him far enough.
Duch. Send me to death first.
Car. No basilisk, that strikes dead pure affection
With venomous eye, lives under my protection. [*Exit.*
Duch. Now my condition's worse than e'er 'twas yet;
My cunning takes not with him; has broke through
The net that with all art was set for him,
And left the snarer here herself entangled
With her own toils. O, what are we poor souls,
When our dissembling fails us? surely creatures
As full of want as any nation can be,

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That scarce have food to keep bare life about 'em.
Had this but took effect, what a fair way
Had I made for my love to th' general,
And cut off all suspect, all reprehension!
My hopes are kill'd i' th' blossom. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Cardinal's *closet.*

Enter Cardinal.

Car. Let me think upon't;
Set holy anger by awhile. There's time
Allow'd for natural argument: 'tis she
That loves my nephew; she that loves, loves first;
What cause have I to lay a blame on him then?
He's in no fault in this: say 'twas his fortune,
At the free entertainment of the general,
'Mongst others the deserts and hopes of Milan,
To come into her sight, where's the offence yet?
What sin was that in him? Man's sight and presence
Are free to public view! she might as well
Have fix'd her heart's love then upon some other;
I would 't had lighted anywhere but there!
Yet I may err to wish 't, since it appears
The hand of heaven, that only pick'd him out
To reward virtue in him by this fortune;
And through affection I'm half conquer'd now;

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I love his good as dearly as her vow,
Yet there my credit lives in works and praises:
I never found a harder fight within me,
Since zeal first taught me war; say I should labour
To quench this love, and so quench life and all,
As by all likelihood it would prove her death,
For it must needs be granted she affects him
As dearly as the power of love can force,
Since her vow awes her not, that was her saint;
What right could that be to religion,
To be her end, and dispossess my kinsman?
No, I will bear in pity to her heart,
The rest commend to fortune and my art. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter AURELIA'S Father, Governor, AURELIA, *and* ANDRUGIO *disguised.*

Gov. I like him passing well.

Fath. He's a tall fellow.

And. A couple of tall[1] wits. [*Aside.*]—I've seen some service, sir.

Gov. Nay, so it seems by thy discourse, good fellow.

And. Good fellow?[2] calls me thief familiarly.—[*Aside.* I could show many marks of resolution,

[1] Fine, great.

[2] *Good fellow* was a cant term for a thief. Cf. vol. ii. p. 268, l. 20.

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But modesty could wish 'em rather hidden:
I fetch'd home three-and-twenty wounds together
In one set battle, where I was defeated
At the same time of the third part of my nose;
But meeting with a skilful surgeon,
Took order for my snuffling.
Gov. And a nose
Well heal'd is counted a good cure in these days;
It saves many a man's honesty, which else
Is quickly drawn into suspicion.
This night shall bring you acquainted with your charge;
In the meantime you and your valour's welcome:
Would w'had more store of you, although they come
With fewer marks about 'em!
Fath. So wish I, sir. [*Exeunt* Father *and* Governor.
And. I was about to call her, and she stays
Of her own gift, as if she knew my mind;
Certain she knows me not, not possible. [*Aside.*
Aur. What if I left my token and my letter
With this strange fellow, so to be convey'd
Without suspicion to Lactantio's servant?
Not so, I'll trust no freshman with such secrets;
His ignorance may mistake, and give't to one
That may belong to th' general, for I know
He sets some spies about me; but all he gets
Shall not be worth his pains. I would Lactantio
Would seek some means to free me from this place;
'Tis prisonment enough to be a maid,

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But to be mew'd up too, that case is hard,
As if a toy were kept by a double guard.
[*Aside, and going.*
And. Away she steals again, not minding me:
'Twas not at me she offer'd. [*Aside.*]—Hark you, gentlewoman.
Aur. With me, sir?
And. I could call you by your name,
But gentle's the best attribute to woman.
Aur. Andrugio? O, as welcome to my lips
As morning dew to roses! my first love!
And. Why, have you more then?
Aur. What a word was there!
More than thyself what woman could desire,
If reason had a part of her creation?
For loving you, you see, sir, I'm a prisoner,
There's all the cause they have against me, sir;
A happy persecution I so count on't:
If anything be done to me for your sake,
'Tis pleasing to me.
And. Are you not abus'd,
Either through force or by your own consent?
Hold you your honour perfect and unstain'd?
Are you the same still that at my departure
My honest thoughts maintain'd you to my heart?
Aur. The same most just.
And. Swear't.
Aur. By my hope of fruitfulness,
Love, and agreement, the three joys of marriage!

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And. I am confirm'd; and in requital on't,
Ere long expect your freedom.
Aur. O, you flatter me!
It is a wrong to make a wretch too happy,
So suddenly upon affliction;
Beshrew me, if I be not sick upon't!
'Tis like a surfeit after a great feast:
My freedom, said you?
And. Does't o'ercome you so?
Aur. Temptation never overcame a sinner
More pleasingly than this sweet news my heart:
Here's secret joy can witness, I am proud on't.
And. Violence I will not use; I come a friend;
'Twere madness to force that which wit can end.
Aur. Most virtuously deliver'd!
And. Thou'rt in raptures.
Aur. My love, my love!
And. Most virtuously deliver'd!
Spoke like the sister of a puritan midwife!
Will you embrace the means that I have thought on
With all the speed you can?
Aur. Sir, anything;
You cannot name 't too dangerous or too homely.
And. Fie, [fie], you overact your happiness;
You drive slight things to wonders.
Aur. Blame me not, sir;
You know not my affection.
And. Will you hear me?
There are a sect of pilfering, juggling people
The vulgar tongue call gipsies.

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Aur. True, the same, sir;
I saw the like this morning. Say no more, sir;
I apprehend you fully.
And. What, you do not?
Aur. No? hark you, sir. [*Whispers.*
And. Now by this light 'tis true!
Sure if you prove as quick as your conceit,
You'll be an excellent breeder.
Aur. I should do reason by the mother's side, sir,
If fortune do her part in a good getter.
And. That's not to do now, sweet, the man stands near thee.
Aur. Long may he stand most fortunately, sir,
Whom her kind goodness has appointed for me.
And. Awhile I'll take my leave t' avoid suspicion.
Aur. I do commend your course: good sir, forget me not.
And. All comforts sooner.
Aur. Liberty is sweet, sir.
And. I know there's nothing sweeter, next to love,
But health itself, which is the prince of life.
Aur. Your knowledge raise you, sir!
And. Farewell till evening. [*Exit.*
Aur. And after that, farewell, sweet sir, for ever.
A good kind gentleman to serve our turn with,
But not for lasting; I have chose a stuff
Will wear out two of him, and one finer too:
I like not him that has two mistresses,
War and his sweetheart; he can ne'er please both:
And war's a soaker, she's no friend to us;

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Turns a man home sometimes to his mistress
Some forty ounces poorer than he went;
All his discourse out of the Book of Surgery,
Cere-cloth and salve, and lies you all in tents,[1]
Like your camp-vict'lers: out upon't! I smile
To think how I have fitted him with an office:
His love takes pains to bring our loves together,
Much like your man that labours to get treasure,
To keep his wife high for another's pleasure. [*Exit.*

[1] Rolls of lint, or other material, used in dressing wounds. Webster has the same pun in *The Duchess of Malfi*, i. 1:—"She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful fellow, to lie, like the children of Israel, all in tents."

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

LACTANTIO's *Lodgings in the* Cardinal's *Mansion.*

Enter LACTANTIO *and* Page.

Page. Think of your shame and mine.
Lac. I prithee, peace:
Thou art th' unfortunat'st piece of taking business
That ever man repented when day peep'd;
I'll ne'er keep such a piece of touchwood again,
And I were rid of thee once. Well fare those
That never sham'd their master! I've had such,
And I may live to see the time again;
I do not doubt on't.
Page. If my too much kindness
Receive your anger only for reward,
The harder is my fortune: I must tell you, sir,
To stir your care up to prevention,
(Misfortunes must be told as well as blessings,)
When I left all my friends in Mantua,
For your love's sake alone, then, with strange oaths
You promis'd present marriage.

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Lac. With strange oaths, quoth 'a?
They're not so strange to me; I've sworn the same things
I'm sure forty times over, not so little;
I may be perfect in 'em, for my standing.
Page. You see 'tis high time now, sir.
Lac. Yes, yes, yes,
Marriage is nothing with you; a toy[1] till death.
If I should marry all those I have promis'd,
'Twould make one vicar hoarse ere he could despatch us.—
I must devise some shift when she grows big,
Those masculine hose will shortly prove too little:
What if she were convey'd to nurse's house?
A good sure old wench; and she'd love the child well,
Because she suckled the father: no ill course,
By my mortality; I may hit worse.— [*Aside.*

Enter DONDOLO.

Now, Dondolo, the news?
Don. The news?
Lac. How does she?
Don. Soft, soft, sir; you think 'tis nothing to get news
Out o' th' castle: I was there.
Lac. Well, sir.
Don. As you know,
A merry fellow may pass anywhere.
Lac. So, sir.

[1] Trifle.

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Don. Never in better fooling in my life.
Lac. What's this to th' purpose?
Don. Nay, 'twas nothing to th' purpose, that's certain.
Lac. How wretched this slave makes me! Didst not see her?
Don. I saw her.
Lac. Well, what said she then?
Don. Not a word, sir.
Lac. How, not a word?
Don. Proves her the better maid,
For virgins should be seen more than they're heard.
Lac. Exceeding good, sir; you are no [1] sweet villain!
Don. No, faith, sir, for you keep me in foul linen.
Lac. Turn'd scurvy rhymer, are you?
Don. Not scurvy neither,
Though I be somewhat itchy in the profession:
If you could hear me out with patience, I know
Her mind as well as if I were in her belly.
Lac. Thou saidst even now she never spake a word.
Don. But she gave certain signs, and that's as good.
Lac. Canst thou conceive by signs?
Don. O, passing well, sir,
Even from an infant! did you ne'er know that?
I was the happiest child in all our country;
I was born of a dumb woman.
Lac. How?
Don. Stark dumb, sir.
My father had a rare bargain of her, a rich pennyworth;

[1] Ironical.

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There would have been but too much money given for her:
A justice of peace was about her; but my father,
Being then constable, carried her before him.
Lac. Well, since we're enter'd into these dumb shows,
What were the signs she gave you?
Don. Many and good, sir.
Imprimis, she first gap'd, but that I guess'd
Was done for want of air, 'cause she's kept close;
But had she been abroad and gap'd as much,
'T had been another case: then cast she up
Her pretty eye and wink'd; the word methought was then,
Come not till twitterlight:[1]
Next, thus her fingers went, as who should say,
I'd fain have a hole broke to 'scape away;
Then look'd upon her watch, and twice she nodded,
As who should say, the hour will come, sweetheart,
That I shall make two noddies of my keepers.
Lac. A third of thee. Is this your mother-tongue?
My hopes are much the wiser for this language:
There's no such curse in love to[2] an arrant ass!
Don. O yes, sir, yes, an arrant whore's far worse.
You never lin[3]
Railing on me from one week's end to another;
But you can keep a little tit-mouse page there,
That's good for nothing but to carry toothpicks.

---

[1] Twilight. See note 1, vol. iii. p. 230.
[2] In comparison with. [3] Cease.

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Put up your pipe or so, that's all he's good for:
He cannot make him ready[1] as he should do;
I am fain to truss his points[2] every morning;
Yet the proud, scornful ape, when all the lodgings
Were taken up with strangers th' other night,
He would not suffer me to come to bed to him,
But kick'd and prick'd and pinch'd me like an urchin;[3]
There's no good quality in him: o' my conscience,
I think he scarce knows how to stride a horse;
I saw him with a little hunting nag
But thus high t'other day, and he was fain
To lead him to a high rail, and get up like a butter-wench:
There's no good fellowship in this dandiprat,[4]
This dive-dapper,[5] as is in other pages:
They'd go a-swimming with me familiarly
I' th' heat of summer, and clap what-you-call-'ems;
But I could never get that little monkey yet
To put off his breeches:
A tender, puling, nice, chitty-fac'd squall[6] 'tis.

Lac. Is this the good you do me? his love's wretched,
And most distress'd, that must make use of fools.

Don. Fool to my face still! that's unreasonable;
I will be a knave one day for this trick.

---

[1] "Make him ready" = dress himself.

[2] "Truss his points" = tie the tags of his breeches.

[3] (1) Hedgehog, (2) sprite.—In the present passage the word seems to have both meanings.

[4] See note 1, vol. i. p. 28.

[5] Didapper, dab-chick.

[6] The term was usually applied to girls: see note, vol. i. p. 267.

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Or't shall cost me a fall, though it be from a gibbet;
It has been many a proper man's last leap.
Nay, sure I'll be quite out of the precincts
Of a fool if I live but two days to an end;
I will turn gipsy presently,
And that's the highway to the daintiest knave
That ever mother's son took journey to.
O those dear gipsies!
They live the merriest lives, eat sweet stoln hens,
Pluck'd over pales or hedges by a twitch;
They're ne'er without a plump and lovely goose,
Or beautiful sow-pig;
Those things I saw with mine own eyes to-day:
They call those vanities and trifling pilfries;
But if a privy search were made amongst 'em,
They should find other manner of ware about 'em,
Cups, rings, and silver spoons, byrlady! bracelets,
Pearl necklaces, and chains of gold sometimes:
They are the wittiest thieves! I'll stay no longer,
But even go look what I can steal now presently,
And so begin to bring myself acquainted with 'em.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Lac. Nothing I fear so much, as in this time
Of my dull absence, her first love, the general,
Will wind himself into her affection
By secret gifts and letters; there's the mischief!
I have no enemy like him; though my policy
Dissembled him a welcome, no man's hate
Can stick more close unto a loath'd disease
Than mine to him.

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Enter Cardinal.

Car. What ails this pretty boy to weep so often?—
Tell me the cause, child;—how his eyes stand full!—
Beshrew you, nephew, you're too bitter to him!
He is so soft, th' unkindness of a word
Melts him into a woman.—'Las, poor boy,
Thou shalt not serve him longer; 'twere great pity
That thou shouldst wait upon an angry master:
I've promis'd thee to one will make much of thee,
And hold thy weak youth in most dear respect.
Page. O, I beseech your grace that I may serve
No master else!
Car. Thou shalt not: mine's a mistress,
The greatest mistress in all Milan, boy,
The duchess' self.
Page. Nor her, nor any.
Car. Cease, boy!
Thou know'st not thine own happiness, through fondness,[1]
And therefore must be learnt: go, dry thine eyes.
Page. This rather is the way to make 'em moister.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Car. Now, nephew! nephew!
Lac. O, you've snatch'd my spirit, sir,
From the divinest meditation
That ever made soul happy!
Car. I'm afraid
I shall have as much toil to bring him on now,

[1] Foolishness.

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As I had pains to keep her off from him. [*Aside.*
I've thought it fit, nephew, considering
The present barrenness of our name and house,
The only famine of succeeding honour,
To move the ripeness of your time to marriage.
Lac. How, sir, to marriage?
Car. Yes, to a fruitful life:
We must not all be strict; so generation
Would lose her right: thou'rt young; 'tis my desire
To see thee bestow'd happily in my lifetime.
Lac. Does your grace well remember who I am,
When you speak this?
Car. Yes, very perfectly;
You're a young man, full in the grace of life,
And made to do love credit; proper, handsome,
And for affection pregnant.
Lac. I beseech you, sir,
Take off your praises rather than bestow 'em
Upon so frail a use. Alas, you know, sir,
I know not what love is, or what you speak of!
If woman be amongst it, I shall swoon;
Take her away, for contemplation's sake:
Most serious uncle, name no such thing to me.
Car. Come, come, you're fond:
Prove but so strict and obstinate in age,
And you are well to pass. There's honest love
Allow'd you now for recreation;
The years will come when all delights must leave you,
Stick close to virtue then; in the meantime
There's honourable joys to keep youth company;

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And if death take you there, dying no adulterer,
You're out of his eternal reach; defy him.
List hither; come to me, and with great thankfulness
Welcome thy fortunes; 'tis the duchess loves thee!
Lac. The duchess?
Car. Doats on thee; will die for thee,
Unless she may enjoy thee.
Lac. She must die then.
Car. How?
Lac. 'Las, do you think she ever means to do't, sir?
I'll sooner believe all a woman speaks
Than that she'll die for love: she has a vow, my lord,
That will keep life in her.
Car. Believe me, then,
That should have bounteous interest in thy faith,
She's thine, and not her vow's.
Lac. The[1] more my sorrow,
My toil, and my destruction.—My blood dances!
[*Aside.*
Car. And though that bashful maiden virtue in thee,
That never held familiar league with woman,
Binds fast all pity to her heart that loves thee,
Let me prevail, my counsel stands up to thee,
Embrace it as the fulness of thy fortunes,
As if all blessings upon earth were clos'd
Within one happiness, for such another
Whole life could never meet with: go and present

[1] "The more . . . destruction." These words form part of the Cardinal's speech in the old ed.

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Your service and your love; but, on your hopes,
Do it religiously. What need I doubt him
Whom chastity locks up?

Lac. O envy,
Hadst thou no other means to come by virtue
But by such treachery? the duchess love!
Thou wouldst be sure to aim it high enough,
Thou knew'st full well 'twas no prevailing else.—
[*Aside.*
Sir, what your will commands, mine shall fulfil;
I'll teach my heart in all t' obey your will.

Car. A thing you shall not lose by. Here come the lords:

Enter Lords.

Go, follow you the course that I advis'd you;
The comfort of thy presence is expected:
Away with speed to court; she languishes
For one dear sight of thee: for life's sake, haste;
You lose my favour if you let her perish.

Lac. And art thou come, brave fortune, the reward
Of neat'[st] hypocrisy that ever book'd it,[1]
Or turn'd up transitory white o' th' eye
After the feminine rapture? Duchess and I
Were a fit match, can be denied of no man;
The best dissembler lights on the best woman;
'Twere sin to part us. [*Aside, and exit.*

[1] "*i.e.* pretended to be devoted to books. Compare [p. 384]."—*Dyce.*

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Car. You lights of state, truth's friends, much-honour'd lords,
Faithful admirers of our duchess' virtues,
And firm believers, it appears as plain
As knowledge to the eyes of industry,
That neither private motion, which holds counsel
Often with woman's frailty and her blood,
Nor public sight, the lightning of temptations,
Which from the eye strikes sparks into the bosom,
And sets whole hearts on fire, hath power to raise
A heat in her 'bove that which feeds chaste life,
And gives that cherishing means ;she's the same still,
And seems so seriously employ'd in soul,
As if she could not 'tend to cast an eye
Upon deserts so low as those in man.
It merits famous memory I confess ;
Yet many times when I behold her youth,
And think upon the lost hopes of posterity,
Succession, and the royal fruits of beauty,
All by the rashness of one vow made desperate,
It goes so near my heart, I feel it painful,
And wakes me into pity oftentimes,
When others sleep unmov'd.

First Lord. I speak it faithfully,
For 'tis poor fame to boast of a disease,
Your grace has not endur'd that pain alone,
'T has been a grief of mine ; but where's the remedy ?

Car. True, there your lordship spake enough in little :
There's nothing to be hop'd for but repulses ;
She's not to seek for armour against love

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That has bid battle to his powers so long;
He that should try her now had need come strong,
And with more force than his own arguments,
Or he may part disgrac'd, being put to flight;
That soldier's tough has been in seven years' fight.
Her vow's invincible; for you must grant this,—
If those desires, train'd up in flesh and blood
To war continually 'gainst good intents,
Prove all too weak for her, having advantage
Both of her sex and her unskilfulness
At a spiritual weapon, wanting knowledge
To manage resolution, and yet win,
What force can a poor argument bring in?
The books that I have publish'd in her praise
Commend her constancy, and that's fame-worthy;
But if you read me o'er with eyes of enemies,
You cannot justly and with honour tax me
That I dissuade her life from marriage there:
Now heaven and fruitfulness forbid, not I!
She maybe constant there, and the hard war
Of chastity is held a virtuous strife,
As rare in marriage as in single life;
Nay, by some writers rarer; hear their reasons,
And you'll approve 'em fairly. She that's single,
Either in maid or widow, oftentimes
The fear of shame, more than the fear of heaven,
Keeps chaste and constant; when the tempest comes,
She knows she has no shelter for her sin,
It must endure the weathers of all censure;
Nothing but sea and air that poor bark feels:

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When she in wedlock is like a safe vessel
That lies at anchor; come what weathers can,
Shé has her harbour; at her great[1] unlading,
Much may be stoln, and little waste;[2] the master
Thinks himself rich enough with what he has,
And holds content by that. How think you now, lords?
If she that might offend safe does not err,
What's chaste in others is most rare in her.
Sec. Lord. What wisdom but approves it?
First Lord. But, my lord,
This should be told to her it concerns most;
Pity such good things should be spoke and lost.
Car. That were the way to lose 'em utterly;
You quite forget her vow: yet, now I think on't,
What is that vow? 'twas but a thing enforc'd,
Was it not, lords?
First Lord. Merely compell'd indeed.
Car. Only to please the duke; and forcèd virtue
Fails in her merit, there's no crown prepar'd for't.
What have we done, my lords? I fear we've sinn'd
In too much strictness to uphold her in't,
In cherishing her will; for woman's goodness
Takes counsel of that first, and then determines;
She cannot truly be call'd constant now,
If she persèver, rather obstinate,
The vow appearing forcèd, as it proves,
Tried by our purer thoughts; the grace and triumph

[1] I can hardly resist reading "at her *freight's unlading*."
[2] Altered by the editor of 1816 to "miss'd," which seems to be an improvement.

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Of all her victories are but idle glories,
She wilful, and we enemies to succession.
I will not take rest till I tell her soul
As freely as I talk to those I keep.
Lords. And we'll all second you, my lord.
Car. Agreed:
We'll knit such knots of arguments so fast,
All wit in her shall not undo in haste.
Sec. Lord. Nay, sure, I think all we shall be too hard for her,
Else she's a huge, wild creature.
First Lord. If we win,
And she yield marriage, then will I strike in. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess *and* CELIA.

Duch. Thou tell'st me happy things, if they be certain,
To bring my wishes about wondrous strangely;
Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal,
The general's secret enemy?
Celia. Most true, madam;
I had it from a gentleman, my kinsman,
That knows the best part of Lactantio's bosom.
Duch. It happens passing fortunately to save
Employment in another; he will 'come now
A necessary property; he may thank

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The need and use we have of him for his welcome.
[*Knocking within.*
Now, who's that knocks?

Celia. [*after going out and re-entering.*] Madam, 'tis he, with speed:
I thought he had brought his horse to th' chamber-door,
He made such haste and noise.

Duch. Admit him, prithee,
And have a care your heart be true and secret.

Celia. Take life away from't when it fails you, madam.

Duch. Enough; I know thee wise.— [*Exit* CELIA.
He comes with haste indeed.

Enter LACTANTIO.

Are you come now, sir?
You should have stay'd yet longer, and have found me
Dead, to requite your haste.

Lac. Love bless you better, madam!

Duch. Must I bid welcome to the man undoes me,
The cause of my vow's breach, my honour's enemy;
One that does all the mischief to my fame,
And mocks my seven years' conquest with his name?
This is a force of love was never felt;
But I'll not grudge at fortune, I will take
Captivity cheerfully: here, seize upon me,
And if thy heart can be so pitiless
To chain me up for ever in those arms,
I'll take it mildly, ay, and thank my stars,
For we're all subject to the chance of wars.

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Lac. We are so; yet take comfort, vanquish'd duchess,
I'll use you like an honourable prisoner,
You shall be [well] entreated; day shall be
Free for all sports to you, the night for me;
That's all I challenge, all the rest is thine;
And for your fare 't shall be no worse than mine.

Duch. Nay, then, I'm heartily pleasant, and as merry
As one that owes no malice, and that's well, sir:
You cannot say so much for your part, can you?

Lac. Faith, all that I owe is to one man, madam,
And so can few men say: marry, that malice
Wears no dead flesh about it, 'tis a stinger.

Duch. What is he that shall dare to be your enemy,
Having our friendship, if he be a servant
And subject to our law?

Lac. Yes, trust me, madam,
Of a vild[1] fellow I hold him a true subject;
There's many arrant knaves that are good subjects,
Some for their living's sakes, some for their lives,
That will unseen eat men, and drink their wives.

Duch. They are as much in fault that know such people,
And yet conceal 'em from the whips of justice.
For love's sake give me in your foe betimes,
Before he vex you further; I will order him
To your heart's wishes, load him with disgraces,
That your revenge shall rather pity him
Than wish more weight upon him.

---

[1] Vile.

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Lac. Say you so, madam?—
Here's a bless'd hour, that feeds both love and hate;
Then take thy time, brave malice. [*Aside.*]—Virtuous princess,
The only enemy that my vengeance points to
Lives in Andrugio.
Duch. What, the general?
Lac. That's the man, madam.
Duch. Are you serious, sir?
Lac. As at my prayers.
Duch. We meet happily then
In both our wishes; he's the only man
My will has had a longing to disgrace,
For divers capital contempts; my memory
Shall call 'em all together now; nay, sir,
I'll bring his faith in war now into question,
And his late conference with the enemy.
Lac. Byrlady, a shrewd business and a dangerous!
Signor, your neck's a-cracking.
Duch. Stay, stay, sir;
Take pen and ink.
Lac. Here's both, and paper, madam.
Duch. I'll take him in a fine trap.
Lac. That were excellent.
Duch. A letter so writ would abuse him strangely.
Lac. Good madam, let me understand your mind,
And then take you no care for his abusing;
I serve for nothing else. I can write fast and fair,
Most true orthography, and observe my stops.

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Duch. Stay, stay awhile;
You do not know his hand.
Lac. A bastard Roman,
Much like mine own; I could go near it, madam.
Duch. Marry, and shall.
Lac. We were once great together,
And writ Spanish epistles one to another,
To exercise the language.
Duch. Did you so?
It shall be a bold letter of temptation,
With his name to't, as writ and sent to me.
Lac. Can be no better, lady; stick there, madam,
And ne'er seek further.
Duch. Begin thus: *Fair duchess*, say;
We must use flattery if we imitate man,
'Twill ne'er be thought his pen else.
Lac. Most fair duchess. [*Writing.*
Duch. What need you have put in *most?* yet since 'tis in,
Let 't even go on; few women would find fault with't;
We all love to be best, but seldom mend:
Go on, sir.
Lac. Most fair duchess! here's an admiration-point.
[*Writing.*
Duch. The report of your vow shall not fear[1] *me*——
Lac. Fear me; two stops at fear me. [*Writing.*
Duch. I know you're but a woman——

[1] Frighten.

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Lac. But a woman; a comma at woman. [*Writing.*

Duch. And what a woman is, a wise man knows.

Lac. Wise man knows; a full prick there. [*Writing.*

Duch. Perhaps my condition[1] *may seem blunt to you——*

Lac. Blunt to you; a comma here again. [*Writing.*

Duch. But no man's love can be more sharp set——

Lac. Sharp set; there a colon, for colon[2] is sharp set oftentimes. [*Writing.*

Duch. And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.

Lac. Skill at that weapon; a full prick here at weapon. [*Writing.*

Duch. So, that will be enough; subscribe it thus now, *One that vows service to your affections; signor such a one.*

Lac. Signor Andrugio, G.; that stands for general. [*Writing.*

Duch. And you shall stand for goose-cap. [*Aside.*]—Give me that: [*Taking letter.*

Betake you to your business speedily, sir;
We give you full authority from our person,
In right of reputation, truth, and honour,
To take a strong guard, and attach his body;
That done, to bring him presently before us;
Then we know what to do.

Lac. My hate finds wings;
Man's spirit flies swift to all revengeful things. [*Aside, and exit.*

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[1] Disposition.

[2] The largest of the intestines. See note 1, vol. v. p. 38.

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Duch. Why, here's the happiness of my desires;
The means safe, unsuspected, far from thought;
His state is like the world's condition right,
Greedy of gain, either by fraud or stealth;
And whilst one toils, another gets the wealth. [*Exit.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Encampment of the Gipsies, *near Milan.*

Enter ANDRUGIO.

And. Now, fortune, show thyself the friend of love,
Make her way plain and safe; cast all their eyes
That guard the castle
Into a thicker blindness than thine own,
Darker than ignorance or idolatry,
That in that shape my love may pass unknown,
And by her freedom set my comforts free.
This is the place appointed for our meeting,
Yet comes she [not]; I'm covetous of her sight;
That gipsy-habit alters her so far
From knowledge, that our purpose cannot err;
She might have been here now by this time largely,
And much to spare: I would not miss her now
In this plight for the loss of a year's joy.
She's ignorant of this house, nor knows she where
Or which way to bestow herself through fear.

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Enter LACTANTIO *with a* Guard.

Lac. Close with him, gentlemen.— In the duchess's name
We do attach your body.
And. How, my body?
What means this rudeness?
Lac. You add to your offences,
Calling that rudeness that is fair command,
Immaculate justice, and the duchess' pleasure.
And. Signor Lactantio! O, are you the speaker?
Lac. I am what I am made.
And. Show me my crime.
Lac. I fear you'll have too many shown you, sir.
And. The father of untruths possesses thy spirit,
As he commands thy tongue: I defy fear
But in my love, it only settles there.
Lac. Bring him along.
And. Let law's severest brow
Bend at my deeds, my innocence shall rise
A shame to thee and all my enemies.
Lac. You're much the happier man.
And. O, my hard crosses!
Grant me the third part of one hour's stay.
Lac. Sir, not a minute.
And. O, she's lost!
Lac. Away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter AURELIA, *disguised as a* Gipsy.

Aur. I'm happily escap'd, not one pursues me;

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This shape's too cunning for 'em; all the sport was,
The porter would needs know his fortune of me
As I pass'd by him: 'twas such a plunge[1] to me,
I knew not how to bear myself; at last
I did resolve of somewhat, look'd in's hand,
Then shook my head, bade him make much on's eyes,
He'd lose his sight clean long before he dies;
And so away went I; he lost the sight of me quickly:
I told him his fortune truer for nothing than some
Of my complexion that would have cozen'd him of his money.
This is the place of meeting; where's this man now
That has took all this care and pains for nothing?
The use of him is at the last cast now,
Shall only bring me to my former face again,
And see me somewhat cleanlier at his cost,
And then farewell, Andrugio; when I'm handsome,
I'm for another straight. I wonder, troth,
That he would miss me thus; I could have took
Many occasions besides this to have left him;
I'm not in want, he need not give me any;
A woman's will has still enough to spare
To help her friends, and[2] need be. What, not yet?
What will become of me in this shape then?
If I know where to go, I'm no dissembler;
And I'll not lose my part in woman[3] so
For such a trifle, to forswear myself.
But comes he not indeed?

[1] Difficulty, perplexity. [2] If.
[3] Old ed. "one woman."

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Enter DONDOLO.

Don. O excellent! by this light here's one of them!
I thank my stars: I learnt that phrase in the Half-moon
tavern. [*Aside.*]—By your leave, good gipsy;
I pray how far off is your company?

Aur. O happiness! this is the merry fellow
My love, signor Lactantio, takes delight in;
I'll send him away speedily with the news
Of my so strange and fortunate escape,
And he'll provide my safety at an instant. [*Aside.*
My friend, thou serv'st signor Lactantio?

Don. Who, I serve? gipsy, I scorn your motion;[1] and if the rest of your company give me no better words, I will hinder 'em the stealing of more pullen[2] than fifty poulterers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy to all their pig-booties; they shall travel like Jews, that hate swine's flesh, and never get a sow by th' ear all their lifetime. I serve Lactantio! I scorn to serve anybody; I am more gipsy-minded than so: though my face look of a Christian colour, if my belly were ripped up, you shall find my heart as black as any patch about you. The truth is, I am as arrant a thief as the proudest of your company; I'll except none: I am run away from my master in the state of a fool, and till I be a perfect knave I never mean to return again.

Aur. I'm ne'er the happier for this fortune now;
It did but mock me. [*Aside.*

Don. Here they come, here they come!

[1] See note 1, vol. ii. p. 59. [2] Poultry.—Old ed. "pully."

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Enter Gipsy Captain *with a company of* Gipsies, *male and female, carrying booties of hens and ducks, &c., and singing.*

G. Cap. *Come, my dainty doxies,*
My dells,[1] *my dells most dear;*
We have neither house nor land,
Yet never want good cheer.
Chorus. *We never want good cheer.*
G. Cap. *We take no care for candle rents.*
Sec. Gip. *We lie.*
Th. Gip. *We snort.*
G. Cap. *We sport in tents,*
Then rouse betimes and steal our dinners.
Our store is never taken
Without pigs, hens, or bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners:
At wakes and fairs we cozen
Poor country folks by dozen;
If one have money, he disburses;
Whilst some tell fortunes, some pick purses;
Rather than be out of use,
We'll steal garters, hose, or shoes,
Boots, or spurs with gingling rowels,
Shirts or napkins, smocks or towels.
Come live with us, come live with us,
All you that love your eases;

[1] See note 3, vol. iv. p. 127.

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He that's a gipsy
May be drunk or tipsy
At what hour he pleases.
Chorus. We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we scuffle;
We cheat, we drab, we filch, we shuffle.

Don. O sweet! they deserve to be hanged for ravishing of me.

Aur. What will become of me? if I seem fearful now,
Or offer sudden flight, then I betray myself;
I must do neither. [*Aside.*

G. Cap. Ousabel, camcheteroon, puscatelion,
Hows-drows.
Sec. Gip. Rumbos stragadelion
Alla piskitch in sows-clows.
Oh, oh!

Don. Piskitch in howse-clout! I shall never keep a good tongue in my head till I get this language.

G. Cap. Umbra fill kevolliden, magropye.

Don. He calls her magot-o'-pie.[1]

Aur. I love your language well, but understand it not.

G. Cap. Hah!

Aur. I am but lately turn'd to your profession;
Yet from my youth I ever lov'd it dearly,
But never could attain to't: steal I can,
It was a thing I ever was brought up to;
My father was a miller,[2] and my mother
A tailor's widow.

[1] *i.e.* magpie.

[2] Millers and tailors bore no high character for honesty. Cf. vol. v. p. 197.

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Don. She's a thief on both sides.

G. Cap. Give me thy hand; thou art no bastard born, We have not a more true-bred thief amongst us.

Gipsies. Not any, captain.

Don. I pray, take me into some grace amongst you too; for though I claim no goodness from my parents to help me forward into your society, I had two uncles that were both hanged for robberies, if that will serve your turn, and a brave cut-purse to my cousin-german: if kindred will be taken, I am as near akin to a thief as any of you that had fathers and mothers.

G. Cap. What is it thou requirest, noble cousin?

Don. Cousin? nay, and we be so near akin already, now we are sober, we shall be sworn brothers when we are drunk: the naked truth is, sir, I would be made a gipsy as fast as you could devise.

G. Cap. A gipsy?

Don. Ay, with all the speed you can, sir; the very sight of those stolen hens eggs me forward horribly.

G. Cap. Here's dainty ducks too, boy.

Don. I see 'em but too well; I would they were all rotten roasted and stuffed with onions.

G. Cap. Lov'st thou the common food of Egypt, onions?

Don. Ay, and garlic too; I have smelt out many a knave by't; but I could never smell mine own breath yet, and that's many a man's fault; he can smell out a knave in another sometimes three yards off, yet his nose standing so nigh his mouth, he can never smell out himself.

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G. Cap. A pregnant gipsy!

Gipsies. A most witty sinner!

G. Cap. Stretch forth thy hand, coz: art thou fortunate?

Don. How? fortunate? nay, I cannot tell that myself; wherefore do I come to you but to learn that? I have sometimes found money[1] in old shoes; but if I had not stolen more than I have found, I had had but a scurvy thin-cheeked fortune on't.

G. Cap. [*taking* DONDOLO's *hand.*] Here's a fair table.[2]

Don. Ay, so has many a man that has given over housekeeping; a fair table, when there's neither cloth nor meat upon't.

G. Cap. What a brave line of life's here; look you, gipsies.

Don. I have known as brave a line[3] end in a halter.

G. Cap. But thou art born to precious fortune.

Don. The devil I am!

G. Cap. Bette bucketto.

Don. How, to beat bucks?

G. Cap. Stealee bacono.

Don. O, to steal bacon; that's the better fortune o' th' two indeed.

G. Cap. Thou wilt be shortly captain of the gipsies.

Don. I would you'd make me corporal i' th' meantime, Or standard-bearer to the women's regiment.

---

[1] "This is an allusion to a popular superstition, that the fairies, from their love of cleanliness, used at night to drop money into the shoes of good servants as a reward."—Editor of 1816.

[2] The palm of the hand.

[3] Old ed. "live."

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G. Cap. Much may be done for love.
Don. Nay, here's some money;
I know an office comes not all for love.
[*Feels in his pockets.*
A pox of your lime-twigs! you have't all already.
G. Cap. It lies but here in cash for thine own use, boy.
Don. Nay, an't lie there once, I shall hardly come to the fingering on't in haste; yet make me an apt scholar, and I care not: teach me but so much gipsy, to steal as much more from another, and the devil do you good of that.
G. Cap. Thou shalt have all thy heart requires:
First, here's a girl for thy desires;
This doxy fresh, this new-come dell,[1]
Shall lie by thy sweet side and swell.
Get me gipsies brave and tawny,
With cheek full plump and hip full brawny;
Look you prove industrious dealers,
To serve the commonwealth with stealers,
That th' unhous'd race of fortune-tellers
May never fail to cheat town-dwellers,
Or, to our universal grief,
Leave country fairs without a thief.
This is all you have to do,
Save every hour a filch or two.
Be it money, cloth, or pullen:[2]
When the evening's brow looks sullen,

[1] See note 3, vol. iv. p. 127. [2] Poultry.

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Lose no time, for then 'tis precious;
Let your slights[1] be fine, facetious:
Which hoping you'll observe, to try thee,
With rusty bacon thus I gipsify thee.

[*Rubs his face with bacon.*

Don. Do you use to do't with bacon?

G. Cap. Evermore.

Don. By this light, the rats will take me now for some hog's cheek, and eat up my face when I am asleep, I shall have never a bit left by to-morrow morning; and lying open mouthed as I use to do, I shall look for all the world like a mouse-trap baited with bacon.

G. Cap. Why, here's a face like thine so done,
Only grain'd in by the sun;
And this, and these.

Don. Faith, then, there's a company of bacon-faces of you, and I am one now to make up the number: we are a kind of conscionable people, and 'twere well thought upon, for to steal bacon, and black our faces with't; 'tis like one that commits sin, and writes his faults in his forehead.

G. Cap. Wit, whither wilt thou?[2]

Don. Marry, to the next pocket I can come at: and if it be a gentleman's, I wish a whole quarter's rent in't. Is this my in dock, out nettle?[3] What's gipsy for her?

---

[1] Tricks.

[2] "Wit, whither wilt thou?" A common proverbial expression; it occurs in *As You Like It*, iv. i.

[3] "The words '*in dock, out nettle*,' allude, I believe, to a practice

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G. Cap. Your *doxy* she.

Don. O, right.—Are you my doxy, sirrah?

Aur. I'll be thy doxy and thy dell,
With thee I'll live, for thee I'll steal;
From fair to fair, from wake to wake,
I'll ramble still for thy sweet sake.

Don. O, dainty fine doxy! she speaks the language as familiarly already as if sh'ad been begot of a canter. I pray, captain, what's gipsy for the hind quarter of a woman?

G. Cap. Nosario.

Don. Nosario? why, what's gipsy for my nose then?

G. Cap. Why, *arsinio.*

Don. Arsinio? faith, methinks you might have devised a sweeter word for't.

Enter AURELIA's Father *and* Governor.

G. Cap. Stop, stop! fresh booties,—gentlefolks, signoroes,
Calavario, fulkadelio.

---

still sometimes found among children, of laying the leaf of the butter-dock upon a place that has been stung by a nettle, and repeating, as a kind of charm, the words '*in dock, out nettle,*' as long as the application is continued."—Editor of 1816. '*In dock, out nettle*' was in Chaucer's time a proverb for inconstancy. Cf. *Troylus and Cryseyde*, b. iv. st. 62—

"But kanstow pleyen raket, to and fro,
Nettle in dokke out, now this, now that, Pandare?"

So in John Heywood's *Proverbs*—

"*In dock out nettle;*
Now in, now out; now here, now there; now sad,
Now merry; now high, now low; now good, now bad."

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Sec. Gip. La gnambroi a tumbrel.

Don. How? give me one word amongst you, that I may be doing too.

Aur. Yonder they are again! O guiltiness,
Thou putt'st more trembling fear into a maid
Than the first wedding-night. Take courage, wench,
Thy face cannot betray thee with a blush now. [*Aside.*

Fath. Which way she took her flight, sir, none can guess,
Or how she 'scap'd.

Gov. Out at some window certainly.

Fath. O, 'tis a bold daring baggage!

Gov. See, good fortune, sir,
The gipsies! they're the cunning'st people living.

Fath. They cunning? what a confidence have you, sir!
No wise man's faith was ever set in fortunes.

Gov. You're the wilfull'st man against all learning still:
I will be hang'd now, if I hear not news of her
Amongst this company.

Fath. You are a gentleman of the flatt'ring'st hopes
That e'er lost woman yet.

Gov. Come hither, gipsy.

Aur. Luck now, or I'm undone. [*Aside.*]—What says my master?
Bless me with a silver cross,[1]
And I will tell you all your loss.

[1] A silver coin marked with a cross.

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Gov. Lo you there, sir! all my loss; at first word too:
There is no cunning in these gipsies now?
Fath. Sure I'll hear more of this.
Gov. Here's silver for you. [*Gives money.*
Aur. Now attend your fortune's story:
You lov'd a maid.
Gov. Right.
Aur. She ne'er lov'd you:
You shall find my words are true.
Gov. Mass, I am afraid so.
Aur. You were about
To keep her in, but could not do't:
Alas the while, she would not stay,
The cough o' th' lungs[1] blew her away!
And, which is worse, you'll be so crost,
You'll never find the thing that's lost;
Yet oftentimes your sight will fear her,
She'll be near you, and yet you ne'er the nearer:
Let her go, and be the gladder;
She'd but shame you, if you had her:
Ten counsellors could never school her;
She is so wild, you could not rule her.
Gov. In troth I'm of thy mind, yet I'd fain find her.
Aur. Soonest then when you least mind her;
But if you mean to take her tripping,
Make but haste, she's now a-shipping.
Gov. I ever dream'd so much.

[1] *i.e.* "the symptoms of age and infirmity in the lover proposed by the father."—Editor of 1816.

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Fath. Hie to the key.—
We'll mar your voyage, you shall brook no sea.
[*Exeunt* Father *and* Governor.

G. Cap. Cheteroon, high gulleroon.

Don. Filcheroon, purse-fulleroon: I can say somewhat too.

Gipsies. Excellent gipsy! witty, rare doxy!

Don. I would not change my dell for a dozen of black bell-wethers.

Song.

G. Cap. Our wealth swells high, my boys.
Don. Our wealth swells high, my boys.
G. Cap. Let every gipsy
Dance with his doxy,
And then drink, drink for joy.
Don. Let every gipsy
Dance with his doxy,
And then drink, drink for joy.
Chorus. And then drink, drink for joy.
[*Exeunt with a strange wild-fashioned dance to the hautboys or cornets.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess, Cardinal, Lords, *and* CELIA.

Car. That which is merely call'd a will in woman,
I cannot always title it with a virtue.

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Duch. O good sir, spare me!
Car. Spare yourself, good madam;
Extremest justice is not so severe
To great offenders, as your own forc'd strictness
To beauty, youth, and time; you'll answer for't.
Duch. Sir, settle your own peace; let me make mine.
Car. But here's a heart must pity it, when it thinks on't;
I find compassion, though the smart be yours.
First Lord. None here but does the like.
Sec. Lord. Believe it, madam,
You have much wrong'd your time.
First Lord. Nay, let your grace
But think upon the barrenness of succession.
Sec. Lord. Nay, more, a vow enforc'd.
Duch. What, do you all
Forsake me then, and take part with yon man?
Not one friend have I left? do they all fight
Under th' inglorious banner of his censure,[1]
Serve under his opinion?
Car. So will all, madam,
Whose judgments can but taste a rightful cause;
I look for more force yet; nay, your own women
Will shortly rise against you, when they know
The war to be so just and honourable
As marriage is; you cannot name that woman
Will not come ready arm'd for such a cause:
Can chastity be any whit impair'd

[1] Judgment.

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By that which makes it perfect? answer, madam;
Do you profess constancy, and yet live alone?
How can that hold? you're constant then to none;
That's a dead virtue; goodness must have practice,
Or else it ceases; then is woman said
To be love-chaste, knowing but one man's bed;
A mighty virtue! beside, fruitfulness
Is part of the salvation of your sex;
And the true use of wedlock's time and space
Is woman's exercise for faith and grace.
Duch. O, what have you done, my lord!
Car. Laid the way plain
To knowledge of yourself and your creation;
Unbound a forcèd vow, that was but knit
By the strange jealousy of your dying lord,
Sinful i' th' fastening.
Duch. All the powers of constancy
Will curse you for this deed!
Car. You speak in pain, madam,
And so I take your words, like one in sickness
That rails at his best friend: I know a change
Of disposition has a violent working
In all of us; 'tis fit it should have time
And counsel with itself: may you be fruitful, madam,
In all the blessings of an honour'd love!
First Lord. In all your wishes fortunate,—and I
The chief of 'em, myself! [*Aside.*
Car. Peace be at your heart, lady!
First Lord. And love, say I. [*Aside.*

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Car. We'll leave good thoughts now to bring in themselves. [*Exit with* Lords.

Duch. O, there's no art like a religious cunning,
It carries away all things smooth before it!
How subtlely has his wit dealt with the lords,
To fetch in their persuasions to a business
That stands in need of none, yields of itself,
As most we women do, when we seem farthest.
But little thinks the cardinal he's requited
After the same proportion of deceit
As he sets down for others.

Enter Page.

O, here's the pretty boy he preferr'd to me;
I never saw a meeker, gentler youth,
Yet made for man's beginning; how unfit
Was that poor fool to be Lactantio's page!
He would have spoil'd him quite; in one year utterly;
There had been no hope of him.—Come hither, child;
I have forgot thy name.

Page. Antonio, madam.

Duch. Antonio? so thou told'st me. I must chide thee;
Why didst thou weep when thou cam'st first to serve me?

Page. At the distrust of mine own merits, madam,
Knowing I was not born to those deserts
To please so great a mistress.

Duch. 'Las, poor boy,
That's nothing in thee but thy modest fear,

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Which makes amends faster than thou canst err.—
It shall be my care to have him well brought up
As a youth apt for good things.—Celia.

Celia. Madam?

Duch. Has he bestow'd his hour to-day for music?

Celia. Yes, he has, madam.

Duch. How do you find his voice?

Celia. A pretty, womanish, faint, sprawling voice, madam,
But 'twill grow strong in time, if he take care
To keep it when he has it from fond[1] exercises.

Duch. Give order to the dancing-schoolmaster
Observe an hour with him.

Celia. It shall be done, lady:
He is well made for dancing: thick i' th' chest, madam;
He will turn long and strongly.

Duch. He shall not be behind a quality
That aptness in him or our cost can purchase;
And see he lose no time.

Celia. I'll take that order, madam.

Page. Singing and dancing! 'las, my case is worse!
I rather need a midwife and a nurse.

[*Aside, and exit with* CELIA.

Duch. Lactantio, my procurer, not return'd yet?
His malice I have fitted with an office
Which he takes pleasure to discharge with rigour.
He comes, and with him my heart's conqueror;
My pleasing thraldom's near.

---

[1] Foolish.

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Enter LACTANTIO *with* ANDRUGIO *and* Guard.

And. Not know the cause?
Lac. Yes, you shall soon do that now, to the ruin
Of your neck-part, or some nine years' imprisonment;
You meet with mercy, and you 'scape with that;
Beside your lands all begg'd and seiz'd upon;
That's admirable favour. Here's the duchess.
Duch. O sir, you're welcome!
Lac. Marry, bless me still
From such a welcome!
Duch. You are hard to come by,
It seems, sir, by the guilt of your long stay.
And. My guilt, good madam?
Duch. Sure y'had much ado
To take him, had you not? speak truth, Lactantio,
And leave all favour; were you not in danger?
Lac. Faith, something near it, madam: he grew headstrong,
Furious and fierce; but 'tis not my condition[1]
To speak the worst things of mine enemy, madam,
Therein I hold mine honour: but had fury
Burst into all the violent storms that ever
Play'd over anger in tempestuous man,
I would have brought him to your grace's presence,
Dead or alive.
Duch. You would not, sir?
And. What pride

[1] Disposition.

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Of pamper'd blood has mounted up[1] this puck-foist?[2]
If any way, uncounsell'd of my judgment,
My ignorance has stept into some error,
Which I could heartily curse, and so brought on me
Your great displeasure, let me feel my sin
In the full weight of justice, virtuous madam,
And let it wake me throughly: but, chaste lady,
Out of the bounty of your grace, permit not
This perfum'd parcel of curl'd powder'd hair
To cast me in the poor relish of his censure.[3]

Duch. It shall not need, good sir; we are ourself
Of power sufficient to judge you; ne'er doubt it, sir.
Withdraw, Lactantio; carefully place your guard
I' the next room.

Lac. You will but fare the worse;
You see your niceness spoils you; you'll go nigh now
To feel your sin indeed. [*Exit* LACTANTIO *with* Guard.

And. Hell-mouth be with thee!
Was ever malice seen yet to gape wider
For man's misfortunes?

Duch. First, sir, I should think
You could not be so impudent to deny
What your own knowledge proves to you.

And. That were a sin, madam,
More gross than flattery spent upon a villain.

Duch. Your own confession dooms you, sir.

---

[1] Old ed. "up to."

[2] Fungus, puffball. It was frequently used (especially by Ben Jonson) as a term of contempt for an empty braggart.

[3] Judgment.

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And. Why, madam?
Duch. Do not you know I made a serious vow
At my lord's death, never to marry more?
And. That's a truth, madam, I'm a witness to.
Duch. Is't so, sir? you'll be taken presently.
This man needs no accuser. Knowing so much,
How durst you then attempt so bold a business
As to solicit me, so strictly settled,
With tempting letters and loose lines of love?
And. Who? I do't, madam?
Duch. Sure the man will shortly
Deny he lives, although he walks and breath[es.]
And. Better destruction snatch me quick from sight
Of human eyes, than I should sin so boldly!
Duch. 'Twas well I kept it then from rage or fire,
For my truth's credit. Look you, sir; read out;
You know the hand and name. [*Gives letter.*
And. [*reads.*] *Andrugio!*
Duch. And if such things be fit, the world shall judge.
And. Madam——
Duch. Pish, that's not so; it begins otherwise;
Pray, look again, sir; how you'd slight your knowledge!
And. By all the reputation I late won——
Duch. Nay, and you dare not read, sir, I am gone.
And. Read? [*reads*] *Most fair duchess.*
Duch. O, have you found it now?
There's a sweet flattering phrase for a beginning!
You thought belike that would overcome me.
And. I, madam?
Duch. Nay, on, sir; you are slothful.

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And. [*reads.*] *The report of your vow shall not fear me——*

Duch. No? are you so resolute? 'tis well for you, sir.

And. [*reads.*] *I know you're but a woman——*

Duch. Well, what then, sir?

And. [*reads.*] *And what a woman is, a wise man knows.*

Duch. Let him know what he can, he's glad to get us.

And. [*reads.*] *Perhaps my condition*[1] *may seem blunt to you——*

Duch. Well, we find no fault with your bluntness.

And. [*reads.*] *But no man's love can be more sharp set——*

Duch. Ay, there's good stuff now!

And. [*reads.*] *And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.*

Duch. Weapon?
You begin like a flatterer, and end like a fencer.
Are these fit lines now to be sent to us?

And. Now, by the honour of a man, his truth, madam,
My name's abus'd!

Duch. Fie, fie, deny your hand?
I will not deny mine; here, take it freely, sir,
And with it, my true constant heart for ever:
I never disgrac'd man that sought my favour.

And. What mean you, madam?

Duch. To requite you, sir;
By courtesy I hold my reputation,
And you shall taste it. Sir, in as plain truth

[1] Disposition, temper.

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As the old time walk'd in, when love was simple
And knew no art nor guile, I affect you;
My heart has made her choice; I love you, sir,
Above my vow: the frown that met you first
Wore not the livery of anger, sir,
But of deep policy; I made your enemy
The instrument for all; there you may praise me,
And 'twill not be ill given.

And. Here's a strange language!
The constancy of love bless me from learning on't,
Although ambition would soon teach it others! [*Aside.*
Madam, the service of whole life is yours;
But——

Duch. Enough! thou'rt mine for ever.—Within, there!

Re-enter LACTANTIO *with* Guard.

Lac. Madam?

Duch. Lay hands upon him; bear him hence;
See he be kept close prisoner in our palace.—
The time's not yet ripe for our nuptial solace.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Lac. This you could clear yourself!

And. There's a voice that wearies me
More than mine own distractions.

Lac. You are innocent!

And. I've not a time idle enough from passion[1]
To give this devil an answer. O, she's lost!

[1] Grief.

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Curs'd be that love by which a better's crost!
There my heart's settl'd. [*Aside.*
Lac. How is he disgrac'd,
And I advanc'd in love! faith, he that can
Wish more to his enemy is a spiteful man,
And worthy to be punish'd. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess.

Enter CELIA, Page, *and* CROTCHET.

Celia. Sir, I'm of that opinion; being kept hard to't,
In troth I think he'll take his prick-song well.
Crot. [*sings.*] *G, sol, re, ut;* you guess not right, i'faith.
Mistress, you'll find you're in an error straight.—
Come on, sir, lay the books down.—You shall see now.
Page. Would I'd an honest caudle next my heart!
Let who [1] would *sol fa*, I'd give them my part.
In troth methinks I've a great longing in me
To bite a piece of the musician's nose off;
But I'll rather
Lose my longing than spoil the poor man's singing:
The very tip will serve my turn, methinks,
If I could get it; that he might well spare,
His nose is of the longest. O, my back! [*Aside.*

[1] Old ed. "whose."

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Crot. You shall hear that.—Rehearse your gamut, boy.

Page. Who'd be thus toil'd for love, and want the joy? [*Aside.*

Crot. Why, when![1] begin, sir: I must stay your leisure?

Page. Gamut [*sings*], *a, re, b, me*, &c.

Crot. [*sings.*] *Ee la:* aloft! above the clouds, my boy!

Page. It must be a better note than *ela*,[2] sir,
That brings musicians thither; they're too hasty,
The most part of 'em, to take such a journey,
And must needs fall by th' way.

Crot. How many cliffs be there?

Page. One cliff, sir.

Crot. O intolerable heretic
To voice and music! do you know but one cliff?

Page. No more, indeed, I, sir;—and at this time I know too much of that.[3] [*Aside.*

Crot. How many notes be there?

Page. Eight, sir.—I fear me I shall find nine shortly,
To my great shame and sorrow. O my stomach! [*Aside.*

Crot. Will you repeat your notes then? I must *sol fa* you;
Why, when, sir?

---

[1] A common exclamation of impatience.

[2] The highest note in the gamut.

[3] The word *cliff* is often used equivocally. Cf. *Troilus and Creseide*, v. 2: "And any man can sing her, if he can take her *cliff*: she's noted."

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Page. A large, a long,[1] a breve, a semibreve,
A minim, a crotchet, a quaver, a semiquaver.
Crot. O, have you found the way?
Page. Never trust me
If I've not lost my wind with naming of 'em! [*Aside.*
Crot. Come, boy, your mind's upon some other thing now;
Set to your song.
Page. Was ever wench so punish'd? [*Aside.*
Crot. [*sings.*] *Ut,*—come, begin.
Page. [*sings.*] *Ut, mi, re, fa, sol, la.*
Crot. Keep time, you foolish boy.
[*Here they sing prick-song.*[2]
How like you this, madonna?
Celia. Pretty;
He will do well in time, being kept under.
Crot. I'll make his ears sore and his knuckles ache else.
Celia. And that's the way to bring a boy to goodness, sir.
Crot. There's many now wax'd proper gentlemen
Whom I have nipp'd i' th' ear, wench; that's my comfort.
—Come, sing me over the last song I taught you;
You're perfect in that sure; look you keep time well,

[1] "Characters in old music—one large contained two longs, one long two breves.—The editor of 1816 observes that he does not remember to have seen the name of the first note anywhere else; it is not, however, a very uncommon word;

'But with a *large* and a *longe*,
To kepe iust playne-songe,
Our chaunters shalbe the Cuckoue,' &c.
Skelton's *Phyllyp Sparowe*."—*Dyce.*

[2] See note 2, p. 313.

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Or here I'll notch your faults up. *Sol, sol;* [*sings*] begin, boy. [*Song.* 50

Celia. So, you've done well, sir.
Here comes the dancing-master now; you're discharg'd.

Enter SINQUAPACE.

Sinq. O, signor Crotchet, O!

Crot. A minim rest,
Two cliffs, and a semibreve. In the name
Of alamire,[1] what's the matter, sir?

Sinq. The horriblest disaster that ever disgraced the lofty cunning of a dancer.

Crot. [*sings.*] *B, fa, b, mi,*—heaven forbid, man!

Sinq. O—O—the most cruel fortune!

Crot. That semiquaver is no friend to you, 60
That I must tell you; 'tis not for a dancer
To put his voice so hard to't; every workman
Must use his own tools, sir;—*de, fa, sol,* [*sings*]—man, dilate
The matter to me.

Sinq. Faith, riding upon my foot-cloth,[2] as I use to do, coming through a crowd, by chance I let fall my fiddle.

Crot. [*sings.*] *De, sol, re:*—your fiddle, sir?

Sinq. O, that such an instrument should be made to betray a poor gentleman! nay, which is more lamentable, whose luck should it be to take up this unfortunate fiddle but a barber's prentice, who cried out presently, accord-

---

[1] "*i.e.*, 'the lowest note but one in Guido Aretino's scale of music.' Todd's *John. Dict.* in v."—*Dyce.*

[2] See note, vol iii. p. 297.

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ing to his nature, *You trim gentleman on horseback, you've lost your fiddle, your worship's fiddle!* seeing me upon my foot-cloth, the mannerly coxcomb could say no less; but away rid I, sir; put my horse to a coranto[1] pace, and left my fiddle behind me. 76

Crot. [*sings.*] *De, la, sol, re.*

Sinq. Ay, was't not a strange fortune? an excellent treble-viol! by my troth, 'twas my master's when I was but a pumper, that is, a puller-on of gentlemen's pumps.

Crot. [*sings.*] *C, c, sol, fa,*—I knew you then, sir.

Sinq. But I make no question but I shall hear on't shortly at one broker's or another; for I know the barber will scourse[2] it away for some old cittern.[3]

Crot. [*sings.*] *Ela, mi,*—my life for yours on that, sir:
I must to my other scholars, my hour calls me away;
I leave you to your practice—*fa, sol, la* [*sings*]—fare you well, sir. 87

Sinq. The lavoltas[4] of a merry heart be with you, sir [*exit* CROTCHET]; and a merry heart makes a good singing-man: a man may love to hear himself talk when he carries pith in's mouth.—
Metereza[5] Celia.

Celia. Signor Sinquapace,
The welcom'st gentleman alive of a dancer!

---

[1] *Coranto* was the name of a quick and lively dance.

[2] Exchange.

[3] The favourite musical instrument of barbers.—See note 2, vol. ii. p. 61.

[4] See note 2, vol. i. p. 44.

[5] "A mistress. Probably meant as Italian; but only Frenchified Italian, made from *maîtresse*."—*Nares.*

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This is the youth; he can do little yet,
His[1] prick-song very poorly; he is one
Must have it put into him; somewhat dull, sir.
Sinq. As you are all at first; you know 'twas long
Ere you could learn your doubles.
Celia. Ay, that's true, sir;
But I can tickle't now. *Fa, la, la,* &c.
[*Sings and dances.*
Lo, you, how like you me now, sir?
Sinq. Marry, pray for the founder, here he stands;
Long may he live to receive quarterages,[2]
Go brave,[3] and pay his mercer wondrous duly,
Ay, and his jealous laundress,
That for the love she bears him starches yellow;[4]
Poor soul! my own flesh knows I wrong her not.
Come, metereza, once more shake your great hips and your little heels, since you begin to fall in of yourself, and dance over the end of the coranto I taught you last night.
Celia. The tune's clear out of my head, sir.
Sinq. A pox of my little usher! how long he stays too with the second part of the former fiddle! Come, I'll *sol fa* it i' th' meantime: *Fa, la, la, la,* &c. [*he sings while* CELIA *dances.*] Perfectly excellent! I will make you fit to dance with the best Christian gentleman in Europe, and keep time with him for his heart, ere I give you over.

---

[1] Old ed. "'Tis."
[2] Quarterly wages.
[3] Finely dressed.
[4] See note 1, vol. v. p. 215.

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Celia. Nay, I know I shall do well, sir, and I am somewhat proud on't; but 'twas my mother's fault, when she danced with the duke of Florence.

Sinq. Why, you will never dance well while you live,
If you be not proud. I know that by myself;
I may teach my heart out, if you've not the grace
To follow me.

Celia. I warrant you for that, sir.

Sinq. Gentlewomen that are good scholars
Will come as near their masters as they can;
I've known some lie with 'em for their better understanding:
I speak not this to draw you on, forsooth;
Use your pleasure; if you come, you're welcome;
You shall see a fine lodging, a dish of comfits,
Music, and sweet linen.

Celia. And trust me, sir,
No woman can wish more in this world,
Unless it be ten pound in th' chamber-window,
Laid ready in good gold against she rises.

Sinq. Those things are got in a morning, wench, with me.

Celia. Indeed, I hold the morning the best time of getting;
So says my sister; she's a lawyer's wife, sir,
And should know what belongs to cases best.
A fitter time for this; I must not talk
Too long of women's matters before boys.
He's very raw, you must take pains with him,

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It is the duchess' mind it should be so;
She loves him well, I tell you. [*Exit.*
Sinq. How, love him?
He's too little for any woman's love i' th' town
By three handfuls: I wonder of a great woman
Sh'as no more wit, i'faith; one of my pitch[1]
Were somewhat tolerable.

Enter NICHOLAS *with a viol.*

O, are you come?
Who would be thus plagu'd with a dandiprat usher!
How many kicks do you deserve in conscience?
Nic. Your horse is safe, sir.
Sinq. Now I talk'd of kicking,
'Twas well remember'd; is not the foot-cloth stoln yet?
Nic. More by good hap than any cunning, sir,
Would any gentleman but you get a tailor's son to walk his horse, in this dear time of black velvet?
Sinq. Troth, thou sayst true; thy care has got thy pardon;
I'll venture so no more.—Come, my young scholar,
I'm ready for you now.
Page. Alas, 'twill kill me!
I'm even as full of qualms as heart can bear:
How shall I do to hold up? [*Aside.*]—Alas, sir,
I can dance nothing but ill-favouredly,
A strain or two of passa-measures[2] galliard!

[1] Originally the height to which a falcon soared; then height in general.

[2] A corruption of *passamezzo*, the Italian name of a fashionable dance.

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Sinq. Marry, you're forwarder than I conceiv'd you;
A toward stripling.—Enter him, Nicholao;
For the fool's bashful, as they're all at first,
Till they be once well enter'd.

Nic. Passa-measures, sir?

Sinq. Ay, sir, I hope you hear me.—Mark him now, boy.—

[NICHOLAO *dances, while* SINQUAPACE *plays.*

Ha, well done! excellent boy![1] dainty, fine springal![2]
The glory of Dancers' Hall, if they had any!
And of all professions they'd most need of one,
For room to practise in, yet they have none.
O times! O manners! you have very little:
Why should the leaden-heel'd plumber have his hall,
And the light-footed dancer none at all?
But *fortuna della guerra*,[3] things must be;
We're born to teach in back-houses and nooks,
Garrets sometimes, where't rains upon our books.—
Come on, sir; are you ready? first, your honour.[4]

Page. I'll wish no foe a greater cross upon her.

[*Aside—then makes a curtsy.*

Sinq. Curtsy, heyday! run to him, Nicholao;
By this light, he'll shame me; he makes curtsy like a chambermaid.

"As a galliard consists of five paces or bars in the first strain, and is therefore called a cinque-pace; the *passamezzo*, which is a diminutive of the galliard, is just half that number, and from that peculiarity takes its name."—Hawkins' *Hist. of Music*, iv. 386. See Nares' *Glossary*, s. PASSY-MEASURE and PAVAN.

[1] Old ed. "boys." [2] Youth.—Old ed. "springals."

[3] Old ed. "Fortune de la guardo."

[4] *i.e.* make your obeisance.

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Nic. Why, what do you mean, page? are you mad; did you ever see a boy begin a dance and make curtsy like a wench before?

Page. Troth, I was thinking of another thing,
And quite forgot myself; I pray, forgive me, sir.

Sinq. Come, make amends then now with a good leg,
And dance it sprightly. [*Plays, while* Page *dances.*] What a beastly leg
Has he made there now! it would vex one's heart out. Now begin, boy.—O, O, O, O! &c. Open thy knees; wider, wider, wider, wider: did you ever see a boy dance clenched up? he needs a pick-lock: out upon thee for an arrant ass! an arrant ass! I shall lose my credit by thee; a pestilence on thee!—Here, boy, hold the viol [*gives the viol to* NICHOLAO, *who plays when* Page *proceeds to dance*]; let me come to him: I shall get more disgrace by this little monkey now than by all the ladies that ever I taught.—Come on, sir, now; cast thy leg out from thee; lift it up aloft, boy: a pox, his knees are soldered together, they're sewed together: canst not stride? O, I could eat thee up, I could eat thee up, and begin upon thy hinder quarter, thy hinder quarter! I shall never teach this boy without a screw; his knees must be opened with a vice, or there's no good to be done upon him. Who taught you to dance, boy?

Page. It is but little, sir, that I can do.

Sinq. No, I'll be sworn for you.

Page. And that signor Laurentio taught me, sir.

Sinq. Signor Laurentio was an arrant coxcomb,
And fit to teach none but white bakers' children

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To knead their knees together. You can turn above ground, boy?

Page. Not I, sir; my turn's rather under ground.

Sinq. We'll see what you can do; I love to try
What's in my scholars the first hour I teach them.
Show him a close trick now, Nicholao.

[NICHOLAO *dances while* SINQUAPACE *plays.*

Ha, dainty stripling!—Come, boy.

Page. 'Las, not I, sir;
I'm not for lofty tricks, indeed I am not, sir.

Sinq. How? such another word, down goes your hose, boy.

Page. Alas, 'tis time for me to do anything then!

[*Attempts to dance and falls down.*

Sinq. Heyday, he's down!—Is this your lofty trick, boy? 220

Nic. O master, the boy swoons; he's dead, I fear me.

Sinq. Dead? I ne'er knew one die with a lofty trick before.—
Up, sirrah, up!

Page. A midwife! run for a midwife!

Sinq. A midwife? by this light, the boy's with child!
A miracle! some woman is the father.
The world's turn'd upside down: sure if men breed,
Women must get; one never could do both yet.—
No marvel you danc'd close-knee'd the sinquapace.—
Put up my fiddle, here's a stranger case.

[*Exit* SINQUAPACE, *leading out* Page.

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Nic. That 'tis, I'll swear; 'twill make the duchess wonder:
I fear me 'twill bring dancing out of request,
And hinder our profession for a time.
Your women that are closely got with child
Will put themselves clean out of exercise,
And will not venture now, for fear of meeting
Their shames in a coranto,[1] 'specially
If they be near their time. Well, in my knowledge,
If that should happen, we are sure to lose
Many a good waiting-woman that's now o'er shoes.[2]
Alas the while! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the House of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess *and* CELIA.

Duch. Thou tell'st me things are enemies to reason;
I cannot get my faith to entertain 'em,
And I hope never shall.
Celia. 'Tis too true, madam.
Duch. I say 'tis false: 'twere better th'hadst been dumb
Than spoke a truth so unpleasing; thou shalt get

---

[1] See note 1, p. 462.

[2] "O'er shoes"—a sort of proverbial expression. Cf. Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, v. 22):—"That firm affiance, quoth I, had I in you before, or else I would never have gone so far *over the shoes* to pluck you out of the mire."

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But little praise by't: he whom we affect
To place his love upon so base a creature!
Celia. Nay, ugliness itself; you'd say so, madam,
If you but saw her once; a strolling gipsy;
No Christian that is born a hind could love her;
She's the sun's masterpiece for tawniness;
Yet have I seen Andrugio's arms about her,
Perceiv'd his hollow whisperings in her ear,
His joys at meeting her.
Duch. What joy could that be?
Celia. Such, madam, I have seldom seen it equall'd;
He kiss'd her with that greediness of affection,
As if her[1] lips had been as red as yours;
I look'd still when he would be black in mouth,
Like boys with eating hedge-berries; nay, more, madam,
He brib'd one of his keepers with ten ducats
To find her out amongst a flight of gipsies.
Duch. I'll have that keeper hang'd, and you for malice;
She cannot be so bad as you report,
Whom he so firmly loves; you're false in much,
And I will have you tried: go, fetch her to us.
[*Exit* CELIA.
He cannot be himself, and appear guilty
Of such gross folly; has an eye of judgment,
And that will overlook him. This wench fails
In understanding service; she must home,
Live at her house i' th' country; she decays
In beauty and discretion.—

[1] Old ed. "his."

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Re-enter CELIA *with* AURELIA *disguised as a* Gipsy.

Who hast brought there?

Celia. This is she, madam.

Duch. Youth and whiteness bless me!
It is not possible: he talk'd sensibly
Within this hour; this cannot be: how does he?
I fear me my restraint has made him mad.

Celia. His health is perfect, madam.

Duch. You are perfect
In falsehood still; he's certainly distracted.
Though I'd be loath to foul my words upon her,
She looks so beastly, yet I'll ask the question:
Are you beloved, sweet face, of Andrugio?

Aur. Yes, showrly, mistress; he done love me
'Bove all the girls that shine above me:
Full often has he sweetly kiss'd me:
And wept as often when he miss'd me;
Swore he was to marry none
But me alone.

Duch. Out on thee! marry thee?—away with her;
Clear mine eyes of her;—
A curate that has got his place by simony
Is not half black enough to marry thee.

[*Exit* AURELIA *with* CELIA, *who presently returns.*

Surely the man's far spent; howe'er he carries it,
He's without question mad; but I ne'er knew
Man bear it better before company.
The love of woman wears so thick a blindness,
It sees no fault, but only man's unkindness,

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And that's so gross, it may be felt.—Here, Celia,
Take this [*giving signet-ring*]; with speed command
Andrugio to us,
And his guard from him.
Celia. It shall straight be done, madam. [*Exit.*
Duch. I'll look into his carriage more judiciously
When I next get him. A wrong done to beauty
Is greater than an injury done to love,
And we'll less pardon it; for had it been
A creature whose perfection had outshin'd me,
It had been honourable judgment in him,
And to my peace a noble satisfaction;
But as it is, 'tis monstrous above folly.
Look he be mad indeed, and throughly gone,
Or he pays dearly for it; it is not
The ordinary madness of a gentleman
That shall excuse him here; had better lose
His wits eternally than lose my grace:
So strange is the condition of his fall,
He's safe in nothing but in loss of all.
He comes:

Enter ANDRUGIO *with* CELIA.

Now by the fruits of all my hopes,
A man that has his wits cannot look better!
It likes[1] me well enough; there's life in's eye,
And civil health in's cheek; he stands with judgment,

[1] Pleases.

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And bears his body well. What ails this man?
Sure I durst venture him 'mongst a thousand ladies,
Let 'em shoot all their scoffs, which makes none laugh
But their own waiting-women, and they dare do no otherwise. [*Aside.*
Come nearer, sir: I pray keep further off,
Now I remember you.
And. What new trick's in this now? [*Aside.*
Duch. How long have you been mad, sir?
And. Mad? a great time, lady;
Since I first knew I should not sin, yet sinn'd;
That's now some thirty years, byrlady, upwards.
Duch. This man speaks reason wondrous feelingly,
Enough to teach the rudest soul good manners. [*Aside.*
You cannot be excus'd with lightness now,
Or frantic fits; you're able to instruct, sir,
And be a light to men. If you have errors,
They be not ignorant in you, but wilful,
And in that state I seize on 'em. Did I
Bring thee acquainted lately with my heart,
And when thou thought'st a storm of anger took thee,
It in a moment clear'd up all to love,
To the abusing of thy spiteful enemy,
That sought to fix his malice upon thee;
And couldst thou so requite me?
And. How, good madam?
Duch. To wrong all worth in man, to deal so basely
Upon contempt itself, disdain and loathsomeness;
A thing whose face, through ugliness, frights children,
A straggling gipsy!

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And. See how you may err, madam,
Through wrongful information; by my hopes
Of truth and mercy, there is no such love
Bestow'd upon a creature so unworthy.

Duch. No! then you cannot fly me.—Fetch her back.
[*Exit* CELIA.

And though the sight of her displease mine eye
Worse than th' offensiv'st object earth and nature
Can present to us, yet for truth's probation
We will endure't contentfully.

Re-enter CELIA *with* AURELIA *in her own dress.*

What now?
Art thou return'd without her?

And. No, madam; this is she my peace dwells in:
If here be either baseness of descent,
Rudeness of manners, or deformity
In face or fashion, I have lost, I'll yield it;
Tax me severely, madam.

Duch. [*to* CELIA.] How thou stand'st,
As dumb as the salt-pillar! where's this gipsy?
[CELIA *points to* AURELIA.
What, no? I cannot blame thee then for silence;
Now I'm confounded too, and take part with thee.

Aur. Your pardon and your pity, virtuous madam:
[*Kneels.*
Cruel restraint, join'd with the power of love,
Taught me that art; in that disguise I 'scap'd
The hardness of my fortunes; you that see
What love's force is, good madam, pity me!

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And. Your grace has ever been the friend of truth,
And here 'tis set before you. [*Kneels.*
Duch. I confess
I have no wrong at all; she's younger, fairer;
He has not now dishonour'd me in choice;
I much commend his noble care and judgment;
'Twas a just cross led in by a temptation,
For offering but to part from my dear vow,
And I'll embrace it cheerfully. [*Aside.*]—Rise, both;
[ANDRUGIO *and* AURELIA *rise.*
The joys of faithful marriage bless your souls!
I will not part you.
And. Virtue's crown be yours, madam!

Enter LACTANTIO.

Aur. O, there appears the life of all my wishes!
[*Aside.*
Is your grace pleas'd, out of your bounteous goodness
To a poor virgin's comforts, I shall freely
Enjoy whom my heart loves?
Duch. Our word is past;
Enjoy without disturbance.
Aur. There, Lactantio,
Spread thy arms open wide, to welcome her
That has wrought all this means to rest in thee.
And. Death of my joys! how's this?
Lac. Prithee, away, fond fool; hast no shame in thee?
Thou'rt bold and ignorant, whate'er thou art.
Aur. Whate'er I am? do not you know me then?

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Lac. Yes, for some waiting-vessel; but the times
Are chang'd with me, if y'had the grace to know 'em;
I look'd for more respect; I am not spoke withal
After this rate, I tell you; learn hereafter
To know what belongs to me; you shall see
All the court teach you shortly. Farewell, manners.
Duch. I'll mark the event of this. [*Aside.*
Aur. I have undone myself
Two ways at once; lost a great deal of time,
And now I'm like to lose more. O my fortune!
I was nineteen yesterday, and partly vow'd
To have a child by twenty, if not twain:
To see how maids are cross'd! but I'm plagu'd justly;
And she that makes a fool of her first love,
Let her ne'er look to prosper. [*Aside.*]—Sir——
[*To* ANDRUGIO.
And. O falsehood!
Aur. Have you forgiveness in you? there's more hope of me
Than of a maid that never yet offended.
And. Make me your property?[1]
Aur. I'll promise you
I'll never make you worse; and, sir, you know
There are worse things for women to make men.
But, by my hope of children, and all lawful,

---

[1] *i.e.* a person at your disposal, to be subjected to any treatment that you may think fit. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 1:—

"Do not talk of him
But as a property."

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I'll be as true for ever to your bed
As she in thought or deed that never err'd.
And. I'll once believe a woman, be't but to strengthen
Weak faith in other men: I have a love
That covers all thy faults.

Enter Cardinal *and* Lords.

Car. Nephew, prepare thyself
With meekness and thanksgiving to receive
Thy reverend fortune: amongst all the lords,
Her close affection now makes choice of thee.
Lac. Alas, I'm not to learn to know that now!
Where could she make choice here, if I were missing?
'Twould trouble the whole state, and puzzle 'em all,
To find out such another.
Car. 'Tis high time, madam,
If your grace please, to make election now:
Behold, they're all assembled.
Duch. What election?
You speak things strange to me, sir.
Car. How, good madam?
Duch. Give me your meaning plainly, like a father;
You're too religious, sir, to deal in riddles.
Car. Is there a plainer way than leads to marriage, madam,
And the man set before you?
Duch. O blasphemy
To sanctimonious faith! comes it from you, sir?
An ill example! know you what you speak,

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Or who you are? is not my vow in place?
How dare you be so bold, sir? Say a woman
Were tempt with a temptation, must you presently
Take all th' advantage on't?
Car. Is this in earnest, madam?
Duch. Heaven pardon you! if you do not think so, sir;
You've much to answer for: but I will leave you;
Return I humbly now from whence I fell.
All you bless'd powers that register the vows
Of virgins and chaste matrons, look on me
With eyes of mercy, seal forgiveness to me
By signs of inward peace! and to be surer
That I will never fail your good hopes of me,
I bind myself more strictly; all my riches
I'll speedily commend to holy uses,
This temple[1] unto some religious sanctuary,
Where all my time to come I will allow
For fruitful thoughts; so knit I up my vow.
Lac. This ['t]is to hawk at eagles: pox of pride!
It lays a man i' th' mire still, like a jade
That has too many tricks, and ne'er a good one.
I must gape high! I'm in a sweet case now!
I was sure of one, and now I've lost her too. [*Aside.*
Duch. I know, my lord, all that great studious care
Is for your kinsman; he's provided for
According to his merits.

[1] "By 'this temple' is meant her person: the expression is taken from Scripture, but is rather too solemn for the occasion."—Editor of 1816.

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Car. How's that, good madam?
Duch. Upon the firmness of my faith, it's true, sir:

Enter Page *in a female dress.*

See, here's the gentlewoman; the match was made
Near forty weeks ago: he knows the time, sir,
Better than I can tell him, and the poor gentlewoman
Better than he;
But being religious, sir, and fearing you,
He durst not own her for his wife till now;
Only contracted with her in man's apparel,
For the more modesty, because he was bashful,
And never could endure the sight of woman,
For fear that you should see her: this was he
Chose for my love, this page preferr'd to me.
Lac. I'm paid with mine own money. [*Aside.*
Car. Dare hypocrisy,
For fear of vengeance, sit so close to virtue?
Steal'st thou a holy vestment from religion
To clothe forbidden lust with? th' open villain
Goes before thee to mercy, and his penitency
Is bless'd with a more sweet and quick return.
I utterly disclaim all blood in thee;
I'll sooner make a parricide my heir
Than such a monster.—O, forgive me, madam!
The apprehension of the wrong to you
Has a sin's weight at it. I forget all charity
When I but think upon him.

[1] Old ed. "villainy."

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Duch. Nay, my lord,
At our request, since we are pleas'd to pardon,
And send remission to all former errors,
Which conscionable justice now sets right,
From you we expect patience; has had punishment
Enough in his false hopes; trust me he has, sir;
They have requited his dissembling largely:
And to erect your falling goodness to him,
We'll begin first ourself; ten thousand ducats
The gentlewoman shall bring out of our treasure
To make her dowry.

Car. None has the true way
Of overcoming anger with meek virtue,
Like your compassionate grace.

Lac. Curse of this fortune! this 'tis to meddle with taking stuff, whose belly cannot be confined in a waist-band. [*Aside.*] — Pray, what have you done with the breeches? we shall have need of 'em shortly, and we get children so fast; they are too good to be cast away. My son and heir need not scorn to wear what his mother has left off. I had my fortune told me by a gipsy seven years ago; she said then I should be the spoil of many a maid, and at seven years' end marry a quean for my labour, which falls out wicked and true.

Duch. We all have faults; look not so much on his:
Who lives i' th' world that never did amiss?—
For you, Aurelia, I commend your choice,
You've one after our heart; and though your father
Be not in presence we'll assure his voice;
Doubt not his liking, his o'erjoying rather.—

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You, sir, embrace your own, 'tis your full due;
No page serves me more that once dwells with you.
—, they that search out man's intents shall find
There's more dissemblers than of womankind.[1]

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] Old ed. "womenkind."

END OF VOL. VI.

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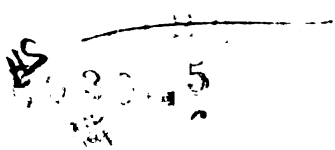

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